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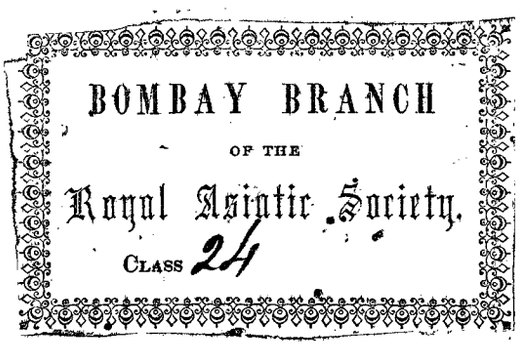

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VOL XXXIII.

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WHEN the Daughter of England was asked in marriage by the Son of Prussia, her Royal Parents naturally sought the advice of their sincerest friend.

"VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARY LOUISA is young," replied MR. PUNCH. "She was born, Madam, on the 21st of November, 1840. Your illustrious bride, Prince, tarried somewhat longer, longer even than her volunteer Laureat, LEIGH HUNT, ordained:—

"'And when nineteen years have brought
Steady eye and serious thought,
You——'

Do you remember the passage, dear Madam? It occurred in a cleverly-phrased poem, almost worthy of PUNCH, written when some provincial magnates had displayed more than usual folly in what they deemed honour of yourself, a young lady of ten years."

"How you remember things," observed the QUEEN, with a smile.

"I can forget nothing that entwines itself with the fortunes of my most gracious Lady and Mistress," said MR. PUNCH, with exquisite tenderness and a bow of the deepest devotion. "And as I approve of early marriages, where the prospects of the young couple are tolerably favourable (as I think we may regard those of VICTORIA and FREDERIC), they shall have what good DR. PRIMROSE calls 'my consent and bounty.'"

So the Kings and Queens of the Earth sent presents, and MR. PUNCH, invited by the Princess-*fiancée*, went to the Castle to see the unpacking. The Jaunty Viscount also came down, and having learned that there was some porter's work to do, ordered in a couple of his men, who, he remarked, were just fit for that sort of thing. Hearing this direction, MR. PUNCH was in no way surprised to see VERNON SMITH and CHARLES WOOD enter humbly, and begin to open the boxes.

"The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA sends a statuette of an Emancipated Serf," said WOOD, "as a chimney-piece ornament. His own doing."

"Hm," said MR. PUNCH. "I should like to see the set complete. However, if he is about it in earnest, Heaven prosper him. What's that, SMITH?"

"From the QUEEN OF SPAIN, your Grace. A golden cup, used at the christening of the PRINCE ALFONSO."

"Get HANCOCK to test whether it *is* gold," said MR. PUNCH. "I hope it has that value."

"The EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA—a silver model of the Buda-Pesth Suspension Bridge."

"Built by an Englishman—so far appropriate—but I hope the CÆSAR has not forgotten how his legions caught it, thereabouts, from Hungarian patriots."

"KING PEDRO, of Portugal—a splendid Atlas."

"Good boy. Let *him* open South Africa to DR. LIVINGSTONE."

"VICTOR EMANUEL, of Sardinia, a beautiful little lighthouse in silver, for pastiles."

"His kingdom being Italy's beacon, and almost overpowering Neapolitan assafœtida—good," said MR. PUNCH. "Suppose he had been a Protestant," whispered he, playfully, to the Princess.

"It would have been very good for his interests—hereafter," replied the young lady, demurely, and then laughing as Seventeen should laugh.

"ABDUL MEDSCHID," said WOOD (after several blunders over the name), "an alabaster model of St. Sophia's, and the Princess's name in coloured mosaics, from the dome of the original."

"Thanks to the Princess's Mamma, and to me, Russian psalmody has not brought those mosaics down like rain, long ago. Let us hope that his Highness will remember the fact."

"The EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH—only a congratulatory letter. O yes," said WOOD, (who *can't* be accurate), "inscribed, 'With four white ponies, docile as French senators, and as little likely to kick over traces.'"

"But," said MR. PUNCH, "not the things to drive up Constitution Hill. *N'importe*, the graceful thought was the gracious EUGÉNIE'S, whom I love."

"Upon my word!" said HER MAJESTY, laughing.

"Here is something from America," exclaimed SMITH. "With PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S kind regards. A little statue of GEORGE WASHINGTON, in gold."

"You have one already, my dear, just done by one MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH, and a better likeness, on that table," said PRINCE ALBERT, glancing at the 'Virginians.' "But the President is very kind."

Dinner was announced, and a lot of boxes from the small kings and kinglets, Bavaria, Baden, Tuscany, Greece, and so forth, were sent up to the nursery, to be opened for the amusement of HELENA, LOUISA, ARTHUR, LEOPOLD, and BEATRICE.

"I will not let the soup chill while I deliver a speech," said MR. PUNCH, stepping forward; "but one other Potentate has humbly to pray your Royal Highness's acceptance of something—"

And kneeling on one manly knee, he made his offering.

"Worth all the rest, ten thousand times," exclaimed the Royal Bride, echoed by all present.

And they were right, for it was KING PUNCH'S

Thirty-Third Volume.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, *June 22nd*. Monday was a splendidly fine and particularly hot day, a remark which equally applies to all the other days of the week. Meteorological influences had their effect upon the senators as upon everybody else, and the debates were exceedingly languid and feeble: but when the speakers did boil up into passions, they went at it like men. The Ministers' Money Bill has finally passed the Lords, the EARL OF DERBY not choosing to run another risk of being sent for by the QUEEN, asked to make a Government, and having to confess that he had nobody to make it with. However, the Conservatives now expect to do better things, for they have bought the *Morning Herald*, appointed MR. HAMILTON, member for *Dublin University*, its editor, put the "Sword of Gideon" out of the way, and altogether given promise of energy, and of as much rationality as can be looked for in a party that contains MR. SPOONER.

It was not to be supposed that the Grievance to which *Mr. Punch* adverted last week would not be remedied. The idea of a Jew being admissible to high office while a Catholic is excluded, was found so intolerable that, as the Jews' claims had been conceded, it was agreed to throw open the offices in question to their Catholic brethren? Not exactly; but still the parties were reduced to a level, by the introduction into the Oaths Bill of provisions taking away what had been accorded to the Jew. One boy has sixpence, another nothing, and a benevolent man desires to put them on the same footing—so he takes away the first boy's sixpence. Even NEWDEGATE could see that this was absurd, and he remarked upon the wisdom of the Liberal party that would permit a Jew to make a law, and forbid him to administer it.

It was satisfactorily explained by SIR B. HALL, that the stone of SIR CHARLES BARRY's new Houses of Parliament is breaking to pieces, and that the galvanised roof is rusting away. It will therefore be necessary to have new houses and a new roof. The Commons, therefore, voted £162,361, for SIR CHARLES to do what he liked with. SIR B. HALL also explained, that the usual fatality of blunder had attended the clock and bells business, and that the former had been put up before the latter, which was "a mistake," but he hoped to hear the chimes next session.

Tuesday. The Lords passed the Divorce Bill, by 46 to 25; the majority, it is believed, having been considerably increased by a caving professional protest with which Saponaceous SAMUEL of Oxford broke out just before division, to the great discontent of their lordships. It may be mentioned that the imprisonment provision was removed from the Bill. REDESDALE, MALMESBURY, and NELSON (a nice trio), did their best to cripple the measure, and the former has brought in an opposition Divorce Bill of his own. LORD BROUGHAM says, that when the measure passes there will be no such great rush for divorces; but some of the peers and bishops evidently think that all the BROWNS, JONESES, and ROBINSONS in the kingdom are respectively dying to be rid of their lawful ribs, and that in about a year you will hardly meet such a thing as a man with a wife.

WISCOUNT WILLIAMS and a majority in the Commons decided to adjourn the Bill for providing a park for the Finsbury people, for whose benefit Government had promised to ask the House for £50,000. The WISCOUNT thinks that if the Finsbury folk want fresh air, they had better order round their carriages and drive over to Battersea; but we fear this haughty aristocrat does not understand the wants of the humbler classes. LORD RAYNHAM, as has before been noted, is aiming at a honourable distinction by helping the oppressed, and he has this week forced upon the attention of the HOME SECRETARY some cases of brutal assaults on women, has introduced a Bill against cruelty to animals, and has brought up the barbarities of certain workhouses, a select committee on which he lost by 21 only.

An India debate followed, but it is no subject for light treatment, for while Members were droning about cotton, and MANGLES was puffing the Company as having done miracles for India, news was hurrying over the sea that native regiments were in mutiny, had seized Delhi, and murdered all the Europeans there, without distinction of age or sex. It is a good time to be erecting a Shropshire memorial to CLIVE, if only to remind England that she once had a man who knew not only how to gain, but how to keep Oriental conquests.

Wednesday. A long Irish squabble on a law bill.

Thursday. LORD CAMPBELL's bill against immoral publications was read a second time, after a diverting speech against it from LORD LYNDHURST, who contended that the police ought not to be empowered to deal with the beasts of Holywell Street, because CORREGIO and other great painters have demoralised Art in certain cases, and because WYCHERLY, CONGREVE, DRYDEN, and all French novelists, have occasionally written impurely. Nevertheless, as a lively old gentle-

man's *resumé* of improprieties, the speech was indulgently listened to by the Lords.

The Commons passed the Oaths Bill, after LORD BLANDFORD had delivered a dull, and MR. DRUMMOND a diverting speech against it, and MR. O'DONOGHUE (if his Irish party thinks The *Punch* is going to recognise O'D.'s ridiculous assumption of the definite article, as if there were only one O'D. in the world, whereas there are a dozen in any court in St. Giles's, MR. O'DONOGHUE makes another blunder) had objected to it because it was a Ministerial job, intended as a mere sop to certain Liberals, and because it did not relieve the Papists. A great many of the latter voted against the Bill, and the final majority was but 291 to 168.

An Education Debate, and a still more sensible thing, an Educational Vote of £361,233, did some credit to the sitting. BERNAL OSBORNE took an opportunity of saying an agreeable thing to COLONEL FRENCH, who had observed upon the attendance of the 79th at the Victoria Cross distribution. MR. OSBORNE said that they would be present because they were on their way to Dublin, and not on account of their dress, "a reason that no one but a Militia officer would have dreamed of." Doubtless BERNAL feels towards the Militia the lofty contempt of an ex-captain in the real Army, but he should not be so rude.

Friday. India was talked of in the Lords, but the Telegraph message was still a few hours off, or the tone of the speakers would have been graver. The chief topic in the Commons was the Wills Bill, against which divers members emitted the growls of the Proctors, those of York especially, selecting as their organ MR. GEORGE HUDSON, formerly Monarch of Railways, but discrowned long ago, for deficient amounts and cooked accounts, and all *that* sort of thing, you know.

RAILWAY ECONOMY.

N certain, if not on all railways, an economy is practised in an article wherein a rather more liberal expenditure is desirable, which might be incurred without any appreciable detriment to dividends. We allude to the parsimony of speech and pronunciation evinced by those servants of the various companies, whose duty it is to shout out the names of the several stations at which the trains stop. Many passengers in a long train are so situated that they cannot see the station-board, and are accordingly dependent for the knowledge of their whereabout on the cries of those officials. Now these cries often consist of abbreviations which are quite unintelligible. On the South Eastern line, the other day, our ears, at one station, were greeted with the monosyllabic exclamations of "'Oss! 'Oss!" A little farther on, they were saluted with the equally compendious vociferations of "N'am! N'am!" These semi-articulate sounds, we found, on inquiry, to mean "New Cross" and "Sydenham." Neither of those places happened to be our destination; but if we had been bound for either, we should certainly have been conveyed beyond it, save for the vigilance and alertness which we are happily endowed with, and which we exhibit on all occasions.

How Estimates Grow!

THE estimate for the proposed expenditure of the Public Offices is £5,000,000. The sum originally proposed for building the Houses of Parliament was £250,000. According to MR. WISE, this sum has since grown into an outlay of not less than £2,500,000—that is to say, a modest excess of precisely ten times the original estimate. Now, if the estimate for the Public Offices is to expand in the like moderate proportion, the ultimate outlay, far from being £5,000,000, will be some £50,000,000; and as the money goes, we may consider ourselves extremely lucky, if we get off as cheaply as that! Parliament is supposed to legislate for the million; and it must be for the million, for it is but too evident they take no care of the millions.

NEW DEFINITION.

A LADY: a Sensitive Plant, that thrives only in the centre of a large Crinoline Farce. Rarely seen, excepting by the most practised eye.

THE STAR OF VALOUR.

DISTRIBUTED BY THE QUEEN'S OWN HAND.

JUNE 26, 1857.

A RIFT is made in that dark shade
Which o'er our soldiers flung its blight,
And through the shroud of its cold cloud,
The Star of Valour throws a light.

Low-born and noble, side by side,
Colonel and private, stand to-day:
Their comrades' boast, their country's pride,
Where all were brave, the bravest they!

The fount of Honour, sealed till now
To all save claims of rank and birth,'
Makes green the laurel on the brow,
Ennobled but by soldier's worth.

The QUEEN'S own hand, on each brave breast—
Beat it 'neath serge or superfine—
Hangs the plain cross, whose bronze, so prest,
Beameth with more than diamond's shine.

That bronze, cast from the steadfast guns,
Which blazed along the red Redan,
Whose maddening music, while it stuns
The coward, only wakes the man.

From whose hot muzzles was plucked forth,
The fame, their metal now rewards
In these plumed warriors of the North,
These Sailors, Rifles, Linesmen, Guards.

These Heavy Horsemen who rode out,
Stern and sedate, though one to ten:
Then, through the Russian line in rout,
Stern and sedate, rode back again.

And these Light Horse—of deathless name,
Who charged, unquestioning of their doom,
Through those long miles all fire and flame,
And at the end, a soldier's tomb!

Of these the bravest and the best
Who 'scaped the chance of shot and sword,
England doth, by her QUEEN, invest
With Valour's Cross—their great reward!

Marking her sense of something, still,
A central nobleness, that lies
Deeper than rank which royal will,
Or birth, or chance, or wealth supplies.

Knighthood that girds all valiant hearts,
Knighthood that crowns each fearless brow;
That Knighthood this bronze cross imparts—
Let Fleece, and Bath, and Garter bow!

WINDOW-GARDENING.

WE have seen a wonderful specimen of window-gardening. This bright specimen may be seen in Regent Street any day, from daylight until dark, at the Junior United Service Club. You must look up to the drawing-room window, and there you will behold it in all its effulgent beauty. The effect is exceedingly simple, but positively startling from its excess of simplicity. We have rarely seen an effect so strong produced by means so limited. You must fancy a wooden box about the length of your walking-stick and not wider than your bootjack. This box is painted green—but the bright green of a lady's parasol—a million times greener than any penny Pickwick! Well, inside this box may be distinctly seen a profusion of Mignonette! It is evidently of the very best. The stalks tower up to the first sash at least of the handsome sheet of plate glass that frames it in behind. The leaves cluster socially together, as thick as policemen at night. First you have the stone window-sill—on that rests the green box—and soaring high over them both, you see the Mignonette! The effect to be appreciated must be seen. In the afternoon, it is seen, perhaps, to the greatest advantage. When the sun is shining on MR. BELLEW's side of the street, we have counted as many as ten noses—Roman, Grecian, and every nasal order of architecture—leaning lovingly at the same time over that simple little box! It is seemingly the members' pride, their joy, their floricultural plaything, their beloved Picciola, the veterans' one pet blooming child! The admirals take it in turn to water it.

THE MATRIMONIAL MARKET.

SATURDAY last there was a grand meeting in the City, which ended in unanimously approving of the Isthmus of Suez Canal Scheme. We cannot help thinking that this canal, when successfully carried through, will have a most beneficial effect on the Indian Matrimonial Market. In fact, we have the assurance of a fond Materfamilias to that tender effect. In a letter, most modestly written, she says to us:—

"I am the mother of ten dear children. They are all daughters. Their names are ELEANOR, HANNAH, JANE, PHŒBE, LOUISA, AMELIA, MARIE, KATE, SOPHONISBA,—but never mind the others. Suffice it to say, they are spelt with ten different letters of the Alphabet. Well, Sir, I do not mind telling you that, *entre nous*, I am in the habit of exporting one or two of my daughters every year to India. Better be married at Bombay, than remain single in London! The result is, some are married, whilst others have not been so fortunate. These have returned to their disconsolate mother, who, alas! in addition to her many anxieties, that prevent her eating during the day, and sleeping at night, has to pay the expenses of their passage home into the bargain—if *bargain* you can call it at all, Sir. This is most wearing, *most* exhausting both to frame and purse—and the consequence is, Sir, that the one (once so plump) has become even more slender, if you will believe it, than the other! This *cannot* last—I am sure it cannot. Both my person and *porte monnaie* are now at their last gasp. The worst is, there are no return-tickets as yet from India! neither will vessels make a reduction on taking a quantity! Oh! Sir, I can tell you, it is no joke to have a daughter thrown upon your hands, when you fancy you have got her off for life. The weight, Sir, is no trifle, when you have some seven or eight others to support. Now, *Mr. Punch*, I believe that this Suez Canal (singularly enough, one of my daughters' names is SUSAN!) will be a great boon to poor mothers like myself. I am told that it will shorten the journey to India by one-half, and that it is, also, to cut the expense, like a good canal, right in two! This cutting alone ought to ensure its success as the very best channel for commercial as well as maternal investment. My daughters will not be so liable to *lose their beauty* on the journey, and if they do return, it will be a return to me at all events of one-half the present outlay. These are great inducements to a delicate, anxious, struggling parent, who tries all she can to bring up her daughters (seven still unmarried!) respectably. Promise me, *Mr. Punch*, to give this Suez scheme the benefit of all your support and influence, and I promise that I will send you, you *dear* kind soul, the very first *Elephant* I receive from one of my future sons-in-law—you see if I don't."

We admit the temptation is very great, but still we cannot promise MRS. MATERFAMILIAS anything of the sort, unless she gives us her word of honour that all her daughters are ugly. We do not approve of the plan of some of our prettiest young ladies being packed off, like living merchandise, to India, to supply the Matrimonial Market there. They should be labelled "On Sale, or Return." Still, if the Isthmus of Suez in its present form prolongs the journey to India, and lengthens the expense, we will so far promise to appoint ourselves into a Committee to sit upon it, when doubtlessly our report will be, in dramatic *argot*: "Isthmus much too long—wants cutting dreadfully."

A Bright Prospect.

MR. BRIGHT
Is again all right,
Almost—but not quite.
Though *Punch* and he
Can't wholly agree,
Him at work once more may *Punch* soon see!

House of Call for the Clergy.

IN an article on the subject of archidiaconal visitations, our highly improved contemporary, the *Morning Post*, states that on the occasion of those ecclesiastical gatherings, "the Clergy adjourn to the chief hotel to dine with the Archdeacon, and the wardens to some inferior public-house to dine with the apparitor." Surely, this is a mistake. The secular church-wardens and apparitor, as men of the world, adjourn to the chief hotel; and the parsons, in their professional humility, of course, betake themselves to the inferior public-house.

MR. BOWYER ON HARD SWEARING.

MR. BOWYER is the Member for Dundalk; but the honourable and learned gentleman sometimes talks as if he were the representative of Bedlam. That any man should have a serious objection to take any oath which he consents to take, is strange enough. The objection implies something very like a consciousness of perjury, unless it is only maniacal. Let MR. BOWYER be supposed to want reason rather than honesty; but surely nobody not destitute of one or the other, could speak of any oath that he has brought himself to swallow, in the subjoined language, which MR. BOWYER is reported to have used in the last debate on the Oaths Bill:—

"The Catholic oath was absurd and nugatory—far more absurd and nugatory than Protestants supposed; because it attempted to force them to deny doctrines and tenets which they did not deny. It was a mockery and a profanation."

In reading the above, one is at first sight inclined to suppose that the word "not" was inserted by a typographical mistake. An oath which forced people to deny that which they did deny would be superfluous, and therefore nugatory and absurd enough: but an oath which forces them to deny what they do not deny, forces them to swear falsely. An oath which attempts to make them swear falsely, succeeds if they take it; and if false swearing is absurd, it is not nugatory, but a somewhat serious thing. That the above quoted words, however, are all MR. BOWYER'S, and no typographical mistake, we are forced to conclude by the context of his reported discourse:—

"MR. BOWYER (in continuation) asked whether any Roman Catholic could in honesty, or on his honour, be a party to imposing on members of his own or other persuasions, an oath which denied one of the most fundamental doctrines of his Church?"

What does this mean, if not that MR. BOWYER accuses himself of having, in taking his oath as a Member of Parliament, denied one of the most fundamental doctrines of his Church? If he does not talk mere nonsense, it is quite clear that the Roman Catholic Emancipation Act is, as regards him, superfluous: no oath could have kept him out of Parliament. How angry MR. BOWYER would have been with Exeter Hall, if Exeter Hall, instead of himself, had accused Popery of perjury! Hitherto it has been generally considered by liberal persons, that the accusation of disregarding oaths, and of taking them with mental reservations, was a calumny upon Roman Catholics. What are we to say now that we find them taking an oath, and complaining that they cannot take it conscientiously? The mildest thing we can say is, that all such Papists had better have the tonsure conferred on them in having their heads close-shaved, and be shut up in a psychologico-medical monastery.

THE DIVORCE BILL.

THE first case under the above law has been the Divorce, owing to differences of temper as well as circulation, of the *Morning Herald* and the *Standard*. The divorce is *mensâ et Tory*. The *Standard* is already wedded to Liberalism. The separation took place even before the law had passed, but it was well known that the parties in question were always in advance of their age. The property was not very large, but it was equally divided. It is understood that the *Morning Herald* still keeps possession of the "AMERICAN SEA SERPENT," whilst the *Standard* is to be allowed the exclusive run of the "ENORMOUS GOOSEBERRY." There was some dispute about the "SHOWER OF FROGS," but a division (or a difference rather) was happily avoided by its being understood that the lot was to be split in two—one half of the frogs to go to the *Herald*, and the other half to fall to the *Standard*. One of the unhappy couple (the OLD WOMAN who lives in Shoe Lane, we believe) has been inconsolable ever since the separation. In fact, she is not expected to recover.

Depth in a Deep Tragedy.

WITH what wonderful accuracy does *Young Norval* in the Scotch tragedy, in the account which he gives of his supposed parentage, indicate the character of a Yankee dealer! He describes his father as an individual "whose constant care was to increase his store."

SENSIBLE RIDING COSTUME FOR WARM WEATHER.

MR. PUNCH AND THE VICTORIA CROSS.

PERHAPS; no, we scorn a qualified expression, and begin again with—Decidedly the most imposing ceremonial which has ever taken place in a free or any other country, was exhibited to the eyes of the million, on Friday, the 26th of June, 1857, in Hyde Park, when and where HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY was pleased to confer upon *Mr. Punch* the Victoria Cross, or Order of Merit, in acknowledgment of many years of gallant, daring, and faithful service to the Throne, the Altar, and the Nation.

The day was fixed for Friday, because it fell within the week during which MR. PUNCH is engaged in preparing the first number of a new volume, and the QUEEN, with her usual kindly forethought, considered that a Cartoon representing the event would be an appropriate opening engraving. "Unless," added HER MAJESTY, with a mingled expression of archness and kindness, when settling the affair with MR. PUNCH, at the Palace, "unless you object to receiving an honour in the same week with the Prince, whom I am just ordering to be prayed for as Prince Consort." It is needless to record *Mr. Punch's* affectionately loyal yet epigrammatically subtle response.

The ceremony was witnessed by exulting myriads, and therefore it is not necessary to describe that which those myriads in a state of frantic exultation at their good luck in witnessing such a scene, have been ceaselessly narrating to everybody ever since. But the following list, which comprises only a very few of the signal military and civil services of *Mr. Punch*, should be treasured as a record in connection with the glorious celebration of Friday. That immortal man was decorated, (*inter alia,*)

For having in the most gallant manner, and single-handed, stormed the fortress of Protection, and opened the gates to COMMANDER R. COBDEN and the League.

For having protected the country when it was threatened by the Chartists, and for having completely put down Chartism.

For having attacked the Post Office when in the hands of the Brigand GRAHAM, and for having delivered the correspondence of the nation from that plunderer.

For having a second time attacked the Post Office, and handed it over to ROWLAND HILL, whereby the tremendous letter-tax was put down in favour of the present system.

For having completely put down Repeal, and driven all Repealers out of Ireland.

For having destroyed the Welsh Toll Gates, and for being ready, and what is more determined, to do the same by those of England.

For having charged into Capel Court, and routed out its nest of pirates, and for having afterwards shot down all the wild stags that were so dangerous to society.

For having utterly defeated the Papal Aggressionists.

For having made War upon Russia, and for having finally humiliated her, and compelled her to sign a Treaty.

For having smashed the ALBERT hat.

For having repulsed intended invasions by France and America.

For having overthrown the timid Ministry of LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

For having overthrown the foolish Ministry of LORD DERBY.

For having overthrown the un-English Ministry of LORD ABERDEEN.

For having made LORD PALMERSTON, Minister of England, and pledged him to Reform.

For having put down the Sabbatarians, and for having secured rational liberty to the millions in respect to Sunday observance.

For having created the Great Exhibition of 1851.

For having built and christened the Crystal Palace.

For having compelled the Government to reduce the Income-Tax.

For having suggested every reform and improvement which have been effected in the world since July 1841, and for intending to pursue the same course as long as the world requires any amendment whatever.

[*The list to be continued through many numbers.*

THE CANTERBURY CASINO.

A NOTICE exhibited on Norwood Common, near the Crystal Palace, informs the public that the "eligible" circumjacent "land" is "to let on lease for building purposes: Title from the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY." This is supposed to be a device of the present occupant of the land—the keeper of two temporary wood and canvas structures thereon standing; the one a refreshment booth, and the other a sixpenny dancing ditto. His object is presumed to be to procure for those establishments a respectability which, we are informed, does not exactly obtrude itself upon the perception of their visitor. That a cheap Casino can really be held under the Archbishop is incredible; for what are Sunday bands, shocking as he deems them, compared to a sixpenny hop on any day of the week?

WISCOUNT WILLIAMS'S WINDICATION.—"Nobility! Psha! we have no Nobility—we have only got a Haristocracy!"

MR. PUNCH RECEIVING THE VICTORIA CROSS.

IMPERFECTION OF THE YANKEE TONGUE.

The *New York Times*, whilst glorying in the general inventive powers of Americans, deplores their national deficiency in the faculty of inventing names for places. "Brownsville," "Tomkinsville," "M'Grawlersville," are instanced by our New York contemporary as specimens of the inelegant and inexpressive designations which the pioneers of Yankee civilization are in the habit of allotting to newly founded towns and cities, whilst "Milwaukee" is described as "a beautiful name." There is certainly a difference between "Milwaukee," and "Brownsville," together with the congeneric "villes" of Tomkins and M'Grawler, but it is not so much the difference between beautiful and ugly, as a difference corresponding to that which exists, or may be conceived to exist, æsthetically, between the settlers, M'Grawler, Tomkins, and Brown on the one hand, and the aboriginal Black Hawk on the other. The euphony of "Milwaukee" is very analogous to that of "Hokey Pokey." There is a sort of native sweetness in the sound of either name; a sweetness savouring of natives who tattoo their cheeks, and paint their noses red and sky-blue. If the Americans want names of that sort for their new settlements, they might readily obtain them. To a sane adult it might not, perhaps, be a very becoming mental exercise to invent such denominations; but plenty of them might be procured from any nursery, the occupants of which are able to talk; or from any lunatic asylum whose inmates are not deaf and dumb. The invention of funny names like "Milwaukee," would be an innocent amusement for infants, and a very suitable employment for the insane, serving in some degree to utilise those unfortunate beings.

Nothing is so easy as gibberish to anybody who will give his mind to it, provided that mind is undeveloped or disordered. It is strange that a people so fertile as our Transatlantic kinsmen in the production of odd words in general should be so slow as they appear to be at local nomenclature. How the nation that has added "catawampous," "slockdologer," "stampede," and "bogus," to the English dictionary can be at a loss for terms, racy of the soil, to apply to any portion of it, is difficult to conceive. Can it be a hard matter for those who call each other "hard-shells," "soft-shells," "hunkers," "locofocos," "border-ruffians," and "barn-burners," to call any number of places names? Even if they cannot by natural means accomplish the task of naming new locations, they might avail themselves of the assistance of spirit-rapping mediums, through whom, doubtless, they could get rapped out plenty of words that would answer the purpose at least as well as "Milwaukee"—words original as to orthography, and of unknown meaning.

MRS. GAMP'S FAREWELL TO *MRS. HARRIS.*

Ah! *Mrs. Harris!* the best of friends, as the sayin' is, must part,
Which there 's no uge in cryin' as if one would break one's 'art;
Many 's the years we spent together, and many a cup of tea:
But there! the time is come at last—it is as was to be.

Good by'e, Ma'am! and I'm sure I wish you many many 'appy years
As ever any mortial can expect in this here wale of tears.
I always was attarched to you, and esteemed you very much,
And wherever I go, I am sure, I shall always speak of you as such.

Our walks in life enceforrads is in different parths to be,
But I shall very often think of you, Ma'am, and I ope you 'll sometimes think of me.
Nobody knows but them as feels, is what I will maintain;
Good b'ye, dear *Mrs. Harris*, possible, we shan't never meet again.

Haccept my bonnet and pattens, which no longer I shall wear,
For I must put on other clothes which I own I can't abear,
Nobody won't know me when they sees me in my new dredge,
A workin' out my midgion in another spear of ugefulnedge.

HOMAGE TO MARSEILLES.

Mr. Punch seldom wastes his criticism on farces, and has no particular remark to offer on the French elections. But he conceives it but knightly courtesy to tender his congratulations for witty M. Taxile Delord, of the *Charivari*, on his providential escape, by the Marseilles vote, from a seat in such a chamber as the Prefects have assembled. Helots drunk were a demoralising spectacle for the Spartan, but how much more deteriorating were association with Helots sober. *Mr. Punch* is indebted to the people of Marseilles for refusing to destroy the subtle and scintillating intellect of M. Taxile Delord.

Wit in the House of Commons.—A Witty Member (it is not Mr. Spooner) has characterised the Divorce and Marriage Bill as a "New Law of Partnership, with limited liability."

SURVEY OF A LADY'S DRESS.

Great disputes have arisen among engineers and scientific gentlemen as to the particular scale that should be adopted in taking the survey of a fashionable lady's dress. Lord Elcho advocates the adoption of a scale of twenty-five inches to the mile. This, he says, would give a careful representation of all the lengths and breadths of a lady's dress. The flounces would be put down to a nicety: every one of the *volans* would be carefully indicated; not a piece of *guipure*, or a single ribbon would be omitted. On the other side, it is argued that the plans taken on that large scale would be so cumbersomely comprehensive, and so extremely inconvenient for all purposes of reference, that a person wishing to consult the survey, would be compelled to take it out with him to Hampstead Heath or Wormwood Scrubbs, or some monster open space, before he could unfold it. These objections are met boldly and openly by his Lordship. He asks what necessity is there that all the plans should be taken on the same sheet of paper? He does not see why the survey could not be taken on a series of small maps, instead of one large one? or what there is to prevent you binding up the maps, according to their anatomical progression, in one uniform volume, which might be bound in a pattern of the very dress that was mapped inside? Each part should be complete in itself. You would have your two arms, your waist, your right side, your left side, your first flounce, your second ditto, your third, and so on *ad æternum*, until the whole survey was completed.

Sir Roderick Murchison is of opinion that a one-inch scale would answer all necessary purposes. It would be useless and extravagant, he contends, considering the many countless yards of waste stuff, to take any map larger than that of one inch. If milliners for their own personal requirements wanted a larger map, let them take it at their own expense. For the use of the husband the milliner's bill was all that was sufficient. It usually gave all the particulars; and, if there was any doubt, the sum total mostly removed it. The price was put down, and it was no very difficult matter from that to estimate the quantity; though the husbands, whose credit was, owing to the extravagance of their wives' milliners' bills, being killed by inches, cared generally but little about the precise number. The subject was one which was not often surveyed by the husband with any degree of pleasure; and probably the less he saw of the extent to which his wife carried her follies, the better he was pleased. Under these circumstances he thought a half-inch scale would abundantly satisfy all rational purposes. The matter was still under warm dispute (92° Fahrenheit) when we went to press.

FREEDOMS OF THE PRESS.

With the suppression merely of the names, we quote verbatim this interesting paragraph from the Paris correspondence of a fashionable contemporary:—

"The rising belles of the day are the Mdlles. ——, the daughters of —— ——. The elder, a striking brunette of sixteen, has made her *début* with considerable *éclat* at the Tuileries: the second, a charming blonde, a year younger, has only as yet appeared at the Italian opera, but has already attracted much admiration by her delicate and somewhat pensive beauty."

We have heard some writers praised for their originality of subject, and we have known others lauded for the freedom of their style; but although there is undoubted novelty in thus dragging private ladies out in public print, and describing their "good points" with much the manner of a slave-dealer, we think the writer deserves rather to be kicked than commended for his freedom. Of course, when an actress makes her *début*, she must expect to see some comments on her person in the papers; but it is a new idea to us to find the audience thus criticised as well as the performers, and we should certainly give up our box at Her Majesty's were we to discover that our daughters could not go there without being admired by the penny-a-liners. Indeed, when one reads of a young lady having "appeared" at the Opera, one naturally infers that it was on the stage she did so: and if one were to judge from such appearances as these, a man could never go to Almack's without suspecting half his partners had been behind the scenes perhaps the evening previous. We confess, too, when we hear of the "considerable *éclat*" which has recently attended a *débutante* at Court, we feel almost tempted to forego our wishes to obtain the presentation of our darling Judyletta; for that young person, we opine, would be very little benefited by finding she had made such a noise in the fashionable world as to have reached the lengthened ears of an "own correspondent."

We have small wish to curtail the freedom of the press, and we have harshly noticed the above offence mainly to deter another from committing it. On second thoughts, however, (we add this after dinner,) our benevolence inclines us to prescribe a milder treatment for the offence: he should have his ears boxed by that "striking" young brunette, by whom he appears to have been already smitten.

THE LATEST FASHION.

Charles. "SWEET STYLE OF TROWSER, GUS!"

Gus. "YA-AS! AND SO DOOSED COMFORTABLE. THEY'RE CALLED PANTALONS A LA PEG-TOP!"

Charles. "NO!—RE-ALLY!"

LORD NATHAN.

(AN APPEAL TO THE PEERS.)

MAKE room for LORD NATHAN, proud barons and earls,
LORD NATHAN, the lord of the dark shining curls,
Of the full bright black eye, and the aquiline nose,
What features more aristocratic than those?

Of lineage so ancient LORD NATHAN doth come,
That he hath no fellow in all Christendom.
For that length of descent which your lordships revere,
Not one of you all is the LORD NATHAN'S peer.

The lofty PLANTAGENET'S long pedigree
Is a mushroom to LORD NATHAN'S family tree;
In the first of the Patriarchs centres its root,
In noble LORD NATHAN behold its offshoot.

His race with the Conqueror, great son of NUN,
Came in at the Conquest when Canaan was won:
You talk of Crusaders from drawing your line;
His fathers were those who first took Palestine.

Your sires' proud exploits on the Paynim you quote,
Long ere them the NATHANS idolators smote;
Their chivalry long had Philistines o'erthrown,
Ere Saracen hosts felt the shock of your own.

His champions in ages ere those of your strain
Were thought of, their giants and dragons had slain.
Then welcome LORD NATHAN, ye sons of the knights,
And render him homage as well as his rights.

HORSES AND MAYOR.

OUR friends the French are possessed with an idea of the greatness of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, not likely to be diminished by the information, afforded by a fashionable chronicler, that—

"The LORD MAYOR arrived at the Palace in his State Coach, drawn by six horses."

A six-horse power apparently required to convey the Chief Magistrate of the City of London, is calculated to impress the foreign, and even the native mind with an awful notion of the enormous bulk and astounding ponderousness of the civic monarch.

THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 9.

"I HAVE often wondered what sin the late DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE could have committed in any of his earlier phases of existence to have been condemned, while in the flesh under his last title, to preside at so many public dinners.

"This social punishment—the public dinner—is, I believe, peculiar to this island. An attempt was made to introduce it into France, which ended, as might have been expected, in a revolution. Yes—the Provisional Government of 1848 was installed in consequence of the public dinners—'*les Banquets*,' as they were called—organised by the Parliamentary Reformers of Paris. You may tell me the revolution broke out because the public dinners were *not* allowed to take place. I will not quibble with you about a word of three letters. But I know how history is written; and I know—do I not know?—the miseries of a public dinner.

"You admit a connection between the public dinner and the Revolution of 1848. Very well, then. I assume that the French are at once a social and a gastronomic race. I can understand such a race rising as one man against the attempt to thrust a public dinner down their throats. But I cannot imagine their upsetting the Government which protected them from the infliction. I go on probabilities, which to me are proofs, for they rest upon the eternal nature of things. I still believe the rising of Paris in 1848 was against the attempt to introduce the punishment of the public dinner, and that, in the confusion, the Provisional Government somehow got flung to the surface, and staid there till further orders.

"Prisoners, under tyranny and long-continued torture, have sometimes risen, brained their gaolers with their handcuffs, and either broken prison, or been shot down, sullenly, in unappeased revolt. I wonder why we, who are condemned, most of us, to public dinners in perpetuity, do not, some day, rise at the Freemasons' Tavern, or the Albion, beat out the brains of the landlord and waiters, strangle the stewards, choke the glee-singers with the pastry, and tear that TOOLE of tyranny, the toastmaster, limb from limb.

"I think we shall hear of these things happening some day—and then the site of the Freemasons' Tavern will be what the site of the Bastile is now. There will be a column erected to the memory of those citizens who arose and plucked down an odious tyranny. Those who had long groaned under public dinners will come annually and deposit wreaths of *immortelles* on the base of the column.

"I am willing to guide the movement. I demand the head of TOOLE! I refuse to be any more treated as a social vassal, '*taillèable et corvéable à merci*' by Hospitals; by Asylums; by blind, deaf, dumb, halt, lame, and maimed Institutions; by Curates', Governesses', Printers', Clerks', Widows', Orphans', Shoeblacking boys, Image boys', Climbing boys' or any other kind of boys' Aid Societies; by Young men's, Old men's, Middleaged mens', Bargemens', Market-Gardeners', or any other Mutual Instruction Associations! By Funds, Literary, Dramatic, Musical, or Equestrian; by Scotch Widows; by Decayed or Shipwrecked Mariners; by Foreigners in distress; by Distressed Needlewomen; by Oppressed Dress-makers; by Intending Emigrants; by Club-footed persons, or those afflicted with Spinal Disorders, or Ophthalmia; by Invalid Gentlewomen, or Sick Children, or Incurables; by Licensed Victuallers, Butchers, and Bakers. I fling all "the objects of this association" to the wind. I will not be a steward though tempted by a dinner-card gratis: I will not put down my name for a handsome donation, though quite aware that I never shall be asked to pay up: I will cut my tongue out rather than acknowledge a toast: I will mount the scaffold sooner than the chair; and I will perish before I pay for a ticket. I am ready to enroll members in an Anti-Public Dinner Association, the foundation of which shall be celebrated by a public ——— Good gracious!—How difficult it is to shake off the habits of the prison-house! Men who have long worn fetters will ever after, we know, walk as if the iron was still about their ancles.

"I and my association were on the verge of self-destruction, about to be rendered up again by this hand of mine to the tough mercies of MESSRS. BATHE and BREACH, and the tortures of TOOLE! Not that the tyranny of these men is ever openly protested against. There is either a hollow submission to it, or a callous courting of it, and an

exultation under it like that of French *galériens* singing in their *chaine*. There are few things sadder than to see a prisoner insensible to his shame. To hear JOHN BULL talk, you would imagine he looked upon the public dinner as a privilege and not as a punishment.

"'We English'—he will tell some poor, eagerly-assenting, smiling, galvanic foreigner, who bows affirmatives to every sentence before it is well spoken—'We English are cold—shy—stiff; but at bottom we are a social people, Mosoo. We can do nothing without a dinner. When our hearts are warmed with a good meal and a social glass of wine, Mosoo,—'Gad—we are the best company in the world—can't refuse each other anything;—we are full of enthusiasm, Sir,—running over with loyalty and brotherly love;—we think nothing, Mosoo, of collecting a thousand pounds in the room while the singing 's going on.'

"And the foreigner is amazed at the *'force d' agglomeration sociale'* among these English, and goes home and tries to intrude the public dinner on his countrymen, and Government perishes in the attempt.

"How should we like to see introduced among us those Chinese punishments, of which such agreeable representations have been figuring of late in the cheap print-shop windows, of people being sawn to death between planks, planted up to the neck in the ground to starve, with food and drink just out of reach of the lips, and so forth?

"I look on the introduction of the public dinner into any country where it is unknown, in much the same light as I should the extension to our criminal system of these penal refinements of the Celestial Empire. When I hear a brother BULL cramming such statements as are above written into foreign ears, I blush for my species.

"For whatever outward submission there may be amongst ourselves, I know that I never mention the public dinner to an Englishman singly, but I find him, like myself, glowing with impatient disgust of that infliction, and ready to join in any attempt to put it down. Unless indeed he happen, at the moment, to have been sentenced as a Steward with the aggravation of a list to make up—added, as they add private whippings to a term of imprisonment, sometimes—or—still worse—condemned to the Chair, with hard labour at the toasts. In such cases, instead of responding to one's own impatience, men will endeavour to draw one on into participation in their punishment—as convicts are always found anxious to do.

"But with foreigners it is not uncommon to hear the tone taken which I have described above.

"Now the man who talks thus, knows as well as you or I, that it is all humbug; that there is *no* sociality in the public dinner; no real kindliness of heart engendered by it; no wholesome and blessed charity set flowing by its aid; that the speeches spoken at it are tissues of gross and fulsome flattery; that its enthusiasm is as evanescent and spurious as the bead in its gooseberry champagne; that its brotherhood is maudlin; its philanthropy a sham; its music, generally, the grossest form of the art; its cookery and its wine frequently abominable; its talk either stammering, incoherent imbecility, or fluent balderdash. In short, if I were asked to sum into the briefest expression the spirit of the Public Dinner, I know of no better words than 'SHAM' and 'SNOBBISHNESS.'"

UNCONTROLLABLE BEINGS.

AN HON. MEMBER, whose name we are sorry our memory cannot catch, said on the debate relating to the expense and non-completion (both being equally endless) of the Houses of Parliament:—

"It was difficult at any time to control an architect, but SIR CHARLES BARRY exceeded in this peculiarity every other member of his profession!"

Parliament must be weak, indeed, when it can no longer control its expenditure. Is SIR CHARLES such a very uncontrollable being that there are no powers that will touch him? The best plan of control, we fancy, is to stop the supplies. If SIR CHARLES had not been paid anything until the Houses were finished, we have an idea that their completion would have been celebrated with a dinner and a title years ago. An architect has been compared to the dry-rot—once inside the house, the one is as difficult as the other to get out again. But when you keep paying your architect—at first, it is a fixed sum; then he is to have three per cent.; next his commission is enlarged to four per cent.; and after that he is to receive an additional sum for casualties—so long as these payments go on, it seems to us that you hit upon the very best form of invitation to induce him to remain inside your house. As long as you feed him with means, so long will he go on building "like bricks." SIR ROBERT PEEL could not state the case plainer. But stop the supplies—not one penny more until all the work is done—and we have a shrewd suspicion that you will very quickly bring SIR CHARLES BARRY under the most plastic control.

DESPERATE ATTEMPT.—A dandy, or swell, inquired of his audience, which was the most dangerous part of the Danube, and they not being able to inform him, replied, the mouth they call Kilia.

SYDENHAM STATISTICS.

COLLECTED DURING THE LATE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

More than ten thousand sighs were breathed by ladies who came down by railway, in their regret that trains could not yet be run into St. James's Palace as easily and safely as they were into the Crystal Palace.

No less than nineteen hundred nervous people took beforehand the precaution to stuff cotton in their ears, for fear their drums might be deafened by the beating of the big one.

Fifty-five Teetotallers were detected drinking Sherry in the pauses of performance, seventeen of whom had the presence of mind to allege as their excuse, that Sherry was the only liquid handed round to them, and eleven of these added, to extenuate themselves further, that such was their excited state, it tasted just like water.

Sixteen most unsentimental gentlemen were induced by contemplation of the crowds at the refreshment counters, to remark, that if music be the food of love, it seemed plainly inducive of the love of food.

Three-and-twenty waiters were threatened with dismissal by the careful MR. STAPLES, because during the performance their shoes were heard to creak.

Exactly two thousand and twelve country cousins were facetiously informed by their London relations of the fact that the great tanks which they saw upon the water towers were filled with ale and stout for the consumption of the chorus; and learnt also from the same reliable authorities, that the sandwiches were cut and mustarded by steam, and that the contract to supply them had been let out by the acre.

No less than ninety-nine ladies would have fainted with the heat, but that they would thereby have missed some of the music.

Above five hundred *habitués* of both London and provincial Concerts nobly proffered their gratuitous services to the Committee, to act as Special Constables for the preservation of the peace, and to prevent it being broken by the swindlers of encores.

Nearly forty thousand hopes were expressed, either during or after the performances, that their success might be such as to ensure their repetition, and that the hopers might have all their absent friends then present with them.

Thirteen strict Vegetarians have since privately confessed in confidential conversation, that they were reduced by the exigencies of their appetite to eat of lobster salad without picking out the lobster.

Precisely six hundred and sixty-six engaged couples skilfully contrived to get separated from their party almost directly at the close of the performance, and when stumbled upon afterwards (of course in the remotest corner of the grounds), eleven-twelfths of them exclaimed "O, we've been hunting for you *everywhere!*"

Seventeen wags connected with the press were so charmed with MR. SECRETARY GROVE'S plain-spokenness, that they declared, whatever were his family, he clearly was not one of the Groves of Blarney.—(N.B. This is intended for a great compliment, MR. GROVE.)

Upwards of twelve thousand pairs of gloves were split, and nearly nineteen hundred hats were beaten in at the conclusion of the Festival, in the excitement of the cheer which was raised for MR. COSTA.

Over the sunshine of the pleasure of the forty thousand listeners there was thrown with all but three of them a shadow of regret that HANDEL had not lived to hear his music done such justice to as they felt quite sure it never had before been.

Facts that are Much Stranger than Fiction.

THAT FRED. PEEL is not in the Ministry, and yet England still maintains her position amongst nations!

That an opening for darting into print ever could occur without one of the NAPIERS rushing madly into it!

That the English would persist in remaining in the Crimea, when it was evident that the French, as they candidly tell you, did all the work, and won all the battles!

Charity in the Church.

CARDINAL VIALE-PRELA is literally "clothing the naked" at Bologna—only it is the statues, instead of the paupers. This is considered quite a characteristic act of Prela-tic charity, illustrating the only form in which that virtue can at this moment be said to be included among the Cardinal ones at all.

FLUNKEIANA.

Plush Adonis. "I SHOULD OBSERVE, MY LADY,—THAT IF YOU ENGAGED ME, I SHOULD REQUIRE TO BE SIX MONTHS AT LEAST IN TOWN, IN A GOOD NEIGHBOURHOOD,—AND THAT IF YOU SHOULD AT ANY TIME LIVE NORTH OF THE NEW ROAD, I SHOULD EXPECT FIVE GUINEAS PER ANNUM INCREASE OF SALARY!" [*Fact.*]

HEN CUCKOOS.

USEFUL lessons may in some cases be learned from the inferior creatures, but some of them set bad examples. The Cuckoo, for instance, sets an example which ought to be avoided, and not imitated, by mothers. The Cuckoo puts out its eggs to hatch, and consequently its young to rear, by another bird; and this conduct is copied, with a difference for the worse, by ladies who put their children out to wet-nurse, or who have them wet-nursed at all. The *Monthly Paper of the London Society for the Protection of Young Females* contains a few sensible "Words to Mothers," of which the intention is to show in what manner the practice of wet-nursing interferes with the object of that Society. They briefly demonstrate that the practice in question is one of the causes of our greatest social evil. The writer makes the following emphatic remark:—

"I will point to the custom of *hiring wet-nurses* as a great evil in this direction, considering that a certain class of young women are generally *preferred* for that office. A barrier is thus removed which might have stayed their downfal. I mean the loss of character and service."

The only proper persons for wet-nurses are young mothers who have lost their own infants. The number of these is sufficient to meet the natural demand for hired mothers. The demand that produces a greater supply produces a bad supply. If the hireling is a socially respectable person, her employment to nourish the child of another involves a wrong to her own. The baby of the wet-nurse is starved, as the young hedge-sparrow is thrown over. But there are other reasons why ladies should eschew cuckooism. The grub, or worm, which the hedge-sparrow administers to the young cuckoo is simple nutriment. Does not living milk impart something else?—may it not communicate moral and physical, or immoral and morbid, peculiarities? This consideration will perhaps induce all ladies who possibly can, to nurse their own babies, and all those who are unable, to make particularly sure of the health and purity of the rented breast.

Notions of Beauty.

Cook (on area-steps—to another Cook).* "PUT on your bonnet, SUSAN, dear, and let us run to the Park. The QUEEN is to be there, and I 'm told the effect will be most beautiful. There are to be from *three to four thousand Policemen on the ground!*"

* A highly-polished Cook, within scent of Grosvenor Square.

VICKERS OF SOUTHWARK.

ONCE more the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* launches a thunderbolt, and once more a proud and haughty institution goes to the ground before the stroke of JUPITER BEERIUS. A person of the name of "JOHN VICKERS of Southwark," has been blackballed at the Reform Club, and he instantly writes off in fury to the *Advertiser* (after the manner of gentlemen, when their desire to join a society of other gentlemen is for the moment ungratified) proclaiming the fact, and declaring that he owes his rejection to the fact, that he is a Protestant, who has been sacrificed to the bigotry of the Roman Catholic members of the Club. The Editor immediately takes up the cause of JOHN VICKERS of Southwark, and between them, and in large editorial type, they chant a fiery duet.

VICKERS declares that he is defeated by "that un-English system, the ballot." The Editor, forgetting that the paper goes in for the ballot-box, endorses the complaint. VICKERS demands, "whether an English gentleman is to suffer for being a liberal?" No, says the Editor, and we will have "a new Reform Club, really representing the views of the liberals, and expressly excluding Roman Catholics from membership." "I'll put down a hundred guineas," says VICKERS. "That is a princely pecuniary donation," says the Editor. "Let not the hateful name of blackballing be heard within our walls," says VICKERS. "The system has been carried to such an extent that men of sensitive feelings have latterly shrunk from allowing their names to be put up," says that Editor. "I'll come to any meeting on the subject," says VICKERS. "Your manly, well-timed, and courageous letter will do great good," says the Editor. And so they go on agreeing, with a sweetness and brotherly accord that quite brings the tears into one's eyes.

There are only two little points that occur to *Mr. Punch* in reference to this afflicting matter. Somehow, we find it difficult to believe with VICKERS that he was rejected because he was a Protestant, or with the Editor, that "no man who has identified himself with the cause of Protestantism has the slightest chance of election." *Mr. Punch* happens to be able to name two gentlemen (who have unfortunately ceased from among us), both of whom had in any one week of their lives rendered more service to Protestantism and manifested more active and damaging hostility to the objectionable portions of the Catholic faith and practice than any noisy Southwark spouter in the whole course of his career. Yet both were elected into the Reform Club. The gentlemen of that association would seem to be guided by other rules than actuate those who would "expressly exclude" men on account of their creed.

But—we are almost afraid to put the suggestion, considering whose wrath we provoke—but, come, the wearer of the Victoria Cross must not be timid—now then. *Mr. Punch* never heard of VICKERS of Southwark, until reading the waked wrath of the *Tizer*. But, on inquiry, he is told—he knows not with how much truth—that the said VICKERS of Southwark, doubtless a highly respectable man and Protestant, is a maker of gin. Is it possible that the haughty aristocrats of Pall Mall did not desire the society of a gin-maker in their stately saloons, and that it was not his Protestantism, but his Gin, that shut out VICKERS of Southwark. However, it was a bad day for the Reform Club when the *Advertiser* swore to put it down, and its humiliation will be complete if, when the members are expelled, the vengeful and victorious VICKERS shall turn it into a Gin-palace, and engage MR. COPPOCK as barman.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

Daughter. Ma, dear, what is "Capillary Attraction?"
Mother. Running, my pet, after a *heir* of £10,000 a-year.

SANITARY INTELLIGENCE.

A VENERABLE Matron of the GAMP School has addressed to us an appeal, complaining of the cost of constructing Harbours of Refuge, by which term she apparently means sewers.

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THE OLD, OLD BIRD.

APPROACHING MARTYRDOMS.

WE have the best authority for stating that more than one mitre will in all probability be shortly at the disposal of the Government. A protest has been entered against the Divorce Bill, and among the dissentients we find the names of S. OXON and W. K. SARUM. The reasons assigned for dissent are, chiefly, that the sanction given by the Bill to the re-marriage of a divorced wife or husband, during the lifetime of both parties, is forbidden by the Bible, and in "direct contradiction to the plain teaching" of Christianity; and that the Bill will cause the clergy of the Church of England to pronounce a divine blessing on unions which they believe to be condemned by Holy Writ, and which are inconsistent with the language itself of that very blessing. Unless, then, the Commons throw out the Bill, there is no choice for OXON and SARUM but to throw up their mitres, after the tremendous protest which they have made against it. CANT., who has expressed similar sentiments, may be expected to resign too. Some indeed think that he is more likely to resign than OXON, who, for all his protest, can hardly be expected to be a Protestant martyr, being, in fact, not much of a Protestant.

"SPOILED FIVE."—"The most unpleasant form of Note and Query," says an intelligent but impenitent Ticket-of-leave man of our acquaintance, "is, when you are trying to obtain change for a Fiver, and a policeman demands where you got it."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

June 29, *Monday*. The bad news from India brought up speakers in both Houses, but nothing, of course, could be said by the Government, except that it had every confidence in the Indian authorities, The mail next week will show how far that confidence is merited.

In the Lords the EARL OF DONOUGHMORE made grievous grumbling about a smart article published by the *Examiner*, touching an Irish bishop called LORD PLUNKETT, who had opposed the Ministers' Money Abolition Bill. The Earl wanted the publisher called to the bar. LORD GRANVILLE, on behalf of Government, opposed such a process, and said that the motion of the noble lord "would involve the House in proceedings that might be endless, and that THE LORDS WOULD FIND THEMSELVES IN A PERMANENT CONFLICT WITH THAT VERY AMUSING PUBLICATION, *Punch*." The general good sense of the Lord President induces *Mr. Punch* to overlook the levity with which his lordship alluded to the possibility of the most awful collision conceivable in British history. As for the conflict being permanent, it would be about as permanent as a conflict between a locomotive engine, running sixty miles per hour, and a string of empty trucks upon the line. Were *Mr. Punch* but to declare his intention of making war upon the Lords, the *Times* would again come out with the single sentence that did duty for a leading article when their lordships rejected the Reform Bill, "WHO CAN SAY THAT WHEN WE NEXT PUBLISH, THERE WILL BE A HOUSE OF LORDS." The DONOUGHMORE folly was trodden out by the Peers in all indignation and some little terror.

In the Commons there was a discussion whether the Government ought to job with the funds of the Savings' Banks, and there was also a somewhat amusing debate on the vote of about £50,000 for the Department of Science and Art, in the course of which the new museum in Brompton Boilers was rather unceremoniously handled. There is no doubt, however, that it is a valuable, though miscellaneous collection, and its being open to the working classes on two evenings in the week is an excellent feature in the arrangement. The Election Petitions Bill, intended to prevent some of the trickery which enriches Parliamentary agents, and scandalises everybody else, was read a second time, but will be marvellously manipulated before it is allowed to pass.

Tuesday. France has a scheme for supplying the deficiency of negro labour in the French colonies by the importation of free negroes, and our own West India interest desires that our Government should adopt the plan. LORD PALMERSTON is thought to favour the project, but as it is held by many persons to be merely a device for working the slave trade under another name, great and reasonable jealousy is felt upon the subject. The Oxford University Bill was read a second time by the Lords, who also discussed the hardship of the law that transported an Irishman back to his country when his powers of labour here are exhausted, and he becomes a pauper. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL announced that he meant to bring in a Bill on the Registration of Titles, but it was not to be passed, only to be considered, which may be considered a very mild and harmless style of legislation, and one on which SIR F. THESIGER is quite prepared to deal with the claims of the Jews, and the BISHOP OF EXETER to treat the subject of Divorce.

MR. HENRY BERKELEY then brought on his Ballot motion, offering to withdraw it if Government would promise that the ballot should be part of the new Reform Bill. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER began a reply by saying, "If my hon. friend is really serious——" and as this was rightly supposed to be the exordium of an anti-ballot speech, MR. BERKELEY went on. Later, SIR GEORGE, at greater length, intimated that Government did not believe in the ballot, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, suspected of having a private Reform Bill about him, hastened also to declare his antipathy to secret voting. On division, MR. BERKELEY was beaten by 257 to 189.

The Civil Service then had its innings, LORD NAAS very ably stating the swindle of the Superannuation System, under which the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is permitted to rob the family of any unhappy civil servant who dies in harness, of every shilling he has been forced to contribute to the fund, unless he has reached the precise old age at which his allowance begins; a system which is also in other ways most unfair and oppressive to the enormous body of talented and valuable men who do the work of the country. SIR. G. LEWIS admitted a good deal of its badness, but did not see how to alter it—actuaries are, however, he said, inquiring into the matter. *Mr. Punch* is by no means sure that a Central Criminal Court may not forestal the actuaries, under SIR R. BETHELL'S new act; for if the system be not a fraud on a trust fund, *Mr. Punch* does not know what a fraud is.

Wednesday. The Medical Profession Bills occupied the attention of the Commons, and there was a good deal of abuse of the doctors, the facetious TOM DUNCOMBE uttering some smart clap-trap, tending to show that there is no difference between the bigotry that opposes all innovation, and the wholesome police that interposes between a mischievous quack and his ignorant victims. MR. HEADLAM'S Bill was read a second time by a large majority, 225 to 78.

Thursday. LORD REDESDALE'S ridiculous little measure, to be tacked to the Divorce Bill, and proposing to refuse the marriage rite to those who have been divorced, and, on account of the alleged scruples of some half-instructed priests, to make such a union a merely civil contract, was speedily thrown out by the Lords by 62 to 23. Some of the Lords have spoiled a good deal of nice paper by entering protests against the Divorce Bill, and *Mr. Punch* sincerely hopes they pay their own stationers' bills, and do not waste the foolscap of the nation on such rubbish. LORD CAMPBELL called upon the bishops to

attend next night, and show their regard for the morals of the people, by helping him with his Bill for putting down Immoral Publications.

In the Commons, MR. LOCKE KING endeavoured to bring to an untimely end the Statute Law Commission, which really seems to be almost upon the point of approaching a period, when it may look forward, at some future time, to discovering a means by which, eventually, progress may be attempted towards suggestions for developing a plan for consolidating the law. Remote as the chance may be, the House thought it ought not to be destroyed. A discussion on the plans for the Public Offices elicited a statement from SIR B. HALL that some scheme for purifying the Thames was being matured. The British Museum grant was taken, and high honour was done to MR. PANIZZI for having originated, and MR. SMIRKE for having carried out, the new Reading Room, of which *Mr. Punch* will only say that it is an apartment almost worthy to be his own private library, and then an acrimonious and diverting discussion arose on the National Gallery Grant, terminated by LORD PALMERSTON giving the House an exceedingly good wigging, contrasting its meanness with the generosity of the Manchester men, from whose Art-Treasury he had just come up. The House was rebuked, and dutifully voted the sums demanded for buying a PAUL VERONESE for £12,000, and for similar articles of *luxe*.

Friday. LORD BROUGHAM dilated, with much ability, upon a subject on which MR. PUNCH has frequently dilated with more ability; namely, the frightful expense which the lawyers compel you to incur in any conveyancing transaction. The CHANCELLOR hoped to be able to do something towards mitigating the evil. LORD CAMPBELL's appeal to the bishops would appear to have been one of his accustomed bits of clap-trap, as he had only to pass his Bill through a formal stage. He stated that he had received hosts of solicitations from Paterfamiliases of all kinds to persevere with his Bill, but he explained that he had no idea of interfering with the refined immoralities in literature and art for which LORD LYNDHURST had pleaded—it was only vulgar wickedness that was to be dealt with.

There has been a perpetual wrangle between the SOVEREIGN and the LORD MAYOR as to the right to the shores and bed of the Thames within the corporation limits. A Bill for settling this squabble is in progress, the SOVEREIGN is to have the abstract right, the MAYOR is to have the actual mud, and the profits are to be divided, a third to go to the Crown, and the rest to be expended by the City in embanking and improving the river. A pleasing little incident showed the amiability of the House, and how easily it is amused. MR. WILSON, having to answer a question upon a subject of importance, rose, taking off his hat, as usual. He might have previously torn up some letter, and a few of the scraps had remained in his hat, or he might have been engaged in some amateur performance in which there was a snow-storm, and fragments of the paper snow had stuck in his hair. Anyhow, there were some bits of paper, and the intellectual House of Commons was so delighted that it roared in such a way as to render his reply inaudible. The House voted a good deal of money for harbours of refuge, consuls, and similar protective institutions, and the good humour of the evening was further promoted by a very good spar between LORD PALMERSTON and MR. WHITESIDE, in which the neat but audacious style of fighting of the Viscount contrasted well with the viciously meant, but blundering blows of the Irishman. PAM suggested that WHITESIDE knew nothing, and WHITESIDE retorted that PAM pretended to know everything. PAM complimented WHITESIDE on his power of invention, and WHITESIDE scoffed at PAM for his power of evasion. PAM urged that, before speaking on any subject, WHITESIDE should try to understand it, and WHITESIDE declined to admit that PAM in the least understood even the question upon which he was addressing the House. The point at issue was whether a charge in the estimates, for Chinese interpreters, was justifiable. Of course, when the fight was done, everybody agreed that there was nothing to fight about.

THE PLAIN CROSS OF VALOUR.

HERE 's Valour's Cross, my men; 'twill serve,
Though rather ugly—take it.
JOHN BULL a medal can deserve,
But can't contrive to make it.

The Right Man (at last) in the Right Place.

MINISTERS, anxious to find some employment worthy of MR. FREDERICK PEEL, have appointed him to the congenial post of Doorkeeper and Secretary of HER MAJESTY'S Circumlocution Office. It is surmised that the talents of the honourable gentleman will find suitable development in this office, for which he is, both by nature and acquirements, so admirably fitted. For the future, all petitions, addresses, applications for assistance, wrongs, grievances, are to be forwarded to him. All deputations, also, will for the future be received solely by MR. FREDERICK PEEL; everything, in short, that is reported by Government to be "under consideration," will be referred specially to his department. The Parliamentary Stationery Office has received orders to go on manufacturing Red Tape "until further notice."

THE IRISH BLESSING FROM THE ALTAR.

HOLY FATHER O'BLARNEY he stood at the altar,
And delivered this sermon to DENNIS O'BROGUE:—
Arrah, DENNIS, ye thief! your desarts is the halter,
Ye desarve to be hanged, I say, DENNIS, ye rogue.

I'll larn ye to vote for a heretic thraitor,
Disobeying the holy commands of your praste,
I'll spake the bad word for your sowl to ST. PATER,
He shall slam Hiven's door in your foul face, ye baste.

I declare if the divil himself—may he fetch ye!—
Was to rise up just now out of this holy spot,
And to ask for my vote, rather he, than the wretch ye
Sowld your mane dirty sowl to, should have it, ye sot.

Whoever gives DENNIS a cup of cowld wather—
Let alone the potheen—mate or dhrink, bite or sup,
He will be of his own endless ruin the author;
The earth will gape open and swallow him up.

Cursed be DENNIS O'BROGUE in his going and coming,
In undressing himself, and in putting on clothes,
In spache and in silence, in whistling and humming,
In scratching his head and in blowing his nose.

In waking or sleeping, in ating and dhrinking,
In snuffing, in chewing, or smoking a pipe,
In buying and selling, in nodding and winking.
May his praties all rot if they get to be ripe!

In dancing or kneeling, in standing or sitting,
May that DENNIS O'BROGUE, that big blackguard, be cursed!
In his breathing, and coughing, and sneezing, and spitting!
May the vagabond's portion be hunger and thirst!

In smiling and sighing, in laughing and crying,
May the curse of the Saints upon DENNIS be hurled!
In swearing and lying, in living and dying,
Och, bad luck to ye, DENNIS, ye thief of the world!

Unfounded Alarm.

HERE is another illustration of the old truism, how "Conscience makes cowards of us all." One of the Directors of the British Bank, who is still at large, was going into the SHEEPSHANKS' Collection, at the South Kensington Museum, when he overheard an artist say that there were "six CONSTABLES in the room." He instantly took alarm, and ran away as fast as he could. In fact, like one of his own bills, we believe he has not stopped running yet.

THE OLD PRINTER'S HAVEN.

THE enjoyment of the intellectual pleasure afforded by these and other pages is greatly enhanced by the beauty and clearness of the type which is the vehicle for the conveyance of our profound, poetical, and facetious ideas, and the like ideas of some of our contemporaries and predecessors, to the human mind. Wit, wisdom, imagination, become reading made easy by means of fine and legible print. The mental feast is served in porcelain and silver: the intellectual venison and turtle-soup are dished up in precious china and choice plate. The green fat is rendered refreshing even to the eye, and the sense of sight itself is gratified by the graces of Alderman's Walk. Native humour has imparted to it a visual charm like that which the native oyster acquires by being elegantly scalloped. The art, however, which makes literary things pleasant to the eye of the reader, is unfortunately apt to wear out that of the artist, and the gratification afforded by nice typography is purchased by the amaurosis of pressmen, and the cataract of compositors. Some working Printers, moreover, as well as some other people, live to be old and infirm, and few who do attain to old age have been able to provide for that contingency. Either their wages have been insufficient for any such provision; or if they have, in themselves, barely sufficed for some such, the Income-Tax, under Schedule D, has run away with the savings which they might have invested to that end by dint of extreme parsimony.

What fate, then, awaits the poor old Printer, who is too much of a Christian to commit suicide, and who probably cannot see his way to do so if he would? Not, necessarily, the punishment of the Workhouse—that punishment, of which, as of capital punishment, the object is simply example. No: the doom of the Workhouse; the condemnation of the pauper, condemned to imprisonment and degradation for not having saved the money which he has been unable to save, is not the inevitable lot of superannuated working Printers. There exists a charitable, and not a penal, receptacle for them, or rather a number of receptacles, called the PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES: an assemblage of comfortable abodes or asylums for deserving workmen past work.

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Committee of the PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSE SOCIETY has lately been published: and from this document it will be seen that the Society is making the most, for the comfort and accommodation of the Inmates, of very moderate means. For instance, the Committee reports the circumstance that a pump is in course of erection for the supply of the Institution from an Artesian well; whence will be effected an economy in the article of water. This shows that economy is practised in every element of expenditure, even in the pure element, if Chemistry will pardon the expression. We will now quote as much of the Report as it is necessary to quote—the portion of a sentence:—

"Our List of Annual Subscribers is not so large as could be wished."

All persons addicted to the practice of charity are invited to consider whether the above brief statement may not suggest to them a way for indulging their besetting propensity. To any wealthy individual who has never tried the luxury of feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, the PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSES may be recommended as affording a good case for a first experiment. This may be performed by sending the Society any amount of money, which will be received with rapture by the Treasurer, Trustees, Secretary, any Member of the Committee, or the Collector, MR. C. POPE, 14, Derby Street, King's Cross, London.

How to Ruin your Health.

1st. Stop in bed late; 2nd. Eat hot suppers; 3rd. Turn day into night, night into day; 4th. Take no exercise; 5th. Always ride, when you can walk; 6th. Never mind about wet feet; 7th. Have half-a-dozen doctors; 8th. Drink all the medicine they send you; 9th. Try every new quack; 10th. If that doesn't kill you, quack yourself.

A SUPERSTITION REMOVED.

A "SUB-EDITOR OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING" (for the Editor's shoes?) says that when LUTHER threw the inkstand at the head of the Devil, it must have been the Printers' Devil, who had doubtlessly been for hours dancing about his elbow, bothering him for "Copy!"

THE BATTLE OF THE PICTURES.

WHY here's the House of Commons, by way of pleasing variety,
On ELCHO's and CONINGHAM's summons, turned Dilettante-Society;
Where the one with playful raillery, the other with sterner strictures,
Falls foul of the National Gallery—its management and its pictures.
The newly-elected of Brighton, stout and strenuous WILLIAM CONINGHAM,
Declares he'll throw a light on "a certain high person's" cunning game,
When (excuse the feeble witticism) he drives his German WAAGEN
With a load of German criticism to prop up each German bargain.
Whether of a KRUGER Collection, whereof, Brighton's stern truth-teller
Declares, all but a selection by the buyer's been hid in the cellar,
Or else a GALVAGNA treasure, on which HERR MÜNDLER blundered.
And for fifteen daubs with pleasure forked out two thousand five hundred;
All to bag one fish in the haul—the GIAN BELLINI *Madonna*—
Which is no GIAN BELLINI at all, MR. CONINGHAM vouches his honour.
Then there's ELCHO, better known as late HON'RABLE FRANK CHARTERIS,
A Connoisseur full-blown, who to EASTLAKE a perfect Tartar is,
Who puts spokes in WAAGEN's wheel, and assails poor agent MÜNDLER,—
With that stress on the dotted "u" which makes the name rhyme to "swindler,"—
Declaring of English Art-wonders that MÜNDLER is the greatest,
And that all one can say of his blunders is, the worst is always the latest.
That his presence drives up art-treasures, as a hot hand does a thermometer,
To a price beyond all measures, save of JOHN BULL's purse-pedometer.
And that, when he comes in a place he's straight sucked in the feelers
Laid out for him by the race of polypus picture-dealers:
And from old daubs in old shops you may hear some such midnight cry as
"Here's MÜNDLER! Here he stops! Hooray! he's a-going to buy us!"
So he closes his disquisition, with a peroration of stricture
Upon our last acquisition, the fourteen-thousand pound picture:
Whereon WILSON of the Treasury, though in art-matters somewhat hazy,
Boldly describes the pleasure *he* has had from that Veronese.
And, for further satisfaction, calls our more artistic CHANCELLOR,
To declare that of "*this*" transaction the House ought *not* to be cancellor.
And so the House comes to a vote on the Gem of the Casa-Pisani,
Varnished, henceforth, with a coat of double official blarney.
But *Punch* holds to PAM's conclusion, that the Commons don't do themselves credit,
By this sort of art-discussion, or the speeches of those who led it:
And makes bold to consider it placed beyond doubt that SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE,
Of knowledge and judgment and taste can't be proved to have shown the least lack;
While, as for the few hundreds' salary of Secretary WORNUM,
The Trustees of the National Gallery have no doubt he means to earn 'em:
And as for MÜNDLER and WAAGEN and their patrons and protectors,
Let 's wish ourselves joy of our bargain—both Nation, Trustees, and Directors!

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

IT appears that a sort of controversy is waging, in the *Jewish Chronicle*, on the subject of Proselytism to the Jewish faith, the members of which are accused of rather giving the cold shoulder to a convert. An idiot, who writes to proclaim that he was converted to Judaism, eighteen years ago at Rotterdam, (after Scheidam, we suppose,) alleges, however, that he has been very kindly treated. More geese the Rotterdam Hebrews. We consider that the Jews, in disliking converts from Christianity, are quite right. A man may not choose to alter his habits so far as to travel by railroad, light his candle with a lucifer, or read *Punch*; but he must feel the utmost contempt for another man, who, having known and tried those improvements, falls back on the old coach, tinder-box, and *Morning Herald*. A real convert to Judaism is almost an impossibility, but we are happy to say that our Missionaries announce hosts of daily converts to Punch-and-Judyism.

INVALUABLE ADVICE FOR PARLIAMENT.—Few words, and more Acts.

THE CIVIL CABMAN.

Cabby (to Old Party, who has been to the Crystal Palace). "WANT A CAB, SIR?—SORRY I'M ENGAGED, SIR!—WERRY 'APPY TO TAKE YOU NEXT WEEK!"

"ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO."

THERE is progress still in Paris. A grand victory has been carried, and without a single barricade! Henceforth, a visitor is allowed to enter the "Exposition of Painting," and carry his cane with him. He is not compelled to leave it at the vestibule, nor called upon to pay two or three sous for the guardianship of it. The value of this victory must not be underrated, for it has taken no less than 1857 years of hard grumbling, diplomacy, squibs, *bon-mots*, and rhetorical fighting to bring it to a successful issue. There is but one regret—the *Moniteur* neglects to furnish us with the name of the HANNIBAL, who is the conqueror of this new *Bataille de Cannæ*—or, to speak like a French Classical stick, *de Cannes*. Perhaps it is LORD BROUGHAM, for he is generally looked upon as the great Hero of Cannes? In the meantime, who is to abolish a still greater folly in England? Where is the conquering genius who will put down in this country all the Gold Sticks, and Silver Sticks, in Waiting?

WHERE IS THE SERVICE GOING TO?

Or the Linesman's Lament.

I CAME into the Army,
To idle, dress, and dine;
Oh, wasn't I a dummy,
To go into the Line!

First you pay for your commission;
But that is all a sham;
Before a chap's Gazetted,
He must bolt no end of cram.

And when that he has bolted it,
With sorrow and with pain;
He must go and be examined,
And spit it out again!

And when that humbug 's over,
Do you think you 're free? oh no:
You 're ordered to Fort William,
On instructional depot!

Fort William—just fancy!
In Scotland—far away!
They might just as well send fellows
At once to Botany Bay.

If they 'd let one take a moor, now,
It wouldn't be so bad—
But bless you, leave for stalking
Or shooting, can't be had.

I asked that stiff old fogey,
(Such a muff) our Major, STERN,
And what do you think his answer?
"Sir, you are here to learn!"

So one 's drilled and schooled and humbugged,
And if one tries to shirk,
There 's SIR COLIN down upon one,
As savage as a Turk.

And when one 's done with Depot,
And expects to have one's play,
One 's ordered off to musketry,
At Hythe with COLONEL HAY.

When with that—hem!—Enfield rifle,
One must practise till, at nights,
Instead of sleeping soundly,
One keeps on taking sights.

I didn't join the Army,
For this sort of life at all—
But for dress and lush, and larking,
And the other style of ball.

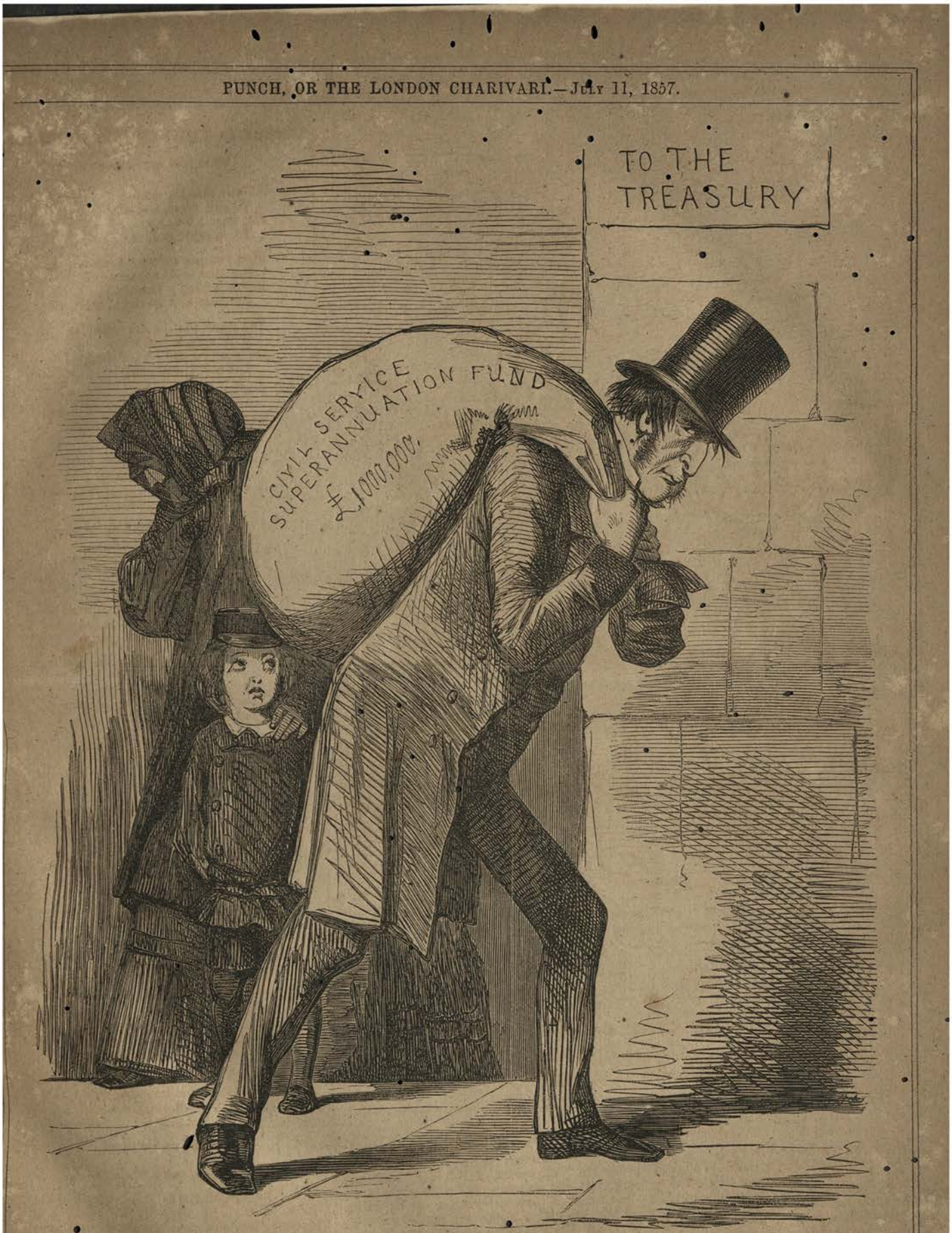
But as for togs—they tell us
We 're to dress for use, not show!
There 's no end of row, in mufti
If a fellow dares to go.

And in short they mean to swamp us
With snobs, that 's very plain;
For they 've cut down the messes
To two bob, and no champagne!

They seem to think an officer
Is not for show but use;
In fact, it 's clear the Army
Is going to the Deuce!

What we may Expect.

THE Coming Comet has gone in search of the Coming Man. As soon as they meet, it is expected they will visit the Earth together—the Coming Man on the back of the Coming Comet! This twin-phenomenon, this double "blaze of triumph," will amply atone, it is to be hoped, for any little disappointment that the sanguine and superstitious may have felt at their late shortcomings.



HEARTLESS ROBBERY.

"BOTHER THE NASTY FLIES!"

REVIEW.

The Director's Own Cookery Book: containing plain and practical directions in the Art of Cookery, as applied especially to Joint Stock Companies' Accounts. London: SWINDLE & SCAMP, Seven Dials.

To traders of exhausted credit, and gentlemen who have more time than money on their hands, this would doubtless prove a highly serviceable work, were it not for the prevention we shall presently allude to. In addition to containing many hundreds of recipes for the culinary treatment of the cash-books of a company, it is furnished with a copious preliminary treatise on the rise and progress of the Art of Dishing, as applied both to shareholders and to the public generally; together with full details of the most approved and recent methods which have been employed in dressing up and garnishing Reports. It contains, also much useful information on points connected with the general management of the *cuisine*, giving some most serviceable hints to the *chefs* of the establishment as to how, by the judicious employment of catspaws, they may contrive to get through a great amount of dirty work, and yet succeed in coming out of it with tolerably clean hands, and leaving very little stain upon their private reputation.

Perhaps, however, we shall best acquaint our readers with the character of the work by citing a few passages by way of sample of its merits:—

"*To dish a Shareholder.*—In order to do this, you must first catch your Shareholder: an operation which requires a somewhat skilful handling, although it is by no means attended with much difficulty. It may be generally effected by throwing out some catchlines by way of a prospectus, and the bait of a good dividend is pretty sure to prove a taking one. As soon as you have caught your Shareholder, the process of dishing him becomes extremely simple. The best thing for the purpose is what in chemistry is known as an evaporating dish, by which, as soon as you have done your Shareholder quite brown, you can evaporate yourself, and leave him nicely dished."

"*To Cook a Dividend.*—When your profits have been less than usual, declare a larger dividend, and cook it out of capital. Garnish it in your Report with flummery and soft sawder: and of course take care, first of all, to help yourself. As the pious CAMERON was wont to quote, Heaven will help him who helps himself."

"*Recipe for making Royal British Stew.*—The stew in this case does not differ much from Irish stew: such as was invented by the *chefs* of the Tipperary Bank. With the way of making it every one who reads the newspapers, and even those who (like SIR RICHARD BETHELL) don't, must have long ago become so very familiar that it would be superfluous to publish the recipe. It is thought, however, there will soon be some additions to the stew, and that some of the head cooks may find themselves in it. There is little doubt at any rate that they will be well roasted when they are put before the fire of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S address."

"*Bubble and Squeak.*—This is too well known a dish to need much explanation. All you have to do is to make the Bubble Company, and leave the Shareholders thereof to make the squeak. This they will be sure to do when they are done to rags, or in less culinary language, when they find they have been done by you and brought thereby to rags and ruin."

It will be observed from these few extracts that the work under reviewal is only suited to those *chefs* who are accustomed not to mince matters, and whose cookery is what one might expect from a thieves' kitchen. This being the case, we should have certainly seen reason that the book should be suppressed, but that we think few will be inclined to take a leaf from it, now that all such cookery, it is intended, shall be dealt with as a criminal offence.

The book we see is dedicated "with the profoundest respect" to MR. INNES CAMERON, to whom the author, in his preface, states that he is indebted for considerable assistance in the compilation of the work. This we can in no way feel surprise to learn, for we have had sufficient proof of MR. CAMERON'S ability, displayed in nearly all the branches of account-cooking, to regard him as being a top-SOYER in the art.

UNION AMONG BIGOTS.

(*To the Mawworms of England*).

MY DEAR FANATICS,

THE saying that two of a trade can never agree, has too long been illustrated by two classes of enthusiasts: yourselves, and the rabid portion of the Roman Catholics. Now kiss and be friends: and for good reason why you should fraternize, read the subjoined edifying account, extracted from the *Times*, of the late proceedings of the CARDINAL VIALE PRELA, ARCHBISHOP OF BOLOGNA:—

"His Eminence has ordered that a portion of the statue *Gigante di Piazza* shall be covered to avoid scandal. This statue was the work of JOHN OF BOLOGNA, and had remained uncovered for many years. The same regulation has been enforced with respect to all the *puttini*, so much admired in the churches of Bologna. The Cardinal has forbidden any more singing in the churches. By this measure, the chapel of St. Petronia, so renowned for its vocal music, will be deprived of its celebrity. All servile work is strictly forbidden on Sundays and holidays, and should any person be found in the streets carrying the smallest parcel, the police have orders to arrest him, and force him to pay a heavy fine."

Here, my puritanical friends, you have a Popish Archbishop and a Cardinal to boot, actually putting statues into shorts and longclothes, and stopping profane singing in churches. Of course he has not altogether prohibited singing, but only that species of vocal music that excites other emotions than those of gloom and melancholy. He cannot have forbidden priests to sing through their noses, and he has in all probability allowed choristers to continue to assist them in that melodious exercise. The sacred music, therefore, in the churches of Bologna, is probably as dull and slow, if it is not as ludicrous, as the majority of your own devotional tunes. But what will still more recommend—may I not say endear?—the holy Cardinal to you, is the circumstance that he has forbidden all servile work on Sundays. That is to say, he has forbidden cookery; and the Bologna people must, consequently, content themselves with cold dinners on the Sabbath. Better still, a fine is enforced for the offence of carrying a parcel in the streets on that day; so that, in point of fact, CARDINAL VIALE PRELA is as thoroughgoing a Sabbatarian as you would like to see invested with despotic authority for every Sunday over the British public.

In the meanwhile, you have English and Irish Roman Catholics at home combining with yourselves in the endeavour to exclude the Jews from Parliament. In view of the attitude now openly taken by their priesthood all over the Continent, they see that it is idle to pretend any longer to be the friends and champions of religious liberty. They are fast coming to an agreement with you in essentials—that is to say in the essentials of fanaticism: in bigotry, intolerance, the love of domination, and the anxiety to incommode and annoy the public. Being thus practically of one accord, you and they may as well cease to contend about speculative trifles, and no longer suffer your little differences of opinion concerning truth or falsehood to stand in the way of your friendship. Put your horses—or donkeys—together, and unite in endeavouring to make yourselves as troublesome as possible, and in actually making yourselves exceedingly ridiculous—for the love of

PUNCH.

P.S. The Divorce Bill affords you a nice bit of common ground, and I rejoice to see that the asses of your respective breeds meet on that common.

A Westminster Colloquy.

"TALK of the murrain upon Cows!" exclaimed an intelligent Broadway milkman, "Blest if I don't lay all that 'ere murrain upon SIR BENJAMIN 'ALL."

"Why?" was the mild interrogatory.

"'A cos he's bin and gone and ruined one of the finest milk-walks in Westminster."

"How?" was the imbecile rejoinder.

"Why, bless my 'eart, 'avent he bin and gone and dried up all our pumps!"

TRUE, BUT NOT OVER POLITE.

"What a Guy that Old Thing has Made of Herself!"

THE MEDICAL PROTECTION BILL.

CONSIDERABLE fear is entertained by the several medical corporations, that although MR. HEADLAM'S Medical Bill has passed its second reading by a large majority, he will not be able to get it through Committee this session. They may, however, be thankful that LORD ELCHO'S was withdrawn, as that measure was framed chiefly with reference to the public good, and with very little consideration for their peculiar advantage. To be sure, had it passed, it might have failed to accomplish its object, for it vested the construction of the medical educational body in the Crown, that is to say in the Government, which can be no competent judge of scientific merit, and is not fit to nominate professors of the science of healing as it nominates bishops and other doctors entrusted with the cure of souls, the exercise of whose functions requires no particular skill or knowledge, and in whose hands the spiritual lives of their patients are not perhaps altogether placed.

MR. HEADLAM'S Bill preserves for the medical corporations their most valuable vested interests—those from which they derive money. It proposes to continue the compulsion of students, before admitting them to practise, to pay handsome fees to those fine British Institutions. Nobody, therefore, can be astonished that the Bill of MR. HEADLAM should be stamped with the cordial approval of our liberal associations for the advancement of medical learning.

The Bill appears also to give much satisfaction to many respectable medical practitioners. By the retention of large diploma fees it narrows the entrance into their profession. It performs for them the same function as that which what they call the *pylorus* performs in the digestive organs—lets nothing pass that would be injurious. Too many competitors would be injurious. MR. HEADLAM'S *pylorus* tends to shut out competitors. To this end it is framed with singular solicitude, insomuch that it actually contains a clause prohibiting a practitioner, removing from one part of the kingdom to another, to practise there till after the expiration of two years. This clause is eminently calculated to protect the established practitioner from the nuisance of having some enterprising young man come and set up next door.

The Registration system which the Bill proposes will also highly benefit established practitioners, if only the fee for registration is put, in Committee, at a sufficiently high figure. The fee will conduce to the exclusion from practice of poor clever fellows, who, if they were not prevented from exercising their abilities, might prove dangerous rivals to thriving medical men. Attorneys stand an annual tax for licence to practise without much grumbling, precisely because that impost limits competition in attorneyism; and it might answer the purpose of a medical practitioner well-to-do to pay the like tax for the same species of protection. This protection is, in fact, the only use of registration; all the benefit of which, as far as the public are concerned, would be secured by obliging the existing medical corporations, and the one to be created, to publish easily accessible lists of their members.

If anything so absurd as the good of the community at large were contemplated by the framer of a medical bill, the tenor of his measure might be somewhat to the drift ensuing. The bill would be based on the principles of Free Trade. Everybody presumed to have arrived at years of discretion would be at liberty to be quacked, with the option of being treated by a legally qualified practitioner. That option would be provided for by a Medico-Chirurgical Titles Act. The name of every legally qualified practitioner would be posted on the church-door of his parish. Any unqualified practitioner procuring his name to be placed there would be liable to be hanged—or visited with some secondary punishment. All existing corporations would be deprived of all their privileges except the right to examine candidates; but, by way of compensation, would be allowed to grant diplomas on their own terms. A new medical examining board would be appointed, exacting the highest degree of attainment from all candidates, and the minimum standard of professional knowledge would be defined to be that required by the College of Physicians.

THE MAHOGANY DOOR.

MR. PUNCH finds the following Poem in his letter-box. Not having the remotest idea as to what it means (a remark which he used once before, namely, in speaking of another extraordinary poem, the *Lily and the Bee*, to which it bears a striking resemblance,) he prefers printing it to giving the subject any further consideration.

Is m^r so and so within
I've come by rail to speak to im,
And must do such I do declare
Before quitting this West-End square.
So baffled and shaffled
I've been before now
I'll break the magoghany Door
Seise the plate, Break
the Glass
Make a stew. Likewise a Ash.

My Master his perplex just now,
See cares deep Furows on his Brow
Then Leave im At his Ease I pray
Call again some other day
So baffled and shaffled &c.

Is it muney that You whant
Goods, chattels, or rent,
The same you 'l have (in Good time)
When he takes that Something off his mind.
So baffled and

I come determined and will not go
No ill not be cheeted so,
Is I.O.U. his in my hand.
And cash for it I do demand
So baffled and shaffled
I've been before now
I'll break the myhagony Door
Size the Plate,
Break the glass
Make a stew—likewise a Ash.

I. P. H.

Early Days for Driving.

THE *Court Circular*, the other day, astounded us by the information that—

"PRINCE LEOPOLD and the PRINCESS BEATRICE took a drive in a carriage and four."

Our courtly contemporary, to the above momentous intelligence might have added the remark, that the united ages of the Royal drive-takers amounted to four years, four months, and a few days.

Courage in Common Life.

MR. PUNCH requests to know whether or not it is intended to confer the Order of Valour on firemen who rescue others' lives at the imminent peril of their own, and on medical men who expose themselves to any extraordinary risk in attending cases of an infectious or contagious nature.

ADVICE TO MR. BUCKSTONE.

The Bills of the Play announce that Mr. Buckstone takes a benefit on the night of the day on which exulting London receives this number. He has a new comedy and other things to offer, besides an address on the 1124th night of the season. All very well, and Mr. Buckstone is a party in every way deserving the patronage of *Mr. Punch*, and consequently of the world. But why is he not bolder? Why did he not get up a Shakspearian play for his benefit? He will reply that he could not "cast" it strongly. But this is a frivolous answer. He could cast it a good deal more strongly than the Princess's management can do, which does not allow such scruples to prevent "Shakspearian revivals." Why not use Shakspeare as Mr. Kean uses him? If the company cannot speak the language, cut it out, or transpose it. Mr. Buckstone should have taken *Macbeth*, and treated it as Mr. Kean has cleverly treated the *Tempest*. He should have reduced *Lady Macbeth* to silence, and let the *Witches* sing her speeches from under the stage, or from the wing, which would have been quite justifiable, as they are really his tempters, though his wife is made by the poet to set him on. He should have played *Macbeth* himself—when he recollects that Mr. Kean does so, surely there can be no charge of presumption against Mr. Buckstone.

As for the other parts, they might be all cut down to lines, first, out of reverence for the author, whose words ought not to be feebly delivered, and next, to make room for effects. The BATTLE, in which *Macbeth* unseams *Macdonald*, is only described by the bloody officer in the play, but this description should be cut out and give place to the actual fight, a splendid scene, with real armour. In the Second Act, the CAROUSE TILL THE FIRST COCK, would afford a contrasting scene of revel and debauch, with Highland flings of the period, and then the King's MURDER, never before shown on the stage, with the thunder roaring, and ghosts looking out from under the beds. The Fourth Act should comprise the APPARITION SCENE, in which all the *Freischütz* horrors might be concentrated, and by means of the magic lantern, spirits might appear all over the house, and frighten the audience out of their senses. The Fifth Act could end all happily with the magnificent CORONATION AT SCONE. There, now, Mr. Buckstone, why not do this sort of thing, and take credit for "reviving" Shakspeare? You will be well puffed, (only you are not to vaunt that you pay £500 a-year for such puffing,) and in due time you may be made Sir Baldwin Buckstone. Meantime, though you lack the courage which some possess, *Mr. Punch* wisheth you a bumper benefit.

DOMESTIC HARMONY.

It is now some years since *Il Fanatico per la Musica* can have been performed—and *Notes and Queries* only knows whether it ever was performed—in this country; but that the hero of the opera has a representative in actual life, is obvious from the subjoined advertisement extracted from the *Musical Times*:—

WANTED A COACHMAN, a man having a tenor voice and fair knowledge of music, so as to be able to take part in a choir, preferred. Also, a boy, to milk and take charge of cows; he must have a good voice.—Apply, ——— Library, Walton, Norfolk.

A tenor voice may be an excellent thing in a coachman, but will, perhaps, in the opinion of most people, be a recommendation of secondary importance to a faculty of driving, enabling him, when on duty, to keep the even tenor of his way. We cannot well conceive any use for a musical coachman, as coachman, except that of singing an additional part, which Rossini might please to write for the performer who appears on the box of the heroine's carriage in *La Cenerentola*. A musical cowboy can be the want of none but an extremely Arcadian mind. Perhaps the choir, in which the coachman, and presumably the cowboy also, are desired to take part, is an ecclesiastical one: whence we hopefully infer that the musical coachman will occupy a seat in the singing gallery of the church at Walton, and not the box of the coach in which he has conveyed his employers to the sacred edifice.

Thought on the Oaths' Bill.

We deprecate compulsory oaths; but for the prevention of accidents by firedamp, we do think that every miner who descends to work in a coal-mine ought to be compelled to take his Davy.

PUNCH'S LAW REPORTS.

Mr. Punch is happy to state that he has made arrangements with a most eminent, and most extortionate, Law Bookseller, for the publication of a series of Law Reports, of a condensed character. They will be taken, with perfect recklessness, from the proceedings in the Court of Chancery, House of Lords, Common Law Courts, Assize Courts, Criminal Courts, Police Courts, Sessions, and every other place where injustice is administered, and *Mr. Punch* has engaged a large corps of briefless and useless barristers to supply him with the necessary information. He pledges himself, only and solely, to the Truth of each report, but as for the manifestation of the least respect for the Judge who may give the decision, that is entirely as it may happen. The Reports will appear, originally, in these columns, and when enough have been collected to make a book, in close type, of two volumes, fifteen hundred pages each, an event which will probably precede the opening of the twentieth century, they will be published, in law-calf, for the guidance of the lawyers of that day, should lawyers not have been abated. *Exempli gratiâ*—

Wife Beating.—If one cruelly beats his wife, thrashing and kicking her in an unmerciful manner, he shall have two months hard labour. *Semble* that if he have been for years drinking himself into *delirium tremens*, he shall be leniently treated.—*Burcham.*

Watch-Snatching.—If one take a watch, which is got back, and he has a first-rate character for honesty and sobriety, he shall be imprisoned for six months, with hard labour. *Semble* that a good character makes the crime more heinous.—*Combe.*

False Cheque.—If one, with solemn asseveration that a cheque is good, cheat an illiterate and confiding friend into giving change for the same, and it is worthless, and he lieth as to the mode in which he obtained the same, he shall have one month's imprisonment.—*Pashley.*

Preaching.—If one getteth drunk, and proceeds to preach, insisting upon the advantage of temperance, and offering an example to his hearers, he shall go to prison for fourteen days.—*Elliott.*

Silver Robbery.—If two, being boys of twenty and seventeen, steal some silver, value six pounds, and plead guilty, they shall have each, six months' hard labour.—*Pashley.*

Bathing.—If one, being undraped, swim from a boat to the shore, in an unfrequented place, and is seen of casual passers-by, he shall have three months' imprisonment and hard labour.—*Brighton Justices.*

Cab-driving.—If one, being a cab-driver and drunk, taketh the Conservative Club for Brookes's, he shall be fined Twenty Shillings. *Semble* that the offence is increased if the fare be Sir Benjamin Hall, or other Whig minister.—*Beadon.*

Wife Beating.—If one, being a powerful labourer, violently assaults his recently married and creditable looking wife, knocking her about the head, and making her bleed profusely, it is a good plea that "whenever he goes home he finds her in her mother's room," and he shall have but two months' hard labour.—*Arnold.*

Wrong Arrest.—If one, being a bailiff, having an execution against one sister, do arrest another instead, and do swear at her when she alleges the mistake, and do, as she stateth, threaten to take her to the police-station and give her two years' hard labour, if she do not pass herself off at prison for her sister, and so she goeth to gaol and lieth there, she shall have for damages Five Pounds.—*British Jury.*

Railway Van.—If one, being a little boy, be knocked down by a Railway Van, have his leg broken, and be a cripple for life, by reason of the driver of the Van taking the same up a narrow street, improper for such traffic, and there being no negligence on the part of the little boy, he shall have no other damages, and shall pay his own costs.—*British Jury.*

Report of the Mayo Committee.

(By Anticipation.)

Archbishop Mac Hale
And his clerical tail
Did batter the voters for Higgins;
And no good, not the least,
Will be done, till each priest
Is warned off all electoral diggins.

London Labour and the London Rich.

(An Elegant Drawing-room in the centre of Belgravia.)

Lady Jane (gaping). Oh dear! I'm tired of doing nothing. I say, Bessy, what are you doing?

Lady Elizabeth (lying on the sofa). I'm doing nothing, dear.

Lady Jane. Well, then, as we are both doing nothing, suppose we go out shopping?

THE NEW REGULATION MESS.

Swell Soldier. "WHAT, DINE OFF WOAST AND BOILED, JUST LIKE SNOBS—NO!—BY JOVE!—I SHALL CUT THE ARMY, AND GO INTO THE CHURCH!"

MOVING THE HOUSE.

IT seems that the stone of the Houses of Parliament is crumbling to pieces. If the decay is not quickly put a stop to, Parliament will no longer be in a position to face the country, for every bit of its face will have peeled off and tumbled into the water. It will become a most bare-faced Legislature, worthy to stand by the side of the old Barebones Parliament, or the present French Chamber of Deputies. Bit by bit, the Houses will be dissolved, and the Dissolution will be one not unsuggestive of Stony-Batter. Members will be rather astonished to be met some night with an announcement like the following:—

"NO HOUSE THIS EVENING!"

"THE HOUSE HAS ADJOURNED TO THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER!!!"

An adjournment like that would be somewhat difficult to withdraw. Members might move the rising of the House in vain. We doubt if any of our illustrious representatives—not even those for Cork, or Bath, or Poole, or Waterford—would like to take their seats in a Parliament that could offer them nothing but a watery bed to sit upon. The Peers would probably feel the inconvenience of being in the water considerably less.

However, there must be something very rotten in our Legislature, when we see the two Houses gradually losing their hold upon the country, and thus falling fast away in the estimation of its own supporters.

St. Saul—of Tuam.

DR. MAC HALE, on examination before the Mayo Committee, said that he did not consider himself precluded by his office of archbishop, from exercising the rights of citizenship. "ST. PAUL," he modestly added, "exercised his right as a Roman citizen when he appealed to Cæsar." Yes, and was instantly packed off to Rome, a process of deportation which the Mayo evidence would perfectly justify in the case of DR. MAC and his fellow conspirators against the tranquillity and liberty of Ireland. MAC HALE, however, is decidedly like ST. PAUL—before conversion.

THE PEERS AND THE PRESS.

THE falling of a bombshell into the House of Lords, could have hardly caused more consternation among several of their number, than was occasioned lately by the motion of the EARL OF DONOUGHMORE, that the printer of a Newspaper should be brought into their presence. The EARL OF DERBY shuddered through at least five sentences at the bare idea of having such a creature face to face with him; and poor LORD MALMESBURY has scarcely yet recovered from the fright it gave him, to hear it was proposed to confer upon the "person" the "distinction" of calling him to the bar of the House. In the most pathetic of duets they both sighed forth their protest against such contamination, and were loudly echoed by a chorus of "hear! hear!"

As well introduce a sweep into a drawing-room, or allow a Casino gent admission into ALMACK'S, as let a common newsprinter be brought into the Peers' chamber. No amount of fumigation would be able to exterminate the smell of the wet broadsheet which—it was not to be doubted—the animal would bring with him; and all the laundresses in London would fail in effecting the removal of the stain which the printing ink would leave upon the ermine of their lordships.

Yet one would think it could have hardly been the simple fear of contact with a creature of such low organisation as a printer, by which alone their lordships' nerves were so much shattered. As the voice of the people—to whom now even Peers have to render their account—the Press is to be dreaded, even by a DERBY; and the appearance of a Newspaper in the person of its publisher would have much the same effect upon the mind of a MALMESBURY, as the shadow of a cat upon the instinct of a mouse. Even as the owl delights to sit in darkness, so would certain of the Peers perhaps be not a little pleased if the light of Press-publicity were never thrown upon the sittings. *Obscurum pro magnifico*—of what splendid bursts of oratory the nation might account them capable, were there no reporters to destroy the fond delusion!

No doubt, many of their lordships agree perfectly in thinking that Newspapers are of the things which in France, it has been said, are under better management. And doubtless many sighs are breathed upon the night air of St. Stephens', for a champion to rise in the defence of dull debaters, and annihilate their enemies the penmen of the Press. Still *Punch* sleeps in quiet, and has not the least idea of finding his shop shutters up. Yet, were a massacre of Editors decreed, who but he of all would be attacked the soonest? Nevertheless, *Mr. Punch* continues easy in his mind, even with this thought upon it. For he concurs with HENRY BROUGHAM in thinking it were "useless contending with the Press." JOHN BULL may submit to many Paris fashions, but it is quite certain that he never will to gagging.

Apropos.

SCENE:—*The Entrance to the Committee room of the National Fine Art Commission. The Commissioners just breaking up.*

Lord Elcho (in the disguise of a linkman calls). "The PRINCE CONSORT'S German WAAGEN stops the way!"

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IN answer to scores of Correspondents *Mr. Punch* begs to state, most emphatically, that he does *not* intend to buy another new hat until after the launch of the *Great Eastern*, inasmuch as he has now by him seven beautiful hats, on the top of which are seven red rings caused by the paint from that preposterous steamboat's bottom, under which seven beautiful ladies have been separately escorted by the said *Mr. Punch*. It is of no use pestering him with further interrogatories on the subject.

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THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 10.

AS there are degrees in blackness, so there are differences in public dinners. At Greenwich or Richmond there is at least the few hours' escape from stifling, dusty, steaming, midsummer London; the look out over the green woods, or on the bright river, which, when the tide is high, at least, has lost the common-sewerish look it wears above bridge; the peculiarity of the fish-dinner—though, alas, that, too, begins to grow sadly stale; the temporary hilarity which bright sun, flowing water, and iced champagne are sure to produce;—and, lastly, but above all, the absence of that peculiar public-dinner infliction—the toast-master.

"Happily, too, Greenwich and Richmond rooms have not yet expanded into the awful dimensions of those vast dungeons in Russell Street, and St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where the punishment of the public dinner is administered in its severest form. In dinners 'down the river,' or 'on the Hill,' the sentence is carried out in a mitigated form—without hard labour, as it were. Indeed, they are only semi-public dinners—the worst of those which are given at Greenwich or Richmond. Sometimes the muster is one of friendly guests under the wing of a host whose heart is larger than his house; sometimes it is an assemblage of old friends, scattered all the rest of the year, but gathered annually here by the bond of some old association, to reknit half-loosened ties, to rub half-effaced memories bright again to be once more boys at the same school, or men at the same university. Or occasionally the entertainment is of that class which brings together a peculiarly easy-going style of men, and an especially becoming style of pink *capote*, worn with the airiest grace and crowning the freshest and prettiest of summer toilettes. Such parties are merry enough generally, and free from at least that curse of formality and dulness which broods over the public dinner proper. Indeed, they are not, as a general rule, penal inflictions at all, except on the purse of the entertainer.

"And did *we* look on ourselves in the light of social turnkeys and prison officials—oh! FULGENTIUS, chum of my soul, sharer with me of chambers in the Temple, partner in the same scrubby clerk, sufferer under the same liquor-loving laundress—when we broke out, in that memorable July, and entertained a round dozen of the pleasantest of our male, and the prettiest of our female acquaintances at the Trafalgar? Surely that dinner was far enough removed from dulness, or humbug, or excess. But you *would* insist on bouquets, you remember. And as for even the bill—didn't you win your charming little wife and her nice little fortune by that identical dinner? Her Cerberus of an aunt, for whom you had till then in vain tried to invent a sop, was the one woman there above thirty-two. Seeing only the bright faces and pretty toilettes about her, and there being no mirror in the room, she fancied her own face as bright, [and her own bonnet as becoming as the rest, was beguiled into the best of tempers, and then and there admitted FULGENTIUS to her heart, as 'a most delightful, well-bred young man,'—which he is, and was, and ever will be—and raised no opposition, when in the barouche on the way home, he confided the state of his affections to her unguarded ear just before passing Kennington Gate. No—all considered, I feel I have no right to class Greenwich or Richmond dinners among the performances on the Social Tread-mill. Their own humbug, their own vanities, their own absurdities, they may have, but they are among the least dreary forms in which JOHN BULL foregathers with his kind.

"Only, I think it is time that the fish-course should be brought within more reasonable dimensions, and that those very obliging persons, MR. QUARTERMAINE and MR. HART, should insist on their cooks devising something new for this part of the dinner. Why this perpetual sameness of souché of carp, flounder and salmon—the same everlasting fried slips and lobster-balls, and whiting puddings, and stewed eel, and *turbot à l'Hollandaise*, and *sole à la Normande*, and salmon-cutlets, *sauce piquante*—and all the rest of the enormous but unvarying round, which we are all so tired of?

"The poor little whitebait are smothered beneath the weight of these, which were once their accessories. Scarce even the hottest devilling can sharpen up the languid appetite that has run the gauntlet of fifteen fishes, before the whitebait appears. So far as I can see, most people at a Greenwich dinner appear to eat the brown bread and butter with more appetite than anything else.

"Can't anything new be struck out? It is to be feared that the fish-dinner is growing, as everything in this country is [so apt to 'grow, into an institution—with regular forms, which it gradually comes to be thought profane, not to say indecent, to meddle with, or even complain of.

"I do not think that in France any *chef* would have consented to serve as many dinners of precisely the same pattern as the cooks at the Ship and Trafalgar have gone on sending up year after year.

"Then again, why do we all think it our duty at Greenwich, to take more liquor,—or rather more kinds of liquor,—than is good for us? The mixture of drinks which I see thoughtful men give way to at such dinners is appalling. There is the cold punch with the turtle, and the hock they hand round with the souché, and the champagne, and the intermediate sherry, and the claret after—to say nothing of *intermezzi* of fancy wines. Of course it is intelligible that landlords should encourage this kind of thing, but why do well-intentioned hosts tolerate, or sensible guests give way to it?

"Let no mixture of drinks during dinner be allowed. If a man likes sherry, let him stick to it; if he prefer hock, give him hock, but let him understand he is to be debarred from sherry. Champagne is an exception: that may be allowed to every man—and woman. It is potable exhilaration: JOHN BULL requires its magic gas to lift his ponderous mass out of the clouds and fogs and mists that hang about him when unelated.

"And let some patriot give himself to the study of fish, considered as an article of food, not as a branch of natural history. Let him acquire by reading and experiment the mastery of all known ways in which every kind of fish may be dressed; and then let him boldly adventure upon new ones. Let him, thus informed, take one of the Greenwich Taverns, and give us something novel in the way of a Fish Dinner. We will promise him unlimited custom."

OUR FRIENDS WHO BLESS THEIR ENEMIES.

THE *Univers* rejoices at the mutiny of the Sepoys in India, and gloats over the imagined prospect of England's ruin. It, and the *Tablet*, and all the rest of the ultramontane Press, always exult whenever they see old England in a scrape, or likely to get into one, and they abuse us with a rancour which is quite funny. Suppose we are heretics, we don't know that we are so, and we are born what we are, so that at any rate we are not worse than Turks, or Buddhists, or Brahmins, or Fetichist blackamoors, or, anyhow, than the Yezidi or worshippers of Old Scratch. We are very much to be pitied by the self-styled faithful; not to be hated: according to their professed principles. Poor heathen that we are, by their account, why do not Messieurs the Priests and Friars, and their Scribes and Editors, love us rather, and mourn over us, and pray for us, instead of vituperating us, and taunting us, and crowing over our misfortunes with the malice of cockatrices?

Curious Coincidence.

IT has been the subject of agreeable comment that the week which witnessed the promotion of PRINCE ALBERT was remarkable for two events of an equally harmonious nature. As it is a pity this coincidence should be lost, we may as well state, if not too late, that the two events, which, singularly enough, occurred during the same week, were:—The PRINCE CONSORT, and BENEDICT'S Concert.

Name and Nature.

THE foreign intelligence of a contemporary contains the statement that—

"His Holiness received his royal visitors next morning with his accustomed urbanity."

The present POPE'S pontifical nickname or *alias* is PIUS, however, not URBAN.

A SENTIMENT.—"The right men in the right place:" the British Bank Directors in the Old Bailey dock.

THE MERCENARY LOVER'S MAXIM.—"On ne s'*aime* que pour récolter!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THE Hero of Balaklava (it may be as well to say that LORD CARDIGAN is meant) inquired (*Monday, July* 6,) whether it was true that the troops just sent out to India had been despatched in sailing vessels. To this LORD PANMURE replied that it was so, and that it was considered that sailing vessels would reach their destination as soon as steamers, or sooner. LORD SHAFTESBURY gave an unqualified condemnation of the French plan for taking out "free" negroes to the colonies, a scheme which he declared would be tantamount to a revival of the slave-trade, "the most accursed crime ever perpetrated." As LORD PALMERSTON notoriously gives his confidence to LORD SHAFTESBURY, the PREMIER is as likely to take the opinion of the latter about blacks as about bishops, and therefore the Viscount probably speaks through the Earl. We hope so. There was another discussion about the right of the Crown—a right that is undoubted—to the soil between high and low-water mark. LORD BROUGHAM intimated that in many cases the agents of Government were careless in enforcing such right, a statement for which *Mr. Punch* was not prepared. He would have thought that they were always in charge of that property, considering their habit of sticking in the mud.

In the Commons, MR. SALISBURY wanted correspondence about the river Dee, but what connection there is between the river Dee and Salisbury we are unaware; though, as MR. S. is a remarkably sensible gentleman, we presume that his geography is not at fault. SIR B. HALL said, that it had not been decided where the BARON MAROCHETTI'S statue of RICHARD THE FIRST was to be erected. It, or rather the model, used to be behind the cab-stand in Palace Yard, with uplifted sword, hailing all the cabs at once; but SIR C. BARRY thought that it somehow interfered with the clock-tower, so it was ordered off. VISCOUNT WILLIAMS is said to have made the most execrable joke ever heard, while the statue was there. He remarked that an unfortunate cab-horse, looking at it, might exclaim, "O, RICHARD! O, mon *rawe!*" The Viscount must have forgotten that whatever kind of animal may speak, in or near Parliament, horses don't.

The House went into Committee on the Wills Bill, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL went on swimmingly until the fortieth clause was reached. This limited the operation of probates, to be granted by district registrars, to personal estates under £1,500. MR. WESTHEAD—who ought to understand the question, his Christian name being PROCTOR—proposed to do away with all limitation. SIR R. BETHELL opposed this suggestion, but the Committee liked it, and LORD PALMERSTON'S Government was beaten by a majority of 31. MR. HAYTER snatched up his whip, and ran round the clubs and other resorts, slashing violently at the legs of the absentee members, and he drove a lot of them into the House, when BETHELL thought he would make the Committee eat humble-pie, so he took another division. MR. HAYTER'S whip had not been used quite enough, and LORD PALMERSTON'S Government was again beaten, this time by a majority of 2. The Committee cheered; but LORD PALMERSTON jumped up, and put a stop to that sort of thing by having progress reported. At the end of the week, SIR RICHARD made another attempt to impose a limitation, and tried to frighten the House with the threat of giving up the bill, but the House not being frightened, LORD PAM gave way.

Tuesday. The case of whippers of another kind, namely, coal-whippers, among the most useful of hard-worked men in London, came before the Peers. Much good was done by an Act passed in favour of these men, who were temporarily delivered from the tyranny of the publicans near the river. These persons get the business of engaging the coal-whippers to unload the ships, and the man who drinks most, is, of course, the pot-house-keeper's favourite, and obtains work, while a better fellow is hindered in every paltry way. The Act, which MR. GLADSTONE passed, expired, and the poor fellows are again in the hands of the publicans. LORD KINNAIRD moved that a Bill for their protection should be referred to a Committee, and *Mr. Punch* is glad to say that the motion was carried.

In the Commons it was announced that Government had not yet come to the determination of turning the Royal Academicians out of the National Gallery, whose apartments they really have no more claim to than *Mr. Punch*. Indeed, if He demanded them for his printing and publishing office, Government might plead, as the excuse for giving them, that he performed great services to the nation, but the most impudent of the painting corporation will hardly assert this of the Academy. But the R.A.'s will have to go, one of these days, for the National Pictures are to remain in Trafalgar Square, and the rooms will be wanted for the presents which *Mr. Punch*, and other proprietors of collections, intend to give to the nation.

LORD PALMERSTON then smashed, as he conceived, the Isthmus of Suez Canal, declaring that the scheme was a bubble, and also that, for political reasons, our Government would always oppose it. Some years hence, the chief cabin passengers of the *Bulbul*, a steamer plying along the Suez Canal, will read this record in *Mr. Punch's* Thirty-Third Volume (a complete set of his works being among the necessaries of the voyage), and will smile indulgently, and remark how Egypt has improved since England accepted her as a present from the SULTAN, with the consent of the Republic of France.

MR. ROEBUCK brought on a motion for abolishing the LORD LIEUTENANT of Ireland. The debate was not a very amusing one, and the House shirked a decision, by negativing the "previous question," numbers 266 to 115. A good deal of praise was lavished on LORD CARLISLE, especially by MR. DISRAELI, who, in his pleasant scoffing way, hinted to the House that LORD MORPETH had been somebody in a Parliament in which there were other somebodies, men of mark, and not the insignificant lot he had the honour of addressing. His praise is of the order which, alone, SIR PHILIP JUNIUS FRANCIS held to be tolerable, namely, praise *in odium tertii*, or (to make ourself clear to railway members and the military), when one praises BROWN in order to show one's hate for JONES.

Wednesday. The Bill for dividing the Thames, right to the QUEEN, mud to the MAYOR, passed. SIR G. LEWIS brought in a little bill of £500,000 for the Persian war, about which there was a row, on the ground that he had no business to bother with his bills on Wednesdays. MR. ADDERLEY'S useful Bill for sending criminal lads to industrial schools, and making parents who had neglected to educate their children pay the expense, got through Committee. The first victim to an election petition was then thrust from his seat. This was MR. NEATE, member for Oxford city, whose place *Mr. Punch's* old Contributor, also advantageously known to the world at large as the author of *Vanity Fair*, and, in fact, as WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, proposes to do the constituency honour by filling, should they have the sense to elect him. *Mr. Punch* could, of course, return him by a word, but, true to his Liberal sentiments, disdains to use coercion. MR. W. M. T. has addressed Oxford, in a capital speech, in which he avowed allegiance to the ballot, and to the extension of the suffrage, but not such extension as in France permitted an Emperor on Horseback "to ride cockhorse over the whole country, one Tyrant ruling over the people." All hands, save one dirty one, went up for TITMARSH.

Thursday. LORD CAMPBELL, after a well-deserved condemnation of the foulness known as French novels (evidence that one of which books had been seen for three minutes in a married woman's hand ought to be ample ground for divorce) advanced his Immoral Publications Bill. LORD MALMESBURY gave notice that the eminent horse-racing Christian, LORD DERBY, meant to demolish the Jew Bill, next evening, and the REVEREND RABBI ADLER proceeded to compose an elegant Hebrew hymn in his lordship's honour. We should quote it, but our only compositor who says he understands Hebrew is gone to a Wey-Goose, and by this time, is, we hope, joyously contemptuous alike of ALEPH, BETH, TSADDI, SHIN, and TAW.

In the Commons it was announced that the Mayo priests, in their fury at the exposures before the committee, could not wait for the decision, but immediately on the return of some of the witnesses, set a mob upon them, and caused the most ruffianly outrages to be committed. *Mr. Punch* emphatically lays these crimes at the doors of the priests, and hopes that the IRISH ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who has gone over to inquire into the subject, will be able to convict, not the wretched tools, but their blasphemous instigators, who invoke the holiest names in order to incite to the foulest brutalities. The Bill for dealing with Fraudulent Trustees was discussed, and in some respects improved.

Friday. LORD DERBY kept his word, and demolished the Jew Bill. LORD GRANVILLE moved the second reading ably. The other EARL then went to work, and rattled away merrily, hitting at everything and everybody. He settled for ever the question of MR. DISRAELI'S orthodoxy, by declaring that no Hebrew ought to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. His great objection to the Jews was that they all intend to be off to Palestine some day—to Levant, in fact, if one may borrow a word from the Jockey-club to which LORD DERBY has been writing so piteous a letter of complaint that our racehorses are getting into the hands of our rascals. LORD LYNDHURST, of course, made short work with the turf logic. The DUKE OF NORFOLK, laying aside the grievance of the Catholic voted to redress that of the Jew. The BISHOP OF LONDON supported the admission of the Jews, believing that the religious position of the Legislature rested, not on oaths, but on the religious feeling of the country. The BISHOP OF

OXFORD sneered savagely at LORD SHAFTESBURY'S owning to a conscience—some priests hate non-professional religionists. HENRY BROUGHAM'S voice was again raised for the Jews. But LORD DERBY'S threat was no vain one. Of the Lords in presence, 91 were for the bill, 109 against, of the Lords in pocket 48 were for the Bill, 64 against. So that the doors of Parliament were once more slammed in BARON ROTHSCHILD'S face, the majority being 34 against the PREMIER and the Jew.

BEAUTY IN ARMOUR.

THE Crinoline mania is blazing more fiercely than ever — witness the following statement in the *Times*:

"CRINOLINE.—A firm in Sheffield has taken an order for 40 tons of rolled steel for Crinoline, and a foreign order has been given for one ton a-week for several weeks."

Ladies are now, according to the above intelligence, encasing themselves in armour — wearing Crinoline of mail, or, if we may be pardoned the expression, of femail. We suppose these steel Crinolines will be called *Jupons à la Jeanne d'Arc*. Whatever protection these petticoats of proof may afford under circumstances of peril, such as those incidental to a Royal Drawing Room, there is one occasion on which the wearing of them would be dangerous. The occasion alluded to is that of a thunderstorm, when every sensible young lady, if any young lady who wears such preposterous garments can be called sensible, should divest herself of her steel Crinolines, lest they should attract the lightning; which is the only way in which they can render their wearer at all attractive.

Latest at Lloyd's.

A PAINTING of *Niagara* by CHURCH, not *the* Church of England or Rome, but one of the many American Churches, is at present to be seen at MESSRS. LLOYD'S in Gracechurch Street—a locality more appropriate to the artist than accessible to his admirers. For if the work, as here shown, does Grace CHURCH, its painter, it is quite beyond the limits of a shilling cab-fare from any known locality.

It is a wonderful picture. The almighty water-power, as the Yankees call the cataract, is represented with almost equal oil-power by the painter. And we can only say, that the CHURCH of America should be visited by all worshippers of the Beautiful.

A Page from Cook's Voyages.

SOYER the Saucerer has returned to England, and has forwarded a sample of his latest production, which he calls "the Sultana Sauce." It may possess all the pungency which it professes to do for anything we know to the contrary; but the richest *Sauce* with which we are acquainted is that of TOM BLISTER, driver of Hansom Cab, No. 7,777, when any country gentleman offers to pay him at the rate of sixpence a mile.

"Alas! regardless of their fate,
The little Victims play."

HUGH INNES CAMERON, late Manager of the British Bank, has surrendered to an adjudication in Bankruptcy as a dealer in sheep; having had a sheep-walk in Scotland. It must have been in this calling that he acquired his propensity to fleece.

SERENADE TO THE COMET.—*Comet gentil.*

AN EXCEPTION TO EVERY RULE.

THE Man who as a rule, thinks everything and everybody "a Bore!" always makes an exception in favour of—himself.

JOHN'S WARNING TO JONATHAN.

OH! listen, JONATHAN, to me; I am, as true as my name's JOHN,
Particularly vexed to see how some of you are going on;
Not only, too, as your sincere, albeit your mistrusted friend,
But on my own account, I fear to what a goal your rowdies tend.

Of Justice to the loud appeal with ear and heart stone deaf and dead,
They strive with headstrong wicked zeal the curse of slavery to spread.
The Fillibuster and his gang they greet with infamous applause,
And in absurd and shocking slang defy divine and human laws.

Your Border Ruffians' horrid deeds all civilised mankind disgust,
And your account my own exceeds for swindling, fraud, and breach of trust;
I for my PAULS and ROBSONS blush, I take their shameful facts to heart;
But you don't seem to care a rush; you grin and call your rascals smart.

The many in your States appear to be, in point of ethics, dense.
Your population is, I fear, deficient in the moral sense:
And senselessness of what is good, and heedlessness of what is true,
Are, by the wise ones, understood to level Human with Yahoo.

A race demoralized retains Freedom's high privilege not long,
The upper hand some brute soon gains than all the tribe more sly and strong.
So therefore mind what you're about, or your Republic I shall see,
In no long time, beyond a doubt, an Empire or a Monarchy.

You'll have Lord Chamberlains and Grooms-in-Waiting, Gold and Silver Sticks,
Levees, Court Balls, and Drawing-Rooms; and you'll be in a pretty fix,
When in a flunkey's broidered suit, adorned by Etiquette's commands,
I at your sovereign master's foot shall see you kneel and kiss his hands.

Then I shall have to keep alone the spark of Liberty alight,
Against the world to hold my own, and singly Freedom's battle fight,
When over the United States a crowned and sceptred despot reigns,
And you, both whites and blacks, are mates, all fellow-slaves in equal chains.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE BLIND. The Directors of a Joint Stock Company, of well established reputation, and above a fortnight's standing, are in want of an experienced and skilful person, to act in the capacity of Auditor of the accounts. The duties of the situation will be found extremely light, consisting merely of the regular routine of making the half-yearly inspection of the books, and supplying a certificate (the form of which is stereotyped) that the figures there contained are perfectly correct, and entirely coincide with those named in the Report. In looking over the accounts the Auditor will simply have to overlook whatever may be wrong in them, and will be required to turn a blind eye to anything that may appear to him suspiciously defective or fraudulently false. Moreover, where there seems the danger that some extensive piece of cookery may by some means come to light, he will be expected to assist in the keeping of it dark. Still, in order to give somewhat the appearance of reality to his labour of inspection, he will be allowed now and then to mention his discovery of a mistake of some odd shillings, or to record that he has doubts if this or that security will not prove some halfpence short, which errors, the Directors will of course take credit to themselves for having rectified.

As the employment will be one of anything but trust, no pecuniary guarantee or surety will be requisite. But inasmuch as it is part of the Directors' policy to give a high tone of morality to each branch of their establishment, every applicant must be furnished with the regulation testimonials as to his spotless and unblemished reputation; and must in addition be provided with certificates to prove his constant attendance at his Sabbath place of worship. Moreover, as it is the custom to commence the day's business with a short religious service, it is expected that each gentleman engaged in the establishment shall be able, in rotation, to officiate as Chaplain, for which some knowledge of the Scriptures will, of course, be requisite. It is likewise a rule, that on Board Days and occasions of the Meeting of the Shareholders, every Clerk and official (inclusive even of the door-porters) shall be uniformly dressed in a black suit and a white neckcloth: while, to preserve an air of decent piety throughout the whole establishment, any one committing so much as a smile, will, if detected, be summarily dismissed. Every applicant, therefore, must provide himself beforehand with suitable apparel, and the possessors of long faces and the recognised odour of sanctity will be preferred.

For further particulars, and terms as to the participation in the profits of the Company, apply in person (after nightfall) at the office of the Agents, MESSRS. SACKITALL AND BOLT, No. 1, Fleece Street, Handover Square.—*N.B. No Sheriff's Officer or Policeman need apply.*

Superfluous.

LORD BROUGHAM, last week, charged LOUIS NAPOLEON with an intention of reviving the slave trade under the disguise of free African immigration. Surely for LOUIS NAPOLEON to bring slaves into the French territory would be very like carrying coals to Newcastle. A man who makes slaves can have no occasion to import them.

NORMAN MAC DONALD FECIT.—The proper name for the receptions at St. James's Palace should be Levies *en masse*.

Small Sweeper (to Crimean Hero). "NOW, CAPTAIN, GIVE US A COPPER, AND I'LL SEE YER SAFE OVER THE CROSSING!

SOLDIER'S FARE.

THE excitement occasioned in the Army by the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S sumptuary regulation limiting the cost of gallant officers' dinners to 2*s.* a-head for the Cavalry, and 1*s.* 6*d.* for the Infantry, increases. The resolution, put by our Artist into the mouth of the "Swell Soldier," delineated in his admirable sketch on page 20 of our last number, to "cut the Army and go into the Church," for the sake of a better sort of living than the military, would be adopted to an alarming extent, were it not for a fortunate little difficulty. Going into the Church is more easily talked about than done, by gentlemen whose boots and manners may be polished, but whose Latin and Greek are rusty, and whose theology, at the utmost, is bounded by the Church Catechism.

We understand that, with a view to meet the objection entertained by officers of the fashionable and expensive classes to the cheap and Spartan fare prescribed for them by authority, some new regiments are about to be created, for the express purpose of suiting their exquisite and refined tastes, and peculiarly privileged to eat and drink *ad libitum*, under the general designation of Dining Regiments. A necessary qualification for a commission in these corps will be the possession of an ample income. They will be distinguished by titles expressive of the principle of their formation—and among them rumour has already named the 1st Diners, the 11th Millionnaires, the Eaters and Drinkers, and the Royal Epicures. In none of these will officers be limited to the kitchen wines, Port and Sherry; and one of them is, we believe, to bear the appropriate denomination of the 3rd Light Clarets. A troop of Light Horse, in which the luxury of horse-flesh, cooked after the French fashion, with adjunction of the finest French wines, will be a standing dish, is also spoken of. The winners of the Derby and the other principal races will be bought up for the mess of this ultra-crack regiment.

By officers of the line generally the circumscription of mess expenses has been hailed with high glee, and measures are in course of being taken to carry the principle of cheap dining thoroughly out. A gallant officer orders his plate of veal-and-ham, roast beef, saddle of mutton, stewed rump-steak, and so forth, at nine-pence the plate; his one ox, his mock, his pea, or his bouilli, at an equally moderate tariff. In Cavalry messes, however, the system of a cut off the joint more generally prevails, and the mess aspires to the character of a two-shilling ordinary. Some messes in both departments of the service have been reformed on the chop-house model: and we may state, as an authentic fact, that one of the waiters at the Cheshire Cheese has been had down to a certain dépôt by a particular regiment, in order that he might teach the mess-table attendants to cry "Cook—single mutton!" and "Two Mutton down together!"

RE-CHRISTENING THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

A YOUNG friend of ours, a regular good Bohemian,—one who is often out of luck, but never out of spirits,—has rechristened the Days of the Week. This is his new nomenclature:—

Sunday	*he calls*	Cramday.
Monday	,,	Coldmeatday.
Tuesday	,,	Noday, or Blankday.
Wednesday	,,	Borrowday.
Thursday	,,	Pawnday.
Friday	,,	Spongeday.
Saturday	,,	Tinday, or Chequeday.

Our friend's notion of the Millennium is a year full of nothing but Saturdays—*i. e.*, every week to have seven Tindays in it.

Riddle for the Peers.

WHAT Conveyance is worse than the worst Omnibus? is a question which LORD BROUGHAM might have asked the House of Lords the other evening, when he introduced a Bill to amend the law relating to the conveyance of estates, which is the slowest and most awkward and inconvenient conveyance in the world.

THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. CHARLES KEAN, it is advertised, has acquired the right to add to his signature F.S.A. The public is requested to observe, that these initials do not mean Fair Second-rate Actor.

THE PATENT SAFETY RAILWAY BUFFER.

"LET US JOIN THE LADIES."

THOSE who are fond of "the Society of Ladies" will rush to No. 315, Oxford Street, and there enjoy an exhibition that is the result of female handiwork. It is not an exhibition of stitching or embroidery, such as shirts made at home, or anti-macassars, or floral smoking caps, or butterfly braces, or sporting slippers with a series of foxes running helter-skelter over the toes. It is not an exhibition of Berlin-wool work, or potichomanie, or any other mania that occasionally seizes hold of young ladies' fingers, and makes them, for the time being, excessively sticky to squeeze, as though you were shaking hands with a Sub-Editor in the full agony of paste and scissors. It is not an exhibition of jams, or jellies, or marmalades, or preserves, or much less, pickles. You must not expect you are about to be invited to a choice collection of pies, or tarts, or cakes, or puddings, of a most marvellous sweetness, such as is generally imparted by white-looking hands that are more in the habit of playing with the keys of the piano than the keys of the store-room. Nor is it wax-work with its mossy baskets of blooming fruit, such as would certainly tempt birds to come and peck at them, nor vases of paper flowers, so faithfully rendered as actually to cause maid-servants to water them. It is nothing to eat, nothing to play with, nothing to wear, nothing that you can adorn your magnificent person with. It is simply a collection of 358 works of art, that have been contributed exclusively by the talent and genius of English Ladies. A Frenchman would nickname the Exhibition: *Les Femmes peintes par elles-mêmes*—though it must not be surmised that the painting is in the ungallant sense that a Frenchman would satirically convey. If cheeks are delicately coloured—if lips are strung into the precise shape of Cupid's bow—if eyebrows are splendidly arched into so many *Arcs de Triomphe*—if eyelashes are artistically pencilled—the pencilling and the painting are not upon their own fair features, but on the faces of others; and there is no law as yet laid down, we believe, by the tyranny of Man, that a Lady, though she may not colour her own adorable physiognomy, is forbidden to paint the face of another.

The Society, to which we have just introduced the reader, numbers none but Ladies. The only doubt of that fact is the extraordinary silence that reigns round the room; though, in opposition to that ungenerous sneer, we can state that the likenesses of the ladies are all so perfectly true to their sex, that every one of them is a speaking likeness! Thus, there is a compensating balance in all things, which, *en passant*, makes us only regret that there is not one at our banker's. But away with regrets in the presence of such delightful company! You are communing with the works of ANNA, JULIA, KATE, AGNES, FLORENCE, FRANCES, and fifty other pretty names. Not a man's ugly cognomen is to be found in the whole catalogue. It is a *Book of Beauty*, into which the admission of the whiskered sex is rigidly prohibited. The visitor involuntarily takes his hat off before so much unknown loveliness. That *Brigand*, who is taking your fancy captive, first reared his musket in the Byronic imagination of HARRIET. Stand with respectful awe before that tender *Brigand*, for who knows, HARRIET may one day be your wife? That *Bivouac in the Desert*, which is glowing before you with the crimson light of a hundred blazing Havannahs, was encamped originally in the snug parlour of LOUISA—that very same LOUISA, that probably you flirted with last week at a picnic at Birnam Beeches; halt and warm your hands lovingly before that *Bivouac*, and admire it, if it is only for the primrose glove you stole on that occasion. Be careful of your remarks. Drop not an ugly word, lest you do an injury to the memory of some poetic creature, who at some time or other handed you a cup of tea, or sang you the songs you loved, or conferred on you some bright fleeting happiness that for the moment deluged your heart with Italian sunshine. With GEORGIANA on your right, MARIA on your left; with EMMA gazing from her gorgeous frame right at you, and SOPHIA peeping from behind that clump of moon-silvered trees over your shoulder, be tender, be courteous, be complimentary, be everything that is gentle, and devoted, and kind. Not that there is any necessity for courtesy or compliments; but still, we fancy, that every gentleman, who goes to an Exhibition, carries always a little bit of the RUSKIN with him, and fancies he is "nothing," unless he is "critical."

There is an Emigrant Ship of MRS. M'IAN'S, that many a R.A. would have been proud to have launched into fame. There are some Teneriffe views by MRS. MURRAY, that are so beautiful, and seem so true, that you may almost swear for the remainder of your life, and maintain stoutly too, without suspecting even you are committing perjury, that you have been to Teneriffe, and know it thoroughly, from its curious-coloured houses, its hanging vineyards, its luxuriant fruit, down to the rich tawny gipsy-looking beauties that sell them. How you hate the unpicturesque applewomen and orange girls when you come into Oxford Street afterwards!

There are, also, water-colours, and copies from the Old Masters, and a Tennysonian picture by MRS. WARD, and a *genre* subject by MISS BREADSTREET, and wonderful portraits of lace collars and Crinoline dresses (look at the HON. MRS. RASHLEIGH! No. 180), that would send our *Châlons* and *Dubufes* into fits of envy; and oil paintings, large and small, modest and ambitious, and such suctorious birds'-eggs and glorious odoriferous flowers by MRS. HARRISON, that you suspect she must have borrowed the palette and brushes of HUNT to have painted them! Besides these, there are little pieces of sculpture, and an infinity of agreeable pictures, the majority of which are ticketed in the corner, "Sold." And, for a picture, many consider the height of criticism is to be "Sold!" and, in truth, but few artists go beyond it, while hundreds of poor struggling fellows never get so far. However, we must reluctantly leave the "Society of the Ladies." Agree with us, reader, that as in most societies of the same kind (and it always is kind), that there is plenty to admire, plenty to praise, and very little to condemn.

However, we have one great fault to find. We do strongly object to the Secretary and the Checktakers. We have nothing to say against those gentlemen, excepting that they are gentlemen. They should have belonged to the opposite sex. That round collar, that black coat, those Wellington boots, have no right to be in a room that, as they write over railway carriages, is "Engaged for Ladies." They are an intrusion, a living anachronism, two black spots on the uniform beauty of the picture. Away with them! Turn them out!

This is the "Ladies'" *début* in the artistic world. Of course, they will go on improving (if any improvement is possible in the sex!) year after year. And, who knows, but in time the Royal Academy may have a female President? Not so very improbable either, considering that SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE'S predecessor was well known to be a SHEE!

The River and its Rulers.

THE Conservancy of the Thames was formerly the brightest jewel in the civic crown. This jewel, by the Thames Conservancy Bill, will be torn from the diadem of the City Monarch, and split into fragments, which will be distributed between him and certain of the magnates of his Court. That too many cooks will spoil the broth in this case is not much to be feared, as the river flows with a gruel thick and slab, which can hardly be rendered more nasty than it is. It is to be feared that the new Conservators of the Thames will not find their charge a conserve of roses.

O, Sham, where is thy Blush?

"Sham—a word, the English of which I doubt, and the Parliamentary use of which I would almost deprecate."—*Mr. Disraeli, July 7.*

"THERE is a word I'd never use,
'Tis SHAM," remarked the Asian Mystic:
Henceforth, who 'll venture to accuse
DIZZY of being—egotistic?

Body-Armour for the Ladies.

FORTY thousand tons of Swedish iron have been imported for the manufacture of Crinolines! The metal which used to be converted into mail-coats is now appropriated to female petticoats. Among the tortures of the Inquisition of Avignon was one called "the maiden"—a fair figure, into whose arms unhappy prisoners being pushed, found themselves clasped by strong steel springs, and so squeezed to death! Every lover will risk the same fate, under our present *régime* of steel *jupes à ressorts*.

COMFORT FOR THE HIGHER CLASSES.

A CROWDED Dwellings Prevention Bill is in progress through Parliament. If this measure becomes law, surely St. James's Palace will be no longer used for Drawing Rooms.

SELF-CONSTITUTED BEADLES.

NO one more than ourselves can venerate the office, respect the person, and admire the dress of a regular parish beadle, but we scorn and despise all amateur beadles. By amateur beadles we mean Paterfamilias and other meddlers of his class, who, under their own, or assumed names, constitute themselves the maintainers of petty decorum, and the enforcers of small proprieties. These officious asses are perpetually occupying themselves in trying to get little restrictions on personal liberty, and especially sumptuary laws, enacted or put in operation to the annoyance of other people. They would, if they could, regulate your food, your drink, your habits and employments, the cut of your clothes and of your hair; they would make you shave yourself after their model: they would offer you every species of impertinence that deserves a kicking, if they were not afraid of getting themselves accordingly kicked. Not being able to tyrannize over men, they are accustomed to gratify their contemptible lust of dominion by coercing, and constraining, and checking, and thwarting boys, curbing their inclinations, interfering with their tastes and amusements, and spoiling their sports in various particulars which are beneath the notice of any respectable mind. One of these meddlers, calling himself "A MEMBER OF CONVOCATION," has lately been writing letters, complaining of the free-and-easy style of dress, and the lively sports and pastimes of the Oxford undergraduates, and calling for the restraint of those young bucks in regard to the fashions and diversions at which he carps. Their check-shirts, loose coloured caps, and "American style of dress" in general, and their indulgence in tobacco, are denounced by this absurd old pedagogue with all the gravity of beadleism.

The disciplinary propensities of a little and mean mind, exhibit themselves in our censor's ensuing observations on smoking:—

"Smoking in the streets and in public, may in a great measure be checked by a steady application of fines, by which a proctor well known to me was very successful; he used, by the way, always to fine twice as much for a pipe as for a cigar."

Did he—the snob! Why? The objection, if there is any, to a pipe of tobacco, relates surely, not to the pipe, but to the weed. Tobacco, if bad, is no better when formed into a cigar than it is when it forms the contents of a pipe. Who is to prevent a man—Oxford or adult—from smoking in his own room? and since that, for the Oxford man, ought to be appropriated to study, the very fittest place for him to smoke in is the street.

If a proctor wanted to break undergraduates of wearing preposterous coats, waistcoats, trowsers, collars, neck-ties, or other articles of apparel, his best plan would be to summon the offenders before him, have a photographic artist in attendance to take their likenesses, and set up those ridiculous portraits to be exhibited in some convenient public situation. It would be, however, much better to leave all such matters to our own artists, whose province it is to deal with them, and the attempt of anybody else to meddle with them is an invasion of that province. As to the "MEMBER OF CONVOCATION," he, at all events, had better let comicalities of academical costume alone, for there can be no doubt that his own attire is remarkable for peculiarities more ludicrous than the most absurd shirt-patterns. We have every reason to believe that, even during the present weather, he wears gaiters. We wonder what, in their undergraduate days, was the style of costume sported by the old noodles who now babble against fast fashions and wear gaiters with their great shoes. What sort of a *larva* is it, in *statu papillari*, that expands into this queer old black beetle?

The Patronage of St. Vitus.

THE British Public, with an incredulity resembling *Betsy Prig's*, may generally disbelieve that there is any such Saint as ST. VITUS. There exists, however, a church, dedicated to a personage of that name and title in sunny Italy; of which edifice the roof, according to telegraphic intelligence from Milan, lately fell in. Nobody can be surprised at this intelligence, who considers that such a structure as the Church of ST. VITUS would be likely to be very shaky.

BEWARE OF STEEL TRAPS.

THE following opinion is borrowed for the occasion from PROFESSOR KNOTZ:—

"It is extremely probable, that whatever conducts the electricity of the body from it will occasion direct debility. With this view, I have long been in the habit of causing females, who used steel supports in their stays, to lay them aside altogether."

Now, supposing this theory to be correct, if steel stays are full of danger, how much more dangerous must steel hoops be! Not only do they debilitate the body, but the mind, also, of the beautiful creature who is weak enough to allow herself to be steel-trapped into this absurd circle of folly. Against all these hoops and similar abominations, *Punch* raises a regular war-whoop, nor will he be satisfied till every one of them is exterminated.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

"WHAT nonsense! I'm tired," exclaimed an Old Bachelor, with boiling indignation, "of hearing that old question mooted over and over again! Why, the Women (bless the dear creatures!) always are right! There never was an argument, or a quarrel, or a grievance, or a dispute, or a spoilt child, or a missing button, or a separation, or a divorce, or an unbecoming bonnet, or an overboiled leg of mutton yet, but a woman was invariably in the right! I'm sure all her Rights are divine—as divine as herself—and as, of old, one of the Divine Rights of Kings was 'a King can do no wrong,' so now-a-days one of the Divine Rights of Woman is, 'A Woman never is wrong.' And it's my belief, Sir, that she couldn't do it, not even if she were to try!"

Incendiary Publications.

THE cause of the late fire at the War Office, by which one of the desks was destroyed, is no longer a mystery. The conflagration originated in the desk containing the NAPIER correspondence, obviously by spontaneous combustion. All letters from that fiery family are henceforth to be deposited in MILNER'S fire-proof safes, each letter having pinned to it one of PEEL'S official replies; that being the most effectual kind of damper known.

QUITE THE REVERSE.

WHEN the POPE was at Bologna, he expressed the greatest joy at finding himself in the midst of the Austrian army: and declared he owed much gratitude to the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, and therefore to his soldiers. We can only say to such an opinion, "No—no—Pio."

A VOICE FROM THE MUTE.

SIR G. B. PECHELL, the other night, in the House of Commons, presented a petition against the Vaccination Bill, from certain inhabitants of Brighton. We presume that those were the Brighton undertakers.

SIX PAIRS OF TURTLES.

THE *Morning Post* "believes it is correct in announcing" (the phraseology smacks a little of down-stairs, but let that pass) "that the preliminary arrangements have been agreed upon for certain marriages in high life." Now, "preliminary arrangements" we hold to mean that the young gentlemen have asked the young ladies and have been accepted, with the approbation of parents and guardians, so that is all right. And as the only possible object of publishing such "arrangements" in the *Morning Post*, to be republished by the world-read *Observer*, whence *Mr. Punch* takes his information, is to obtain public opinion upon the subject, (which might otherwise be supposed to concern only the happy couples and their friends) *Mr. Punch* hastens to express His opinion upon the various matches thus heralded to the universe.

The MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN is to marry LADY CONSTANCE TALBOT. He is just 25, and she is not of age. We see no objection to this marriage. The *fiancé* has four names, WILLIAM, SCHOMBERG, ROBERT, KERR, so LADY CONSTANCE has choice of a pet household term for her husband, and we should respectfully suggest "BOB." He is a Liberal, and will therefore be liberal in the matter of settlements, but he is also a Conservative, and will therefore take great and affectionate care of his wife. As he has voted for the Jews, he may like Palestine soup—a hint her ladyship had better remember when ordering dinner. If we had any doubt about the match, it was because on hearing the announcement read we thought it somewhat presumptuous for a CUR to seek alliance with a TALBOT, but on reading for ourselves, orthography relieved us of this ridiculous notion.

VISCOUNT GREY DE WILTON marries LADY SUSAN PELHAM CLINTON. The lady is not related to MR. CLINTON, the celebrated flute player, but is daughter of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, who has, upon occasion, performed with much success upon another favourite instrument, his own trumpet, with no great response from the popular echo. Her young hero is in the Life Guards, and being heir to an Earldom, may reasonably look for due promotion. We are by no means disposed to forbid these banns.

LORD ASHLEY marries LADY HARRIET CHICHESTER. Any happiness to any member of LORD SHAFTESBURY'S family must give pleasure to society, but the deplorable conduct of the *Morning Post* in spelling DONEGALL (the name of the lady's father) with one "L" instead of two, is one of those lamentable instances of frightful ignorance or reckless malignity which naturally incense the aristocracy against a free press.

LORD ROBERT CECIL marries MISS ALDERSON. The founder of the bridegroom's house was BURGHLEY, but we trust that LORD ROBERT will take care of his figure, and not let himself also become burly. The lady is the daughter of one of the best judges that have worn ermine, and we doubt not that LORD ROBERT, in seeking the alliance, has also shown himself a good judge. Although his elder brother is LORD CRANBOURNE, we do not recommend the bridesmaids to go to Cranbourne Street (Alley as was) for their bonnets.

The HON. MR. NORTH marries MISS COCKERELL, and as he will inherit £40,000 a-year and a peerage, not another word need be said, except that as "on account of the youth of the bride the marriage is to be deferred for some months," *Mr. Punch* hopes MR. NORTH will be a very good boy while on his probation. We recommend him, when not in his bride's company, to spend as much of his time as possible on the top of the Monument, reading *Punch*, as he will thus be out of harm's way, and will be preparing his mind for the responsibilities of wedlock. He may take his cigar-case with him.

Lastly, MR. W. H. REEVE marries MISS WELBY. We do not know MR. REEVE, but we knew the late JOHN REEVE, and we also know the present SIMS REEVES, though (as the latter spells his name differently) this fact may have no immediate connection with the marriage. The seat of the WELBY family being at Grantham, we are happy to congratulate them upon the recent opening of the railway to Sleaford, as well as upon the intended junction with the REEVES. The only obstacle to the marriage may arise from the editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, who, if he looks into the Peerage a thing (to do him justice) which he seldom does when writing upon aristocratic connections, may see that MR. WILLIAM WELBY was born at Rome, a circumstance that may induce the *Advertiser* to behold in the marriage another blow at our Protestant Constitution. But we trust this may be got over.

Finally and lastly, as dissenting ministers say, *Mr. Punch* would not have taken the liberty to make a single allusion to matters with which he and the public have nothing to do, but for the *Morning Post's* having availed itself of its down-stairs intimacies to reveal all these interesting arrangements, and to make them topics of town and club talk. He wishes the utmost happiness to the six couples about to pair off for the remainder of the session of life, and trusts they may never take part in a single division.

MARY THE MANY-FACED.

OH MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS, you're a myth, a sphynx, a mystery!
Chameleon, who will tell us what you looked like, what you were?
Will-o'the-wisps about you are the lights of British history,
Conventicle says one thing; another thing consistory;
Till 'twixt LINGARD'S Romish glosses, and FROUDE'S assaults so blistery,
You look half fiend of darkness, half angel of the air.

But, at last, behold the Institute, yclept Archæological,
Calls fidelity of pencil to check flightiness of pen—
To correct both bias national, and influence theological,
By giving the originals of HOUBRAKEN and LODGE a call,
And showing MARY as she was in paint palæological—
But Sussex Street has left me the most mystified of men.

I really feel as puzzled as a 'possum in a hollow tree,
With a fire-stick at the bottom and a tomahawk a-top;
Among these various images set up for Mariolatry—
However to the female sex upon the whole consolat'ry,
As showing that no woman's too ugly for idolatry—
For of grimmer, ghastlier faces I never saw a crop.

Oh, give me back my vision—of the saint that gently took her woes,
My MARY of the witching smile, the eye of violet grey;
And take away your JANETS, your POURBUSES and ZUCCHEROS,
Who black her eyes, and friz her hair, and swell her cheeks and hook her nose—
A rose may smell by any name, but with any name should look a rose;
But what these MARYS look like, I really dare not say.

Though of Good QUEEN BESS'S treatment of her rival no upholders,
We would fain ourselves turn headsmen, and with ruthless stroke and firm,
Strike all these heads of MARY off their ugly pairs of shoulders,
For the int'rest of posterity, that subsequent beholders
May be saved from foul injustice to the lovely head that moulders
In its cerecloth, in Westminster, sore fretted by the worm.

PROTECTION FROM ROBBERY.

FRIEND of ours has hit upon the following expedient, which he assures us has answered with the greatest success for the last eight or nine years. He declares that it is infinitely more efficacious than bars, bolts, alarums, gongs, bulldogs, man-traps, fire-arms, or anything else. He lives in a remote part of the country, and all he does to ensure his safety is to erect in front of the house a board with the following inscription conspicuously painted upon it:—

NOTICE!!!

☞ BURGLARS, THIEVES, ROBBERS, TRAMPS, POLICEMEN, SERVANTS, and others, are respectfully informed that every piece of PLATE used in this establishment is

ELECTROTYPED.

The above friendly piece of information has been responded to in the same liberal spirit; for the gentleman states, that ever since he has been a resident in his suburban house, which, by the way, is in a very lonely district, he has not lost even as much as a teaspoon, nor has he been disturbed with the smallest nocturnal visit.

EFFECT OF SIXPENCE FOR SEVEN-EIGHTHS OF A MILE.

Cabby. "WELL! WE AIN'T ALLOWED TO *SAY* MUCH, BUT I'M *THINKING* A DOOSE OF A LOT!"

MY STARS AND GARTERS!

MY DEAR MRS. GRUNDY,

THE sum of Pensions charged upon the Civil List is limited, Madam, to £1,200 per annum. This sum represents the national liberality as exercised in the relief of the aged scientific and literary poor, their widows, and orphans. HENRY CORT's representative gets £50 a-year out of this fund, MRS. G., and that is about the average of the allowances granted therefrom. Now, my dear lady, a few nights ago, Lord HOTHAM moved, in the House of Commons, for an account in detail of the sum of £4,625 10*s.* 7*d.* charged in the Civil Contingencies—for what do you think? Robes, Madam, collars, badges, &c.; and &c. means, I suppose, gold and silver lace, and, peradventure, plush—for knights of the several orders. So, you see, we expend £4,625 odd upon the flunkeyism of the country, and £1,200 0*s.* 0*d.* on its literature and science.

MRS. GRUNDY, what do you say to that?

I am, Madam, most respectfully yours,

PUNCH.

P.S. Collars, you see, are among the rather expensive items charged for in the Civil Contingencies—"braw brass collars," as the Scotch poet sings; if not collars of more valuable metal. The name of JOHN BULL, Esq., England, is probably engraven upon them, and perhaps their wearers may be Knights of the Kennel.

Too Bad.

THERE is a proposal to convert St. James's Palace into a National Gallery. But, surely, if we consider the interests of Academy students, apartments so unsuited for drawing-rooms will make bad painting-rooms; while, if we think of the pictures, accommodation admitted to be insufficient for our fashionable young Misses, cannot be good enough for our glorious Old Masters.

"HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE."

THE "principal performers" in MR. CHARLES KEAN'S *Tempest* having been called for by the audience, there was an immediate rush of the hundred-and-forty carpenters from behind the scenes.

MEMS. OF A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

[MR. PUNCH conceives he has a perfect right to print the memoranda following, having found them jotted on the fly-leaves of one of his own pocket-books. *Mr. Punch* will not stoop to explain how it was the book in question fell into his hands, nor can he allow himself to feel the slightest twinge of conscience in thus making widely public what was obviously penned solely for the private perusal of the writer. In his position of purveyor of amusement to the nation, *Mr. Punch* must sometimes sacrifice his delicacy to his duty; and even where, as in the present instance, a lady is the victim, he feels that in the Editor he must sink the Man, and hold the interests of his readers paramount to his politeness.]

"*Mem.* As soon as the young couple are comfortably settled, to write to invite myself to come and spend a week with them.

"*Mem.* To take my easy chair and poodle and spring mattrass with me, and all the other household comforts I am used to.

"*Mem.* To sell the rest of my furniture, and give my landlord notice that I shall not require to be his tenant any longer.

"*Mem.* To take an early opportunity of convincing EDWARD that, with an *experienced* person in the house, it is quite as cheap to provide for three mouths as for two.

"*Mem.* To give JEMIMA some instruction in the art of household book-keeping, and to show her how to put down a new bonnet now and then under the unfathomable head of "Sundries."

"*Mem.* To maintain my character for being quite an invalid, because one is thereby certain of receiving such attention.

"*Mem.* To be ordered by my doctor to take hot suppers, and to get him to prescribe a glass of port wine negus after them, to be drunk, of course, medicinally.

"*Mem.* To lose no opportunity of persuading EDWARD to go out shopping with me, 'because he knows the way about so well;' and to be careful upon such occasions always to put on my very oldest shawl and bonnet.

"*Mem.* To take the active management of the visiting department, and only keep up those connections who repay our dinner invitations with good interest.

"*Mem.* To relieve JEMIMA of her culinary cares, by taking off her hands the command of the *cuisine*, and not to be too scrupulous about ordering the dishes which I am most fond of, because they happen to be somewhat expensive.

"*Mem.* To be careful always to be present at the monthly settlings for housekeeping; so that should EDWARD ever 'wonder how the money goes,' I may be at hand to silence him with my 'experience,' and to convince him that he cannot possibly expect to live cheaper than he does, while he *will* persist in ordering such quantities of walnuts (which my dentist has lately forbidden me to touch).

"*Mem.* Not to forget to have my old deafness come back to me, whenever there are any hints thrown out as to two being company and three being none.

"*Mem.* To remember always to make EDWARD some small present on his birthday—such as a bead purse or a pair of knitted muffatees—as of course he will be forced to return me the compliment; and to save themselves trouble, men generally give one a *carte blanche* at SWAN AND EDGAR'S.

"*Mem.* To go out shopping with JEMIMA on the slightest provocation, and make any little purchases I may require at the shops she has a regular account at.

"*Mem.* Not to forget to tell the shopmen that, to save themselves trouble, they may as well make out one bill for the two.

"*Mem.* To insist on sitting up for EDWARD whenever he dines out, and to be careful upon such occasions to have him leave the brandy out—that being the best thing for keeping one awake.

"*Mem.* To persuade EDWARD that Smoking is injurious to his health, and to get the money he thus saves put into the Missionary box.

"*Mem.* To keep the key of it, and——"

(*Here the MS. suddenly breaks off.*)

"Dirty River, Dirty River."

THE Thames Conservancy Bill, we are told, is introduced to settle disputes as to the rights of the Crown, and those of the Corporation to the shore of the river. Surely there ought to have been no such dispute about what everybody admits to be "a common shore."

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THE SOCIAL TREAD-MILL. No. 11.

PAINFUL thing is the public dinner, but it has its object—generally a useful and kindly one. It is not easy to believe, perhaps, that the almsgiving which blows its own trumpet in an after-dinner subscription-list ushered in by MR. TOOLE, and read out amid the jingling of sovereigns by a blatant Honorary Secretary or Treasurer, can carry much blessing along with it; but still, there stand our hospitals, and asylums, and institutions for the relief of all sorts of ghastly human ailments with their proud inscription, 'Supported by Voluntary Subscriptions,' and we know how far that may be interpreted 'kept going by public dinners.'

"The toilers on the Social Tread-mill, at the Freemasons', or the Albion, or the London Tavern, have at least, the consolation of knowing that the machinery they set in motion so painfully, is grinding charitable corn, or drawing water of comfort, or working bellows of balmy air for one or another class of fellow-sufferers elsewhere. But what are we to say of those cases where the Social Tread-mill grinds nothing—where the weary cylinder is kept going to no end at all but vanity and vexation of spirit—where all our 'getting up-stairs' leads no whither?

"How many times this season have the convicts of society been condemned to this most heart-breaking form of the Mill—in the shape of rout, drum, *soirée*, *conversazione*, or whatever we call those evening assemblages, when unhappy crowds are gathered together, without aim, amusement, or gratification, except such miserable enjoyment as the sufferers may get from the sight of each other's wretchedness? Where is the social HOWARD to expose the over-crowding, the foul air, the enforced idleness, the contagion of these drawing-room penitentiaries? It makes little difference whether the presiding gaoler be a duke of twenty quarterings or a parvenu of yesterday's dunghill—whether the prison be situate in Belgravia or in Bloomsbury. The bigger the building, as a general rule, the more painful the punishment. Piccadilly suffers by hundreds, where Pentonville groans and gasps and struggles by scores. The prison-fare of the one may include plovers' eggs and champagne, where the other is content with rooks' eggs and gooseberry. The prison-dress of the West-End may be moiré-antique and Honiton, when that of the North and East is barège and machine lace; but these are minor distinctions. In the essential features of the punishment—and excluding number—there is not a pin's point to choose between the two.

"Let me play the benevolent part of prison-visitor, at one of these sad scenes of human woe. The night is close and sultry. Under the open sky scarcely a breath of air is stirring. I pass along Piccadilly painfully, though the Park with its free sward and darkling trees stretches at one side of me, and I can see the stars twinkling over-head. Suddenly I am conscious of long lines of various vehicles. One string is creeping drearily, at a snail's pace, towards a lighted edifice. On the other side of the road empty carriages are driving more rapidly away from the same building. It is one of our more aristocratic prisons. The MARQUIS OF CARABAS receives to-night. These are the vans setting down prisoners. The others have delivered their freight.

"Let us make our way through these jingling, grinding wheels, these cursing, cringing, hoarse, ragged link-men, this double file of street-vice, and vagabondism which has collected before the door to see the prisoners pass in to their place of punishment,—just such a hedge of houseless iniquity as forms about the doors of Bow Street Police Station, or the Old Bailey, while the Central Criminal Court is sitting. Do not be afraid of the crowd and the confusion; let us enter as HOWARD did, calmly confident in the nobleness of our purpose. These men in gorgeous liveries are the turnkeys. That pompous personage, in the black coat, white waistcoat, and breeches, is not the chaplain, as you might suppose, but the head warder—groom of the chambers, they call him here. I have a card, and my name is pompously announced. We are in the prison; in its outer-court or vestibule, at least, for to penetrate its inner wards—where the prisoners are—is a difficult matter, so dense is the crowd, so insufficient the space assigned to the unhappy criminals. They are hitched into doorways: they are squeezed on the steps of staircases: they are lining corridors. Don't be surprised if you feel faint. You will soon get used to the short supply of oxygen, and breathe the vitiated atmosphere of these black holes of Piccadilly as freely as the poor prisoners themselves. But you may see its effect, in the pale cheeks and dull eyes of the hardened offenders, who spend most of their lives in such confinement. About the younger criminals there is a febrile excitement—a bravado, which resists for a while, the depressing effects even of carbonic acid. But the time will come when they too will be as pallid, and fishy-eyed, and limp, and feeble, and flabby, as the old social gaol-birds who have lured them hither.

"The thermometer outside stands at 84°; what it registers in this suite of rooms I dare not guess—probably about 106°, for every cluster of lights, every flower-stand, every overheated piece of humanity, is giving off caloric and carbonic acid, and absorbing breatheable air. If the prisoners had only some work to do—were it but oakum-picking or mat-making! But, alas, they are utterly without occupation. There is a buzz of conversation, it is true: such conversation as is possible in a crowd of four bodies to a square yard on the average; hurried greetings of old companions in iniquity: bits of prison scandal: inquiries after the fate of those who are missing: snatches of what passes for wit in such societies: even a chuckle, now and then, of that joyless laughter, which is so profoundly melancholy. For the most part, however, the mirth of the place stops short at a sad stereotype smile, or grin rather, about as like a real smile as the agonised *rictus* of a ballet-dancer.

"Oh, how tired all these poor souls evidently are of always seeing each other's faces! Now and then you may see in the countenances of two of the younger criminals—a male and a female convict—a sudden lighting up of genuine fellow-feeling: a quick look and hasty flush, which tell you that even in this sad place there are hearts not altogether steeled against human emotion; but the crowd bears them away from each other: or if they meet it is but for a moment, so many eyes are upon them, so many ears open. With the proverbial quickness of prisoners at communication, such a couple often manage to interchange a wonderful amount of mutual understanding, even in this press. Attachments occasionally grow up in this dreary prison-house: even marriages arise out of acquaintances formed under sentence, nay, while the pair are actually on the Mill!

"But what is such an occasional assertion of human feeling to leaven this huge fermenting mass of selfishness, sin and sorrow—not the less real that they hide under hardened masks, and look out, shallow or shameless, from brassy eyes and sit unblushingly on flushed cheeks? Do not let us be unjust, though. There are as many shades of criminality here as in Pentonville or Milbank. But there is no distinction of age or sex; no classification of offenders; no separation of the hardened old sinner from the novice in social iniquity. The innocent girl, fresh from her first drawing-room, must work out her time side by side with the old harridan hardened by the sentences of twenty seasons. The callow guardsman, who has not yet waxed the down on his upper lip into the visible semblance of a moustache, is ruthlessly condemned to associate with the hard-featured old *roué* who has stood in the pillory of WHITE'S bow-window every day from three till five for the last thirty summers. Who can wonder that the tendency of even the young and comparatively innocent is to the same dead level of social hollowness, unbelief, evil speaking, evil living, idleness and frivolity, at which these old offenders habitually live and move and have their being? We must remember, too, in charity, that of these poor prisoners there is a large proportion who feel the weight of their sentence severely; who would give anything to be released from their enforced idleness; to exchange this aimless, objectless toil of the tread-mill, for honest work, however hard, under the open heaven; who pine and pray for the end of that yearly recurring term of punishment, which in prison-slang is called 'the season,' that they may get off to the country—to the trees and fields; to the school-house and the village; to blessed freedom from the nightly roll of the prison van, the daily donning of the prison dress, the stifling breath of the prison air, the crush and crowd, and dreary flatness, and drearier mirth of their brothers and sisters in captivity. We little know how much good there is striving fearfully to expand and find expression, even among these poor convicts!"

TRANSLATION BY A THIRSTY CLERK IN SOMERSET HOUSE.—*Semel in Sainsburys sumus omnes.*—We've all been in to SAINSBURY'S once this morning.

THE LATE MISUNDERSTANDING.

To Mr. Punch.

IR,—Oblige me by publishing the enclosed correspondence.

Yours, DIZZY.

"DEAR DERBY,—You are reported to have said in the House last night, that 'you would rather not see a Jew Chancellor of the Exchequer.' You will scarcely be surprised at my asking for an explanation.

"Yours, DIZZY."

"*The Right Hon., &c. &c., July* 11."

"DEAR DIZZY,—You do not seem to be aware that you are a Christian.

"Yours, DERBY."

"*The Right Hon., &c. &c., July* 11."

"DEAR DERBY,—So I am. Your explanation is most satisfactory. I presume you will not object to my forwarding this correspondence to *Punch*.

"*The Right Hon., &c. &c., July* 11." "Yours, DIZZY."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 13th, Monday. SIR COLIN CAMPBELL goes out to take the chief command in India. He could hardly have refused, for FIELD MARSHAL PRINCE-CONSORT (in imitation of the speech of FIELD MARSHAL THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON to SIR CHARLES NAPIER) had said to him, "Either you must go, or I." But so far from wishing to refuse, the gallant COLIN was almost off before LORD PANMURE could tell him he was wanted—the India Mail was stopped at Marseilles that he might catch the steamer (Scotland may like to know that her hero started on Sunday night), and about the time that *Mr. Punch's* record is read, SIR COLIN must be cutting across the desert with all his might. Woe to the Black Beetles when the Highland Hedgehog gets at them! The above information, of course in a stupider form, came out in the Lords to-night, and also in the Commons, with the important news brought by the last mail; namely, that poor GENERAL ANSON had succumbed to disease, that Delhi was not taken, but that the mutineers had fought, and been beaten, that more disaffection had manifested itself, that one way and another the Bengal army had lost 26,000 men.

LORD CAMPBELL'S Immoral Publications Bill has passed the Lords, the last discussion having been enlivened by LORD LYNDHURST'S telling LORD CAMPBELL that he was such a pachydermatous peer that he really did not know when an insulting thing had been said. LORD MALMESBURY is still unhappy about the other geese that were in St. James's Park, although he has been repeatedly told to calm his fraternal feelings, for the geese are as safe and happy at Kew as he could be at Heron Court. He took an opportunity, in the course of his maundering against SIR B. HALL, to call LORD PALMERSTON a daring and rollicking party, which LORD GRANVILLE thought rude. LORD CAMPBELL brought up the Select Committee's Report as to whether Newspapers are to be permitted to give with impunity accounts of public meetings. It is recommended that they be allowed that awful licence, provided the meeting be called by an official and responsible person.

The Commons went into supply, and the eternal Map question came up once more, and was discussed for a great while and to no result. LORD PALMERSTON'S announcement that 14,000 troops had been ordered to India, that more were to go, and that the troops on their way to China were also to be used in India, was received with satisfaction.

Tuesday. Nothing of consequence in the Lords except the reading of some despatches from India.

In the Commons LORD GODERICH carried a resolution affirming the principle of competitive examination for the Civil Service, and MR. CHARLES BUXTON carried an address against the African Slave Trade, for which LORD PALMERSTON thanked him, and explained that Spain was the European sinner against human liberty.

Wednesday. The Irish malcontents have defeated the Judgment Execution Bill, justly regarding it as a new link in the chain which the Saxon is ever seeking to rivet round the limbs of unhappy Oireland, which it unquestionably is, its tendency being to assist creditors and prevent fraud. SIR ERSKINE PERRY'S Bill, for securing the property of married women, was read a second time, but is doomed to mutilation, if not to death. It appears to *Mr. Punch* that it would be as well to legislate in this matter without exactly assuming that all husbands are spendthrifts and tyrants, and that the best measure (and some measure is undoubtedly wanted) would be one simply enabling a woman to obtain, in the hour of need, some such protection as she now obtains against personal violence. Because really, as far as *Mr. Punch* has seen, most husbands are inclined to be obedient and docile, and to let their wives have quite as much of their own way as is good for them, and the law, instead of interfering with unobjectionable people, should provide remedies in the exceptional cases.

Thursday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH again spoke about India, and proposed that five millions should be lent her, to aid her out of her present difficulty. With less generosity he mentioned that he had acquaintance with great numbers of gentlemen connected with India, and they all had the most thorough distrust of VERNON SMITH.

MR. O'FLAHERTY has been turned out of the representation of Galway, and *Mr. Punch* is still more happy to state that ARCHBISHOP MAC HALE and his clerical tail have received a signal blow, the Mayo Committee having extruded MR. GEORGE HENRY MOORE, and having denounced the system of spiritual intimidation by which he was returned. The respectable Roman Catholics of Mayo must now rally round MR. HIGGINS, who deserves all credit for dragging MAC HALE, MOORE & Co. into the Parliamentary dock.

Mr. ROEBUCK then brought on an utterly useless discussion on the Persian war, and endeavoured to get the House to "reprobate" the conduct of LORD PALMERSTON in not having consulted Parliament before falling upon the Shah. Some smart speaking took place. In the course of the debate MR. ROEBUCK said that we might lose India. There burst, from the Conservative benches such an indignant "No" that MR. ROEBUCK'S own plucky heart was touched, and he declared that it was a most "English" expression of resolution, and that he sympathised with it cordially. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, MR. GLADSTONE, MR. WALPOLE, and MR. DISRAELI each took a shot at old PAM, but all stood by him on division, and MR. ROEBUCK was beaten by 352 to 38.

Fraudulent Trustees will please to accept this intimation, that the Bill for bringing them to book has passed the House of Commons.

Friday. LORD BROUGHAM came out nobly in the cause of African freedom, and against the proposed system of exporting black emigrants—true to the work which he has been doing for sixty years. LORD HARROWBY read a letter from an African king, which showed what were his Majesty's notions of the plan. This Anointed sovereign (whose anointing far exceeds that of European monarchs, with their one dab of oil, he oiling himself all over every day) writes from old Calabar Palace, and says, in curious orthography, that no free emigrants will come, but that he and other "gentlemen" will be happy to supply "emigrants" at the price of four boxes of brass and copper rod per head. An Anti-Slavery address to the QUEEN was agreed to.

The Commons were chiefly occupied with the renewal of the Hebrew question. The Lords having again rejected the Bill for admitting the Jew, his friends have held meetings on the subject, and the result is, that LORD JOHN RUSSELL proposes to introduce a Bill, enabling persons in all cases to take oaths in the form most binding on their consciences,—whether wearing a hat, breaking a saucer, or kissing a volume, be the outward and visible sign that the swearer intends a solemn appeal to Providence. He tried to bring the Bill in on Friday; but, the Opposition, emulous of the obstructive reputation of the Peers, set themselves against him in array, stopped his address in the first part of the evening, because he went to work too early, and hours afterwards resisted him, because he went to work too late. They divided four times in favour of adjournment; and, as this process, if pursued, is always successful, he was obliged, at four in the morning, to give way, and announce the Bill for the next Tuesday. The Opposition game will, of course, be to postpone and protract the discussion as much as possible, so that the measure cannot pass in a Session whose hours are numbered. LORD PALMERSTON might beat their tactics by refusing to prorogue; but dares he ask the territorial aristocracy to give up Grouse for Jews?

A personal row between MR. HORSMAN and some other Members came on, HORSMAN, who is Chairman of an Election Committee, being accused of procuring its adjournment (causing expense to the parties) in order that he might attend the Jew-claim meeting. He denied, very elaborately, that he had done any harm; but another Member of the Committee, LORD GALWAY, declared, that had he known why the adjournment was asked, it should not have taken place, and HORSMAN does appear to have rather "managed" the thing. LORD PALMERSTON made another demolition of the Isthmus of Suez Canal project, explaining that the real objection to it was, that it would give other powers a great start of England, in the event of hostilities in the Indian seas. The Persian War Vote was taken in Supply, and

the PREMIER declared in answer to some alarmists, that this country was perfectly protected against any enemy that could assail her. This is doubtless true, but everything ought not to be thrown on *Mr. Punch*—ships, forts, batteries, and so forth, ought really to be looked after. Suppose he chose to travel—to take command of the *Great Eastern*, or anything of that sort, where is the National Defence then?

FAIRY-LAND.

GLIMPSE of Fairy-Land is always to be had about summer time. Sometimes you catch it at Rosherville, or else it breaks out with "ten thousand additional lamps" at Vauxhall. The latter view, however, is very much in the nature of a railway break, for it very quickly comes to a stop. However, Fairy-Land does shift about terribly. We have known it at North Woolwich—we have witnessed bright visions of it at Shoreham — we have heard gaudy accounts of its dazzling wonders that have illumined, for "positively the last season," the seedy vistas of Tivoli. The two principal characteristics of Fairy-Land that have always been associated in our mind are ham sandwiches and fireworks. We have visions of fairies, too, dancing before our eyes. They are all dressed in white—for that seems to be the Fairies' favourite colour—and are flinging their arms and legs about in the maddest fashion. What strikes us particularly is the extreme shortness of their garments, for we never saw a Fairy yet but she had extremely short petticoats. The Fairies generally dance on the borders of a lake—and so, for what we know, the shortness of their muslin garments may be a matter of prudence to prevent the water taking the starch too much out of their Crinoline. Their hours for dancing are mostly a little before midnight. A round silvery moon takes a delight in following their steps. It will fix its brilliant light full upon a particular Fairy, who is reclining at full length on a cowslip bank, and all of a sudden she will start out of her sleep, and begin dancing playfully, backwards and forwards, round, and round, and round again, with her shadow. What a bright burnished silver her whole figure is! She looks as though she had been electrotyped, and had come spinning spick-span-new out of ELKINGTON'S shop.

The whole body of them dearly love dancing. Their entire life seems one bounding *entrechât* steeped in moonbeams. They dance so much, that they have no time apparently for anything else. You seldom hear them talk. They are all women—and yet, strange to say, it is rare indeed that you hear them say a word. This preference on the part of Fairies for the female sex is most unanimous. Who ever heard of a Male Fairy? If such a monstrosity ever intruded into their happy circle, we believe he would be pinched to death in less than five minutes. The Fairies are generally under the command of a Queen. You know her at once by her dancing so much better than the other Fairies. The affection her subjects show her is very pretty. They weave triumphal arches with their arms for her to pass under. They cluster round her affectionately, and form picturesque groups, of which she is always the bright centre; and when she is about to perform a grand *pas seul*, they fall into a semicircle, and look on in the most smiling, complacent, manner. It is their nature to smile, and they will smile uninterruptedly throughout an entire evening, without appearing in the least tired. These aërial creatures float to the sound of music. They are never without a provoking tune that sends them flying in all directions, as though they had been bitten by so many Tarantulas. They nearly dance their legs off, for when they have finished, they are obliged to lean for support against a tree, or a pillar, or the door of a house, or whatever the side-wing may be, and you see them heaving and panting in a manner that makes you pity them. Your pity, however, is not much needed, for after arranging the fall of their muslin skirts, and giving themselves a shake or two, they are ready to begin again the next minute. They delight in scarfs, and garlands of roses, and sometimes they carry about baskets of flowers, which they scatter recklessly, pelting any beloved object that comes in their way.

A certain view of FAIRY-LAND may at the present moment be seen in Walworth, in some Gardens that are called SURREY. The scenery is certainly most beautiful. It is so beautiful, you could almost swear it was painted by DANSON. You see large round, velvety mountains, swelling away into the distance, until they almost overtop the red chimney pots of the houses at the back. There are coral caves, and Turneresque bays, and rainbow recesses, with mossy arches, in which the Fairies love to disport themselves. The water, too, is real, but the Fairies are heavy, flat, and move too slowly, as though they were worked by machinery. They look like painted Fairies, and not like Fairies of real flesh and blood, such as we have so often admired at the Princess's Theatre, and other notable places of resort for the Fairy Kingdom. It is true they look better, when lighted up about eleven o'clock with a brilliant display of fireworks; but they are not the gossamer, lithesome, winged beauties that usually haunt a theatrical ABODE OF BLISS. However, supposing the Fairies are not exactly the butterfly creations of our early pantomimic recollections, still it must be confessed that the music they float to at the Surrey Gardens is of the very best. When sung by a MADAME GASSIER, or a MISS DOLBY, it is so good as to justify almost the encomium of "*What Fairy-like Music!*"

SONG OF THE CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.

To Medical Bill Framers.

OVER the counter and into the till,
Over the counter I practise,
Dealing out mixture and powder and pill,
Doctoring patients, the fact is.
Says an old woman, "What's good for the bile?"
Vainly you'll bid me not tell her;
All prohibition defying, I smile,
Whilst I a remedy sell her.

Over the counter for colic and cramp,
Over the counter for phthisick.
Now MRS. HARRIS and then MRS. GAMP,
And their connections, I physick.
How is a Medical Bill to force me
Not to dispense cream-of-tartar,
Sulphur, and senna, and salts, whilst I'm free
Still to ply pestle and mortar?

AN ORGANIC CURE.

"SIR,

"THANK you for that little cut of the Organ-Fiend, dancing and grinning as he grinds your soul out. But I write chiefly to tell you that some of us out here, who live in a sort of *cul-de-sac*, into which the organs used to come all day long (encouraged of course by the abominable mothers and servant-girls), have hit upon a way of crippling the rascals, without doing them any harm. We privately hire three or four smart sharp *gamins*, glad to earn an honest shilling, to keep watch. An organ comes, and they fly to the fellow, and while one or two dance, and chaff, and amuse him, another slips out a sharp pocket knife and quietly cuts the strap that holds up the organ. Next minute the whole lot have vanished, and the brown beast is left perfectly helpless. The cure was soon effected, for the wretches tell one another everything (as where there is a sick person who will pay for silence, or where a man who writes will give anything for peace), and we have not had an organ here for weeks and weeks. Recommending the invention,

"I am, dear Sir, yours truly,
"OLD MOROSE."

"*Rhododendron Square, Bayswater, W.*"

THOUGHTS FOR ANY WEATHER.

(*Taken principally on the Shady Side of Life.*)

ALL is sugar to the vain, even the praise of fools.

The Man of Honour makes no vow, but acts as if he had made one.

To the Epicure "living well" means "good living."

Shame of Poverty is almost as bad as Pride of Wealth.

A Man must feel his own strength, before he can make an impression with it upon others.

Envy is a glutton that is never at a loss for a meal, and a glutton, too, that let it feed as grossly as it will, is sure to leave off with an appetite, and ready to begin again.

One may show tremendous courage for another, and yet be a great coward for oneself—as you will frequently see a man put his name to a Bill for a friend, who would not, on any consideration, do it for himself.

If men would take as much care of their characters as they do of their clothes, they would show fewer stains, nor would there, probably, be so many holes picked in them.

Vanity is mental dram-drinking.

When parents spoil their children, it is less to please them than to please themselves. It is the egotism of parental love.

THE COURSE OF TRUE, &c., NEVER DID, &c.

HERE'S POOR YOUNG WIGGLES, ANXIOUS TO MEET THE BEING HE ADORES, BUT CANNOT DO SO, BECAUSE THE NEWLY-PITCHED BOAT UPON WHICH HE HAS BEEN SITTING, HAS CAUGHT HIM ALIVE O!

A BOY'S PETITION.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"YOU are a jolly old chap, and a friend to boys. Now I say, old fellow, will you just give the governor a hint not to bother us with Latin and that, out of school hours? I don't think it 's fair to a fellow. Look here. I had come home on Saturday to go with the girls to see the *Frozen Deep* (and capitally well it was acted too, I can tell you), and on Monday morning we were all at breakfast. The governor was reading the paper, and he comes to a Latin inscription to be stuck on some hospital for the orphans of soldiers. 'Here, Charley,' says he, 'what's *orbas?*' Well, *Mr. Punch*, one doesn't remember everything at a minute's notice, so I said 'worlds.' 'Ah,' says the governor, in his dry way, 'they are building an hospital to put worlds into —sick worlds, I suppose. Perhaps, worlds the Comet has hit; and so he went on, looking at me, and the girls giggling like idiots as they always do when he says anything, never mind whether it 's good or not, of course they must laugh if the governor says it. Presently he hands me over the paper, and requests me to give a free translation of the inscription. Well, I felt sulky, and a chap oughtn't to be asked such things when he 's at breakfast; but the girls all kept laughing, and mother looked as if she 'd like me to come off creditably; and, as there was the English inscription below, I squinted at that for a crib. But I was sold, for the Latin began—

"Ne quas paterni consilii
Et tutelæ orbas
Reliquit mors patrum præmatura
Juventute inculta,"—and so on.

and the English began about the Orphan daughters of soldiers, seamen, and marines of the realm now and henceforth. So I boggled a bit, and then a good thought struck me, and I said that I could give them a general notion of the meaning, but the Latin was so shy that translation was out of the question. Well, they all laughed, and the governor, who is not a bad fellow, saw how it was, and let me down easy, saying he would read the paper. But I say, wasn't it *prime* when a letter came out on Thursday cutting the inscription all to pieces, showing that *æde* was wrong, and *ac* was cacophonous, and the words did not explain what class of people the hospital was for. Jolly, wasn't it, and didn't I cut out the letter and send it to the governor? But this was all luck. I say, say a kind word for us, and tell the old ones not to trot us out when we come home, that 's a good chap, as it makes a fellow look like a fool before the girls. All of us take you in regularly.

"I am, my dear *Punch*, yours truly,

"BLOBB SECUNDUS."

TURNPIKE TRICKS ON TRAVELLERS.

GENTLEMEN taking cabs from the theatres to any part of the suburbs so far from Town that they will have to pass through two turnpikes to reach it, are recommended to set their watches accurately at starting. Watches thus set will be traps to catch turnpike thieves. For the first gate will clear the second, if the second is passed before 12 at night, but not otherwise; and at the second of two gates on one particular road, *Mr. Punch*, from personal experience, is very much afraid that it is customary to put the hand of the clock on at midnight for the purpose of extorting an undue threepence. There can be no harm done, at any rate, in seeing that your watches are true, even if that precaution should not issue in proving a turnpike man false, and getting him sent to the House of Correction for having swindled you.

A HERO'S JOKE.

IF brevity is the soul of wit, SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, when in answer to the question, how soon he could start for India, he answered, "To-morrow!" uttered one of the smartest recorded pieces of ready wit.

SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.—They are treating the *Oidium Vinearium*, or vine disease, successfully with sulphur—probably from the very general use of brimstone in bad cases of "*Oidium Theologicum*."

EVERY INCH A SOLDIER.

PAM (BOOTS AT THE BRITISH LION). "HERE'S YOUR HOT WATER, SIR."

SIR COLIN. "ALL RIGHT. I'VE BEEN READY A LONG TIME."

PUPPYISMS FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

By One who is extremely Cool.

THE Future is the Land of Promise to all such poor devils as prisoners, exiles, bill-holders, paupers, creditors, heirs, and lovers.

Stupidity must be contagious, for if you notice, a witty fellow is always less happy in the company of fools.

Love is a heart-complaint, of which the cure, by Jove! is frequently more painful than the disease itself.

A Coquette only jilts herself when she marries the fellow she has promised to marry.

A Frenchman has two kinds of Love—his *amour* and his *amour-propre*. The latter is *propre à tout*, and it is so called to distinguish it from the other *amour*, which, generally speaking, is *propre à rien*.

When you hear a drunken man vowing temperance, you may be sure his vows are written only in water—effervescing water, with a very strong proportion of brandy in it.

Ridicule is like mud—the chap must be clever indeed, who, let all his ways be picked as gingerly as possible, doesn't come in for some small portion of it. Frequently those who try to avoid it the most, receive the most.

There are men, whose elevation in life only tends to lower them in the social scale. Their rise is, seemingly, from the Pit only to the Gallery.

Love is such a beggar, that when you have given him all you have, he still goes on begging for more.

Too much zeal is suspicious. The man, who cries "Stop Thief!" the loudest, not unfrequently turns out to be the Thief himself.

BLACK PLUSH.

THE Clergy are dreadfully alarmed at the prospect of being obliged to celebrate the marriages of divorced persons, contrary to what many of them believe to be the rule of Christian doctrine. Very hard, no doubt, it is to compel them so to violate their consciences, and to oblige them to profane the matrimonial service, as they must do if they read it over those who, in marrying, actually break their marriage vows. But there is no occasion to be terrified by the prospect of being obliged to do any such thing. They are obliged to do it already, and always have been from the time when divorces *à vinculo* were first granted by the House of Lords. The mischief is done; they have acquiesced in the wrong and the profanation. Their conscience is lost mutton and gone goose. They have partaken in iniquity, and known it not. As long as they had to marry none but fashionable and wealthy sinners divorced by the House of Lords, the wickedness which they were compelled to commit in so doing never struck them. Now that it is proposed to oblige them to do the same office for vulgar transgressors, separated from wife or husband by a common tribunal, the hardship of the obligation, and the sinfulness of the performance, for the first time occur to them. They remarried LADY FITZDRAGON that was, LORD FITZDRAGON being yet alive, to COLONEL GALLIVANT, in unconscious innocence; but now that they see a probability of being obliged to do as much for her that was the wife of SMITH, but is not his widow, and her paramour JONES, they are horrified at the bare idea. Surely, a very considerable portion of the clerical body should cut their cloth, and induct themselves into plush.

The fact is, that the Reverend Gents have committed *laches* in this matter, and what they ought to petition the House of Commons for is, that they may no longer be held under that necessity of profaning the marriage service, and disobeying the commands of Christianity, which they have so long submitted to.

FLOWERS OF FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

A SWELL was married the other day—of course at All Swells Church; that is to say, St. George's, Hanover Square. The case was reported, as usual in such cases, by the *Morning Post*, with a description of the bride's and bridesmaids' clothes, and the customary statement that the trousseau was of the most complete and *recherché* character. It took only one parson to celebrate this "Marriage in High Life," as the *Post* called it in Flunkeyish—to buckle Swell with Belle it generally takes two; but our fashionable contemporary informs us that—

"The bridal group having formed around the altar, the service was impressively read by the REVEREND TALBOT BAKER."

We should like to know what the chroniclers of fashionable life mean by saying that the service was "impressively read," as they generally relate it to have been on the occasion of a marriage between a couple of the superior classes. We are very much afraid that mouthing and moaning the service is the manner of reading it which is styled "impressive" by the journalist who describes the trousseau as *recherché*.

"MERRILY WE LIVE THAT SOLDIERS BE."

MR. PUNCH is happy to find that the determination of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, Commander-in-Chief, to have the expenses of the mess-table reduced, meets with so much approbation from the Service. Everywhere the dinners are now conceived in a spirit of economy. LUCULLUS did *not* roast turnips on his Sabine farm, frugality not having been the order of his day, but our military LUCULLI are prepared to submit to the most severe privations rather than infringe the rule of their chief. In proof that this is no idle boast, *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in subjoining the copy of the *carte* at a mess-dinner recently eaten by the officers of one of the most gallant regiments of the line.

The document, for the authenticity of which *Mr. Punch* has the best possible voucher, demands the attention of ALEXIS SOYER. The dinner, it should be mentioned, was the one which immediately followed the receipt of H.R.H's. admonitory circular.

FISH.
TOURBOT.
SOUPS.
OYSTER: JULLIEN.

Vol au Vent d'Huitres. — Fricassée de Poulet.

FIRST COURSE.
BOILED BEEF.
BOILED LAMB.
FILLET OF VEAL.
HAM.
TÊTE DE VEAU, Sauce Piquante.
BOILED TURKEY, Celery Sauce.
ROAST HAUNCH ENGLISH MUTTON.

Lambs' Tongues. — Curried Fish.
Cotelettes à la Soubise. — Riz de Veau Sauce Tomate.
Beef Olives. — Oyster Patties.

FISH.
SOLES.

Jelly. — Blanc-Manger.

SECOND COURSE.
DUCKS.
GALANTINE DE POISSON.
ROAST RABBITS.
GALANTINE DE POULET.
SCOLLOPED OYSTERS.
POULET AU CRESSON.

Custards. — Tipsy Cake.
Cabinet Pudding. — Crême a l'Italienne.
Gâteau de Riz. — Gelée de Marasquin.

ECCLESIASTICAL GAMES.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot among some of the clerical body for the revival of a pretty mediæval pastime. Parliamentary intelligence includes a statement that:—

"THE BISHOP OF OXFORD presented a petition from the clergy of the rural deanery of Oxford, praying that the use of excommunication be revived, and that the burial service of the Church be not read over persons who died out of the pale of Christianity."

The good old sport which the Oxonian ecclesiastics wish restored, is the game of Bell, Book and Candle. Should Parliament accede to their request, these gentle shepherds of that Arcadian district the rural deanery of Oxford will doubtless want to revive a little more of the fun of Merrie England in the olden time, and perhaps their next request to the Legislature will be for the renewal of Fire and Fagot.

WHAT AN ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

"O! look'ee 'ere, Jane, 'ere's one of them Hacrobats a-goin' to do the ladder-trick!"

THE MORAL OF MAYO ELECTION.

FAREWELL, MR. MOORE,
At the back of the door
Of St. Stephen's I see you delighted.
I'm glad that the hope
Of the priests and the POPE,
In your loss of your seat, has been blighted.

Your priests find the plan,
To curse and to ban,
And threaten excommunication,
Is best let alone;
You're ousted, och hone!
Because of their intimidation.

Of them there are two,
Still worse off than you,
Which my satisfaction doth double;
Their scandalous tricks
Have put them in a fix;
They're likely to get into trouble.

So now, MOORE, begone;
A new era will dawn,
Of freedom for PAT from subjection,
To such rabid beasts,
As those pretty priests,
Who tampered with Mayo Election.

A Libel on the Sex.

WE see a book advertised under the scandalous title of "A WOMAN'S STORY." Now it is a notorious fact that women never do tell Stories. They may tell "a *fib*" occasionally—but as for "a Story," it's a moral impossibility. The worst is, the Story must be a thumping big one, for we see by the advertisement that it fills 6 Vols. It pains us to say that MRS. S. C. HALL (the delinquent in question—and, without question, a very great delinquent) ought to be ashamed of herself! The libel on her own sex is so outrageous, that we cannot help saying, with the greatest indignation—"FIE!"

QUITE A NEW CRY.

ONE of our contemporaries, describing one of the Royal visits, says most gushingly:—

"There came into our eye an involuntary half-tear."

We have heard many persons say that they had "half-a-mind"—we have also heard many a person called "half-a-fool,"—but "half-a-tear" is a decided novelty in this "Vale of Tears!" For ourselves, we little suspected that a tear could be torn in two, like a Bank-note. Perhaps, our crying correspondent kept the other half himself, so that the two halves may be matched together on some future cry? or it may be, that the other half was in the other eye; for if you notice, the poor fellow, who fathoms his grief with such an accurate plumb line, only alludes to *one* eye. We suppose a half-tear is shed when one has had only "half-a-dinner"—or, perhaps, it appropriately occurs when one is "half-seas-over?" Anyhow, the absurdity is too "good by half" not to be further encouraged. We hope our semi-lachrymose tear-shedder will next favour us with expression of sorrow as nicely subdivided as the following:—"Our bosom heaved with a three-quarter sigh," or, "We couldn't well speak for the ⅝ emotion that oppressed us."

Stooping for Strawberries.

IN some of the suburbs admission to strawberry beds, with right of eating at discretion, may be had for 1*s.* or 1*s.* 6*d.* These may be remunerative prices to ask from persons whose liberty to eat as many strawberries as they please is accompanied by the necessity of having to pick them. Although 1*s.* may be enough to demand from gentlemen over forty, boys under eighteen should be charged 5*s.*

The Thing that should Bind the two Nations together.

FREDERICK PEEL, when he was taken to the Atlantic Submarine Telegraph Company's Office, and saw the miles upon miles of iron-wire cable, shook his head most ominously, and a tear was observed to steal into his manly eye, as he said in a tone of the deepest despondency: "Ah! ah! A sad mistake—it should have been Red Tape!"

GOLDSMITH'S GOLD.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the remotest descendants of great men being now so common, we have no hesitation in soliciting the public attention to a young lady who is evidently one of the posterity of the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

She is a native of Hamburgh, and advertises that she would like

"To engage herself in a respectable English family, to teach the French and German languages, in exchange for board and lodging, and the opportunity of learning English."

The eldest son of the *Vicar of Wakefield* went to Holland to teach English to the Dutch, but forgot, until his arrival, that he could not speak to them. The amiable young advertiser is clearly of his kith and kin.

Let all who have admired the *Vicar of Wakefield* send their contributions to *Mr. Punch*, 85, Fleet Street. He will take care that they are applied with the utmost delicacy; in fact, nobody shall ever hear of them again.

The Harrow Turn-out.

LORD PALMERSTON, in acknowledging his health, drunk in his original character of "a Harrow boy" at the last annual festival of the Harrovians, declared that no other public school in the Kingdom had had the good fortune to turn out such men as LORD ABERDEEN, the EARL OF RIPON, and the late SIR ROBERT PEEL. LORD PALMERSTON is modest; he did at least as much as his school to turn out two of the three statesmen mentioned.

A Resource for Some Sovereigns.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM, of Prussia, was presented last week with the freedom of the City of London. We sincerely hope that the husband of our Princess, at least, will never have occasion to make any use of the rights and privileges conferred upon him in making him that present. Some Continental monarchs would perhaps have a real boon granted them in being empowered to set up shop, in a possible contingency, within the jurisdiction of the LORD MAYOR.

JURY TORTURE.

KEEPING clear of the folly which too much disparages the proverbial "wisdom of our ancestors," we must say we think that in some of their proceedings—and more especially perhaps their legal proceedings—it cannot be denied they showed themselves great fools. We will not instance their creation of that famous pair of myths, JOHN DOE and RICHARD ROE, for what was once common law has given way to common sense, and we have now ejected from our law courts those twin heroes of ejectment. Nor need we speak of their concoction of such manifest absurdities as have been handed down in many of their legal maxims, such for instance as the proposition that "a king can do no wrong;" an assertion which our railway kings, not to mention higher potentates, are constantly refuting. We would rather cite as one example of ancestral want of wisdom, the prescribed mode of treatment of non-agreeing jurors, to which our notice is directed by a recent case in point.

What can be more absurd than locking up twelve hungry men until they think alike, and expecting to elicit a true verdict by starvation? Who could give his mind to the merits of a case, and calmly weigh the evidence in the unbiassed scales of justice, when his brain is half distracted by the gnawings of his stomach, and all that he can think of is the prospect of his dinner? As for carefully discussing the facts and probabilities which by witnesses and counsel have just been laid before him, he feels only fit for the discussion of a beef-steak and potato. A verdict so obtained is the result not of conviction, but of physical concession. Agreement of opinion is produced by sheer exhaustion of the powers of discussion. As confessions were extorted by the pinchings of the thumbscrew, so are verdicts still extracted by the pinchings of the appetite. Englishmen cry shame upon KING BOMBA and his silence-cap, yet their own law sanctions even now the appliance of a torture hardly less unbearable. We think with horror of the time when men were forced to speak by the loading of the chest, but the same thing still is done by emptying the stomach.

Now we will not waste our wonder on the fact that jury torture has outlived the application of the thumbscrew on our countrymen. Although a proved absurdity, and as little in accordance with the spirit of the age as the wearing of chain armour, or of dress-coats with bright buttons, we cannot feel surprised that the practice still exists. The uncertainty of law has passed into a proverb, and in nothing is the law more capriciously uncertain than in the manner of its bit by bit amendments. What surprises us, however, is that lawyers do not take more advantage of the means which jury starving offers to divert the course of justice. It is obvious that while the lock-up system lasts, any trial may be made with the jury a mere trial of strength; and one robust and well-fed juror might starve eleven others, if in less good plight, into certain acquiescence with his way of thinking. As a good case may be lost through a bad constitution, jurors fairly might be challenged for looking weak or hungry; and clients might insist on those who try their cause being put in proper training to endure continued fasting. Means too might be thought of to supply concealed refreshment, which would ensure still more a favourable verdict. A dip into a sandwich tin could hardly pass unnoticed, but in a pinch, a snuff-box might afford some sustenance. A furtive quid of grated beef could scarcely be detected, even by the sharpest-eyed or sharpest-nosed attorney; and nutrition might be taken in a grain or two of curry powder, which the DUKE OF NORFOLK found so exceedingly supporting. It would be feasible, moreover, for a juror with a cough (which, like that of *Traviata*, might be very easily got up for the occasion), to carry into Court with him a quantity of jujubes: or he might even be provided with a pocketful of portable soup, chopped into little bits so as very readily to pass as being lozenges. In this way, being hunger-proof, he would easily be able to hold out against his colleagues, who to escape starvation would eventually of course be driven to agree with him.

Knowing what we do of legal ingenuity, it surprises us, we own, that some such hints as these have not long ago been acted on. We really cannot see that there would be much want of principle in putting them in practice. "All's fair in love," and in law not less so; and to gain the suit in either case all stratagems are sanctioned. Besides, a verdict now becomes the mere result of chance: depending in great measure upon how the jury slept the night before the trial, or upon what sort of a breakfast they have eaten. A strong case may be lost through the accident of some of them having a weak appetite, and a bad night's rest must certainly conduce to the pronouncing of an unconsidered verdict. It seems to us, therefore, that what we have suggested would reduce to a system what is at present chiefly chance: and moreover, it would have the further merit of mitigating somewhat the ordeal by famine to which every juror is at present subject. On which account we cannot but expect by the next post an official intimation from the heads of the Humane Society that they intend forthwith to invite us to a dinner, and present us with a medal for our merciful suggestions for the relief from hunger-torture of all non-agreeing juries.

BAD CARTRIDGES OF THE CONTINENT.

WITH superstitious fury fired
By provocation slight,
Our Sepoys mutiny—required
Greased cartridges to bite.

Soldiers, the POPE's detested reign,
The Austrian's hated yoke,
And cruel BOMBA, who maintain:
Like cause might you provoke.

That Italy may still lie chained,
And Tyrants govern wrong,
Will you, with brethren's murder stained,
Bite cartridges—how long?

(*The right of translating the above lines is not reserved by the Author.*)

WOLF!

DR. ALDIS writes thus to the *Times*:—

"I venture . . . to call your attention to the open state of the King's scholars' pond sewer near Lupus Street, Pimlico, which is a great public nuisance."

The doctor proceeds to describe the subject of his complaint as emitting an "intolerable stench." For one street in the metropolis, Lupus Street is appropriately, if not happily, named, because Lupus is not only Latin for wolf, but is also the nosological term for an affection of the olfactory organ.

A Very Pretty Sentiment.

(*For which we expect no end of pretty presents.*)

BETWEEN a Man's Love and a Woman's Love, there is all the difference between lending and giving. With woman, Love is a gift,—with man it is only a loan. The loan is for the moment, or for that particular evening, or, it may be for six months, or, perhaps, as long as six years; but with woman, the gift is one that lasts all her life.

Teaching the Young Idea How to Shoot.

MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, M.P., was never more eccentric than in his Speech at the Harrow Dinner, ridiculing "neologies, zoologies, and all such trash from Germany," and advising us Britons to "stick to our longs and shorts." It is clear MR. DRUMMOND thinks that the only mode of mental culture is by Harrow.

A COMPLIMENT.

ONE of the Four-in-Hand Club, who happened to be standing by as the late Member for Oxford drove away from the House of Commons, exclaimed with more smartness than we had given him credit for, "What a NEATE turn-out!"

ISRAEL IN ST. STEPHEN'S.

REALLY, noble Lords ought to consider that if the Jews were admitted into Parliament, they would be very serviceable, in expediting public business. They would discount so many bills!

TUMID THINGS.

CRINOLINES appear to have been so generally adopted by ladies with a view of acquiring the title, hitherto engrossed by dandies of the stronger sex, of Extensive Swells.

Young Lady. "NOW THEN, GIRLS, JUST LET ME——"

Girl (interrupting, before the word "PASS" can escape the lips of the fair Pedestrian). "OH! IT AIN'T NO USE YOUR TRYING A TURN, MISS. THERE ISN'T ABOVE ROOM TO TAKE IN BETSY SIMMONS."

THE FOOL'S HEAD OF HAIR.

FROM the advertising columns of a contemporary, we extract the following rather comic appeal to the vanity of simpletons:—

NO MORE GREEN, RED, OR PURPLE-DYED HAIR.—NOTICE.—Any Lady or Gentleman who has been so unfortunate as to have their hair dyed any of the above-named colours now so common, by the use of spurious imitations of ——'s TYRIAN LIQUID HAIR DYE, can have it restored, free of charge, to a native brown or black to defy detection, by applying at his Subscription Hair-Cutting and Hair-Dyeing Rooms, —— ——. Hair and whiskers dyed on the most reasonable terms by an annual subscription. Price, per case, *5s. 6d.*, *8s.*, *12s.*, and 1 guinea.

We suspect that our friend, the proprietor of the "Tyrian liquid hair dye," must have been induced to distinguish it with the splendid epithet connecting it with the city of Tyre, by the recommendation of some classical wag who wished to hoax him. If he had known with what colour Tyrian is synonymous, he would have called a dye intended to transmute that colour Anti-Tyrian. The imitations of a dye truly Tyrian can hardly be spurious if they really turn hair purple: and we cannot understand the kindness of the advertiser in offering gratuitous remedy to the victims of impostors who counterfeit his invention.

If it is a fact that green, red, and purple are now, in consequence of the use of hair-dyes common colours of human hair, it is a melancholy fact; for the contents of that head whose exterior has become discoloured by any artificial process, must be very scanty or very weak. In fact, we consider dyed hair to be one indication of softening of the brain, the consequence of inflammation of that organ. We regard the mere idea of using hair-dyes, as a symptom of incipient phrenitis, and advise all persons beginning to feel dissatisfied with the colour of their hair, to get their heads shaved. They will thus procure removal of the outer complaint and relief of the inner disorder at the same time.

REFORM YOUR LAWYERS' BILLS.—There is one consolidation of the statutes that would be very useful—to make them so solid that no lawyer could drive a coach-and-six through them.

NO ART-NONSENSE!

MR. RUSKIN has been delivering a lecture at Manchester, in which, by the account of the *Times*, he "contended that what was wanted to foster Art was a truly paternal Government." Now MR. RUSKIN is a great critic in his way, but, though we will not offer him an old piece of advice in the following new words;—

"Let not MR. RUSKIN
Judge above the buskin:"

we must request that he will not attempt to carry more canvas than that which he understands. Fine Art is a fine thing; but the reality of Liberty is much to be preferred to any statue or picture, or any number of pictures or statues, of anything in Heaven or Earth. Liberty and *Gog* and *Magog*, and the sign of the *Marquis of Granby*, before the *Moses* of MICHAEL ANGELO, and the *Transfiguration* of RAPHAEL, or even, we will say in deference to MR. RUSKIN, before all the pictures of RAPHAEL'S predecessors—and a paternal Government. Representations of leaves, and flowers, and bark, and pebbles, and excrescences on the extremity of the human nose, are admirable things in their way, but we trust that Britons will ever regard them as matters of infinitely less consequence than Representative Institutions.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

MR. PUNCH has an announcement to make which will burst upon the world like a thunder-clap. It is of too tremendous a nature to be launched upon society without some warning. Whatever may happen in India, Jewry, or elsewhere, this will be the event of the year. Is the world ready—are its nerves composed? Well, then, the fact is, that *Mr. Punch* is —— No. The announcement is of too solemn a character to be made at once. We will reveal the mighty secret next week. Meantime, let every one be as calm as he can after such an intimation. Next week all shall be told.

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PHŒBE AND THE PICNICS.

Now all you young folks, hear this story of mine,
'Tis the tale of MISS DARBY and HAL HAZELDINE,
And the he or the she who the warning despises
Like them may show up at the Summer Assizes.

'Tis now two years back, when as blooming as HEBE
She went to a pic-nic, the beautiful PHŒBE,
And who cut her chicken, and poured out her wine,
O, who but young HENRY, the bold HAZELDINE?

To see was to love her: to see him, to love.
But this was no match that's constructed above,
For her father objected, and kicked up a shine
At the thought of her marriage with young HAZELDINE.

But PHŒBE was plucky, and stood by her HAL,
Despite her papa, like a true-hearted gal;
And wrote him sweet letters, and soon did begin
Rehearsing the conjugal grab at the tin.

Her heart being open, it gushed like a founting,
She wrote for ten pound and for "kisses past counting,"
And, amid her affection, of business still heedful,
Again in her postscript she asked for the needful.

In October that followed, she fancied her shape
Would be nicely set off by an elegant cape,
But Pa, being stingy, allowed her to pine,
So for "ten pound or twenty" she asked HAZELDINE.

Once more, it appears, she appealed to the purse
Of him she was pledged to, for better for worse';
And concluded a letter both kindly and clever
With the statement that PHŒBE "remained, his for ever."

The marriage was fixed, and the bridesmaids were caught,
And PHŒBE's sweet dresses were chosen and bought;
But Love 's a queer boy, and he cuts rummy capers,
And why did he send her to VERNON, a draper's?

And why did he cause at a pic-nic to rally
Some folks in the Happy—ie, Habberley—Valley,
And why to make wretched poor HAZELDINE's lot,
Was PHŒBE invited and HAZELDINE not?

And why (O you Cupid, you ought to be stamped on,)
Did PHŒBE encounter one SAMUEL HAMPTON,
And who poured her wine out, and who sliced her ham,
O, who but the Rival, the conquering SAM?

The HAZELDINE star from that hour became pale,'
HAMPTON Court-ing's so pleasant, 'tis sure to prevail;
And HENRY, thrown over, deplored, with a tear,
The loss of a wife with £100 a-year.

Not long with a tear his distress did he bear,
For the witnesses prove him accustomed to swear;

And he goes to old HAMPTON's, MISS DARBY to meet,
And he uses bad words, which I shall not repeat.

And he acts very coarse, and a chain that did deck
Our pretty young PHŒBE, he tears from her neck,
And in struggle unmanly he makes her hands bleed,
And (I 'm sorry to write it) he bids her be d'd.

She pays back his loans, to the utmost, poor lamb,
And straightway she weds the affectionate SAM;
When HENRY the wrathful, whose rage grew more grim,
Brings an action for breach of her promise to him.

'Twas tried down at Worcester by one you can't bam well,
That excellent, keen-sighted Judge, BARON BRAMWELL.
If ever I 'm tried, being innocent, O!
May B. be my Judge; but if guilty,—why, no.

And HAZELDINE's brief fell to one, who in muddle's tone
Spoke never, the winning and elegant HUDDLESTON,
And could tactics have managed the merits to smother,
One H. would have carried the verdict for t'other.

But the HAZELDINE star, as aforesaid, was pale,
And no HUDDLESTON eloquence then could prevail,
For the case came out badly, as badly could be,
When witnesses came, called by SKINNER, Q.C.

And down came JUDGE BRAMWELL, like Cedron in flood,
And trampled the case of the plaintiff to mud;
Called his conduct, as proved, both unmanly and mean,
And the action the weakest his lordship had seen.

Then the jury looked happy at getting their cue
From the Judge on the bench, so should I, would not you?
And quickly agreeing, of concord made sign,
Refusing one farthing to fierce HAZELDINE.

And that is my story. I know we shan't quarrel
If I venture to leave out the evident moral:
Let 's hope that H. H. will get mild, and a wife,
And PHŒBE and SAMUEL be happy for life.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 20, *Monday*. LORD CAMPBELL, ever eager to rout up the poor CHANCELLOR, gave him notice to be ready next 'night upon the Jew question. The Thames mud was put into the hands of the Lord Mayor by 44 to 5, and a Bill for making the Liverpool corporation apply the Mersey dues to their original object, the improvement of the harbour, was carried by 23 to 15, the outcry, usual when robbery or jobbery is assailed, being raised about the rights of private property.

Government has allowed so much chattering in the Commons, that it is now necessary to throw over the Savings Banks Bill. MR. BENTINCK complained that the country was not adequately defended, and that LORD PALMERSTON was neither omniscient nor even omnipotent, also that no one could say what might happen in the next few weeks. There was some desultory talk on all these propositions, and PAM assured the House that, as far as he saw, all was serene, and that he was sending 20,000 men, of all arms, to India. A dull debate on the Chinese war followed, and SIR C. WOOD seemed rather to take credit to the Government for that war, as it had caused troops to be sent to China, which troops were collared, *en route*, and would be most useful in India. On the Wills Bill debate the persevering BETHELL made another but an indirect attempt at the limitation of country probate, but the Committee would not hear of it, and he had to abandon his clause. The Chelsea New Bridge Bill (the Bridge to Battersea Park) was read a second time. It imposes no tolls on foot-passengers, but it is thought that those who can afford vehicles can afford the two-pence to go over.

Tuesday. LORD ST. LEONARD'S introduced a plan for simplifying, as he called it, the title to real property, but at best, (*Punch* speaks with all deference to the preternatural conveyancing knowledge of the author of *Vendors and Purchasers*,) his reforms are mere tinkering, and what is wanted is a system cognate to that on which the Encumbered Estates Courts in Ireland sell a title that is good against all the lawyers in and out of Pandemonium.

CAMPBELL catechised CRANWORTH touching the Jew penalty case, but got a very short answer. The L. C. J. impressively warned the House of Commons against trying to seat a Jew by resolution, as it would expose him to penalties which he, CAMPBELL, would assuredly enforce, and then, if the Commons sent him to Newgate or the Tower, "he hoped the people would rise in his defence." BROUGHAM, also, trusted that the Commons would attempt nothing of the kind. If CAMPBELL should wish to hide himself, for a time, from the fury of the

Commons, let him come to 85, Fleet Street, where he shall be safe against all comers; and we would not give much for the seat of the *nether* garment of the Serjeant-at-Arms after *Toby* shall have been apprised of his unconstitutional errand.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL moved for leave to bring in *his* device for seating M. DE ROTHSCHILD. It was, of course, opposed vigorously by the Conservatives, but on division, triumphed by 246 to 154, majority 92, at the announcement of which numbers the opposition began shouting, because 92 is a smaller number than 140, the majority by which the Oaths Bill was carried. Meantime the BARON takes the Hundreds (it must seem a paltry operation to one who ordinarily takes the thousands) in order to re-election by the City. The old attempt to get at agricultural statistics is revived, but MR. CAIRD'S Bill is not compulsory. The B. F. is to give you information, if he likes.

Wednesday. The LORDS have inserted a clause in the Great Northern Railway Bill, making the "preference" Shareholders as liable as the common ones to bear the losses occasioned by REDPATH'S swindling. The Commons struck it out, on the principle, that the rights of the preference people were sacred. MOORE, of Mayo, being ejected from the House, his Sham, the Tenant Right Bill, followed him, to-day.

Thursday. CRANNY, wishing to show that he could say something, came out with a bit of Latin. *Interest reipublicæ ut sit finis Litium.* This was the satisfactory answer to a poor man who was utterly defrauded of justice by the last Chancellor's having delayed judgment for fifteen months, and then giving it, in forgetfulness, in an opposite direction, on an important point, to that in which he had decided at the hearing. The unhappy petitioner will probably translate CRANNY'S Latin, "It's for the Interest of the Public that judges should Sit and Finish, even if they're obliged to order Lights." BROUGHAM brought in a Bill for improving the Bankruptcy Laws, the chief use of which seems to be (like that of a gentleman's country house) to "make improvements" therein.

The Superannuation Swindle came up at the morning sitting, and MR. WILSON laboured vehemently, and with a profuse expenditure of figures, to show that the civil servants had no ground for complaint. He, however, remarked that by new taxation, the salaries might be increased, a piece of impertinence which is not likely to be forgotten by MR. WILSON'S devoted admirers. The debate was adjourned.

The miserable-looking device which is given to English Military Members of the Order of the Bath was unfavourably contrasted with the Silver Star given to the French *decorés*, and LORD PALMERSTON thought there might be improvement. The evening was devoted to discussion on Money Votes, and the Government fenced and shuffled with questions as to the site for the National Gallery, LEWIS saying he had not seen the Commissioners' Report, and GREY that he had not had time to read it. MR. CONINGHAM pledged himself to expel the Royal Academy next year, unless Government saved him the trouble.

Friday. LORD RAVENSWORTH complained of the metropolitan toll-gates. Most of them, he said, were in the hands of one LEVY, a Jew, who as his Lordship wittily remarked, Levied contributions on travellers. He was about to make other epigrams, such as that this check upon gadding about showed that the tribe of LEVI hated the tribe of GAD, and so on, but LORD GRANVILLE stopped him, promising that the subject should receive an attention not merited by the jokes. LORD FORTESCUE then demanded that Government should erect a monument to LORD RAGLAN. LORD PANMURE thought that precedent was opposed to the erecting public monuments to any naval or military man who was not slain in battle. It is difficult to read such trash with patience. LORD RAGLAN was as much killed in the discharge of his duty as any of the heroes who died in the Balaklava charge. We can almost excuse LORD DERBY for having lost his temper, and, for the sake of annoying PANMURE, having aggravated him into petulance, and then scolded him for being petulant, as he did, after which the DUKE OF BEAUFORT reminded the Lords that LORD PANMURE had always behaved ill to LORD RAGLAN, and so the matter ended.

A thousand and eighteen electors of Oxford city voted for WILLIAM THACKERAY, but as many, and sixty-seven more, having supported their old Member, MR. CARDWELL, the latter took his seat this evening. MR. DISRAELI refused to wait until the next Indian mail should arrive before discussing the Indian question, being justifiably afraid that the probable arrival of good news might give Government an advantage. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER stated that Government was not bound to carry out any one of the prize designs for Public Offices, and would do nothing in the matter this Session. We hope, however, that the prize-money will be at once handed over to the gallant (drawing) Boarders. The Divorce Bill was then moved, for second reading, and MR. HENLEY opposed its coming on this Session, mentioning among other reasons that 6000 Clergymen had petitioned against it. We attach their due weight to professional petitions against alteration in established forms, and remember that thousands of Attorneys petitioned against County Courts. SIR G. GREY saw no reason for delay, the Bill having been thoroughly discussed. MR. GLADSTONE felt no difficulty as to the principle of the Bill, and therefore, with Gladstonian logic, deprecated its being proceeded with, as did MR. BOWYER, for the Catholics. LORD JOHN MANNERS justly remarked that marriage was an Awful thing. LORD STANLEY thought that the objection of the Clergy was not so much to divorce as to their having to marry divorced people, which was a generous but Quixotic defence of those whom LORD ALBEMARLE declared to be grossly ignorant persons. The Crown lawyers and those who desire to be such, had a set-to, the noticeable point whereof was SIR R. BETHELL'S calling the attention of the House to the fact, that MR. GLADSTONE perspired a good deal in speaking, and then PALMERSTON apprised the House that the Bill *should* be proceeded with, late as was the period of the Session, adding that *he remembered sitting until the middle of September*. After these terrible words, it is not surprising that MR. HENLEY was defeated by 217 to 130, and that the Second Reading was ordered for the following Thursday.

A SMALL PACKET OF CHINESE TEA LEAVES.

Kindly sent over by SIR JOHN BOWRING.

OO much zeal is a bad soldier, who fires before the word of command.
GAMBLING is the idler's opium.
Experience is the blind man's dog.
Memory is the tax-gatherer of the past.
Ignorance shuts its eyes, and believes it is night.
Conquerors are like fires—the greater their brilliancy, the larger the ruin they leave behind them.
Advice, like water, takes the form of the vessel it is poured into.
There is a policeman in every man's conscience—even though you may not always find the policeman on the beat.

SOUND AND SENSE.

AMONG other items of recent intelligence, we find it stated, that the annual letting of the "celebrated Babraham rams" took place the other day. This statement contains a pretty example of the poetical and rhetorical figure onomatopœia; and if the fashion of writing pastorals should be revived, we would strongly recommend the selection of Babraham for the scene or *venue* of an eclogue between shepherds and shepherdesses. How suggestive is the sound of the word! how touchingly it recalls the lay with which the infancy of everybody was familiar; commencing with the line—

"Baa, baa, black sheep!"

One magic word has awakened the echoes of that old, old song, and recalled the scenes of other days. There is the old house at home, with the old faces; the nursery, the little toys, the sugar-plums, the brimstone and treacle, the grey powder. Again we view the green meadows wherein we used to play with the young lambs. Where are they now? They were eaten, long, long ago, with mint-sauce. We called them baa-lambs then—as we remembered with a sigh, whilst the bleating of rams rang on our mental ear, and whilst, in gasping accents, we spasmodically exclaimed, "Babraham!"

A Convenient Cloak.

MR. HUNCKS (familiarly known as OLD HUNCKS) refuses to buy his wife a fashionable mantle, on the plea that it must necessarily be accompanied by so much trimming and up-braiding.

A NOAH'S ARK OF A HEART.

Lord Raynham must have a heart as big as a Noah's Ark. It seems devoted, also, to a somewhat similar purpose. All things that bark, bray, bleat, grunt, crow, scream, whistle, or cackle, are allowed to take shelter in it. All animated creatures that fly, leap, swim, burrow, climb, or crawl, were to have been taken in by it. It was a kind of legislative Humane Society for the whole animal kingdom. According to his Bill for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, you would not have been able to have had a lobster boiled for supper. All the fish-shops in the Haymarket would have had to put up their shutters; for under the enactments of his Lordship's maudlin measure, we doubt if it would have been safe for any man to open an oyster. It is equally doubtful whether we should not have laid ourselves open to its penalties every time we had the cruelty to quizz Viscount Williams.

However, there is not the toss-up of a doubt that the Bill would have had the effect of entirely sweeping away the Zoological Gardens. Poor Mr. Mitchell! he would not have had so much as a Cobra left him to play with. You have no right, says our sensitive lord, to keep any animal under confinement, so as to irritate him. What, then, is to become of all the bears, lions, tigers, and boa constrictors that are confined in their cages in the Regent's Park? What are you to do with the rhinoceros? How are you to get over the two hippopotami? Are they all to be let loose upon the neighbourhood? or must you destroy them? But here, again, is another difficulty; for Lord Raynham says, you have no right to inflict pain on any living creature. However, there is no more chance of the Bill passing, than there is of the Master of the Mint passing a bad shilling; so our cooks need not alarm themselves at the prospect of being taken up for smashing a blackbeetle.

The Animals' great friend has, hitherto, been Mr. Richard Martin. Lord Raynham is a worthy successor, for we should say that the clauses of his absurd attempt at legislation must have been written under the ocular and jocular supervision of Mr. Martin's Elizabethan namesake—the celebrated Miss Betty Martin. The Bill can only have been the result of the wildest outbreak of animal spirits, and the next time his Lordship tries to take the bull by the horns, he must do it with a less cruel hand, or else he will infallibly find himself stuck on the horns of a dilemma by being the first person punished under his own enactment. For his overweening sympathy for beasts, we can only say, in the borrowed words of a Frenchman, that it is:—"*Bête!—très Bête!—tout ce qu' il y a de plus Bête!*"

"HERE WE ALL ARE!"

These marrying people give us a great deal of trouble. The other day we were obliged to offer opinions upon no fewer than six matches in high life, on which the *Morning Post* consulted us. (By the way, the footman, who told the *Post* that Lord Castlerosse was going to marry a certain lady, humbugged our contemporary, as the latter has been obliged to own in penitence and tears.) Now we find thrust under our superhuman nose the following advertisement of a marriage in humble life:—

"On the 14th inst. at Shenfield, Essex, by the Rev. C. J. York, Rector, Mr. Alfred Barton, Auctioneer and Estate Agent, Nottingham, to Charlotte, *eldest daughter* of Thomas Barton, Esq., Windbarns, near Brentwood, *granddaughter* of the late William Warren, Esq., Hampden House, near Romford, *niece* of the late James Ward, Esq., Willey Park, Farnham, Surrey, and *cousin* to Thomas Sanctuary, Esq., late High Sheriff for the county of Sussex, the late Hon. Lady Stanhope, and Lieut.-Gen. Ezekial Barton, of the First Native Infantry of the Hon. East India Company."

As *Hamlet* says, "what imports the nomination" of all these people? Why has this respectable auctioneer presented the public with this catalogue of his wife's relations, lumped in one Lot? What on earth have we to do with them? The problem, combined with the heat, disturbed us so much, that we took off our coat to consider the case more deeply, but we can arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. It certainly occurred to us that the advertisement was a delicate way of hinting to various persons that they might send in wedding presents. But it is not an ordinary custom for deceased parties to perform this act of politeness and generosity, and no fewer than three of the people enumerated are defunct. Well, then we fancied that the advertisement might be a burst of pride and glory on the part of the auctioneer, who might exult in alliance with the aristocracy. But auctioneers are usually smart men, and know that connection with an Ex-Sheriff and a General of Sepoys is no such marvellous thing for a prosperous man of business (which we hope Barton is) to make a fuss about. Lastly, and this is only a guess, and may be all wrong—is the bride's family "highly genteel" and opposed to commercial pursuits, and has the lady had more sense than all her friends, and is this the bridegroom's *pardonable taunt to the Stuck-ups?* If so, we applaud Barton, and we hope it is so, because we really see no other excuse for the publication of such a string of names at the end of a wedding announcement.

THE BURIAL OF BÉRANGER.

Ah, Béranger, you brave old singer,
Of all the things you hated worst,—
That felt your lash's lustiest stinger,—
Tyrant and Jesuit were first.

At Jesuitry, whate'er its robe,
Kingly or Priestly, still you scoffed:
Stabbed it with laughter round the globe,
Exposed each mask it donned or doffed.

Imprisoned under Charles the Tenth,
Imprisoned under "Mr. Smith;"
Your pen but gathered greater strength,
More salt, more gall, more point and pith.

Then came the days of 'Forty-Eight:
Grown wiser still as you grew older,
You stepped not out to serve the State,
But only shrugged the coldest shoulder.

Smiling beside your modest fire
At poets grey, turned statesmen green:
Heard Hugo vent rhetoric ire,
And sighed o'er poor old Lamartine.

You saw the social bubble burst,
As kingly ones had burst before;
But still your green old age you nurst,
And poked your fire, and shut your door

Against the nephew of the man
Whom in your youth you made a God:
By whose triumphal car you ran:
Your Attila—Heaven's scourging rod.

The nephew had giv'n gold for laud,
Hard francs for flattery's hollow ring;
But his mixed reign of force and fraud
Was not the reign that you could sing.

So, while you lived, you sat aloof,
As one late-fall'n on evil days,
Equally fear and favour-proof:
Not venting blame: not feigning praise.

Defiant thus you died: once dead,
Alas, the nephew has his way.
Presumes to crown the lifeless head,
Which, living, frowned his hand away.

And, bitterest lot, old bard, for you,
Scarce cold, they earth your hurried bier,
With hollow show of honours due,
That serve to mask the tyrant's fear.

"Mournful and Patriotic rites!"
Sabres and bayonets line the way:
The flag, that graced the Uncle's fights,
Droops sadly o'er your captive clay.

Jesuit and Despot, both in one,
Usher you to your hasty grave.
Sad closing of a course so run—
Death that frees most, makes *you* a slave.

Making Game of a Friend.

"Well, what do you say to the Lords' division?" asked Baron Rothschild, the other day, of Mr. Bernal Osborne.

"*Say?*" replied Osborne, unfeelingly; "why, as the croupier at Baden says, *Le Jew est fait!*"

THE ROUND HAT AT A REVIEW.

Officer (blandly, but with firmness). "WE MUST TROUBLE YOU, IF YOU PLEASE, LADIES, TO TAKE YOUR HATS OFF. THE GENTLEMEN BEHIND COMPLAIN THAT THEY CAN'T SEE."

THE SOCIAL TREADMILL. No. 12.

"FROM my own social experience I should be inclined to say that 'a little music'—like 'a little knowledge'—is 'a dangerous thing.' I suppose we shall all agree that of the many varieties of the evening-party-punishment, none can well be more severe than that to which one is sentenced by a card, with the apparently innocent word 'Music' at the bottom of it. Let me enumerate the different inflictions of social torture included in this insidious dissyllable.

"*Imprimis.* It means crowding four hundred people, of both sexes and all ages, into a space sufficient to accommodate about half the number.

"*Secondly.* It means that all these four hundred unfortunates are to be planted in chairs, so placed, that not one of the four hundred can get up without disturbing all the rest—Like WORDSWORTH'S cloud, the mass must 'move all together, if it move at all.'

"*Thirdly.* It means, either, enduring trash vocal or crash instrumental, which it is pure waste of time, and degradation of human ears, to listen to, or,

"*Fourthly.* Hearing sweet melodies and noble harmonies under conditions of discomfort and distraction, which utterly destroy the exquisiteness of the one, and the grandeur of the other.

"*Fifthly.* It means conversation prevented.

"*Sixthly.* It means confining one's view of the ladies to their back-hair, or the floral and leguminous ornaments which embellish the female *nuque* now-a-days.

"*Seventhly.* It implies, in nine cases out of ten, an insufferable display either of amateur impudence, or artistic mediocrity.

"*Eighthly.* It shows JOHN BULL in some of his most offensive phases of snobbishness, and purse-pride.

"*Ninthly.* It is tedious.

"*Tenthly.* It is costly.

"And to conclude, it encourages bad music; keeps up the mischievous delusion that the English are a musical nation; and brings over annually to these shores a set of impudent and incapable pretenders, who degrade a divine art, and laugh at the British beard. Music! *This* a musical party! These four hundred bored, *blasé*, over-heated, over-crowded, sufferers—and at the upper end of the room that knot of dark-whiskered, blue-chinned, black-moustached, short-cropped men—looking like the lately discharged cargo of a continental convict-ship—and that cluster of hard-featured, hollow-eyed, foreign women, entrenched behind the rampart of an ERARD'S or BROADWOOD'S grand pianoforte, much bethumped by the long-haired Teutonic or Gallic, or Italian accompanyist, at a pound for the evening, and refreshments! No, you deceive yourself, MR. BULL. This is *not* music. What musical appreciation there may be in this audience—what musical utterance there may be in the soul, or throat, or fingers of these vocalists or instrumentalists—finds no outlet in this place under these conditions. The man who bought Punch from the puppet-show-man and thought he would squeak, and speak, and break everybody's head, without the ingenious artist in the show-box, was not more out in his calculation than my LORD DUKE OF DREARYCOURT, or HIS GRACE THE MARQUIS OF CARABAS, or MR. MONEYPENNY, the great City capitalist, when he hires HERR BLAUSENBALG, and SIGNOR SQUALLINI, and SIGNORA DANARI GUADAGNA, at ten guineas per song, in the expectation of getting music out of them. These people have a contempt for their magnificent employer, as they sit there, in their scornful isolation, behind the grand piano. Their music ought to translate itself—both for them and for you—into the clink of sovereigns. '*Sing a Song of Sixpence*,' is the motto of both employers and employed. They give their notes in exchange for yours. Hear them talk of England; they are at no pains to conceal their contempt for every thing in and about the country,—but its guineas; and you have no right to blame them. You buy their songs, just as you buy your pine-apples, and your plate and your pictures: because opera-singers and pine-apples, and plate and pictures, are types and symbols of wealth and consequence.

"There have been times when England was musical. But they came long before the epoch of operas, and 'nobility's concerts,' and 'musical evenings.' Those were the days of good QUEEN BESS, when scarce a man or woman, high or low, but could bear a part in glee or madrigal or part-song—when in manor, and farm, and village ale-house,

SCENE FROM IVANHOE.

(LATEST EDITION.)

GRAND MASTER (E—L OF D—Y). "BACK, DOG! I TOUCH NOT MISBELIEVERS, SAVE WITH THE—BETTING-BOOK. WHAT WILL YOU DO ABOUT *BLINK BONNY*?

and rustic church, cunningly blended voices went up continually, 'in linked sweetness long drawn out'—when the maiden of high degree sung at her virginals or lute, the minstrel at the market-cross to his viol or crowd, the milk-maid to the birds over her pail—when music was a part of every man's education and of every woman's accomplishment.

"*You* musical! You might as well call the Mussulman fond of dancing, when he hires his troop of Almées, or Ghawazies, or the Hindoo, with his Nautch-girls rattling their bangles before his lazy eyes.

"There can be no music on these terms of a crowded and uncomfortable audience in front of the piano, and a batch of hired singers, sulky and separate, behind it. It is at best a weary, dreary, serving up of operatic scraps—a meal of musical broken meat, flung as contemptuously to those who sit down to it, as the orts of yesterday's table are flung to a crowd of beggars at a rich man's door. Music demands for its real enjoyment, ample room, silence, genuine intercommunion of performers and listeners. It is the most social and select of all amusements, in its minor forms. In its grander ones it is the most passionate of all utterances of emotion, or the most sublime and awful of all acts of worship.

"I understand a part-song of Master Willbye's in Elizabethan days. I understand the Vinedressers' Chorus in an Italian grape-ground. I understand the rude round in the forecastle of an Indiaman, or the chant that times the heaving of the anchor in a North country coaster. I understand the lyrical swing, and passion of the Opera, heard from a curtained-box, with room for one's legs, and a pleasant companion opposite. I understand the Hundredth Psalm, rung from the thousand children's throats under the dome of St. Paul's. I understand Beethoven at Exeter Hall, or Handel at the Crystal Palace. All these are music. But I do *not*, and I pray Heaven, I never may understand, your drawing-room concerts. There is weariness in them: there is vanity in them: there is money-power in them. But music there is *not*."

WIGGY-CUM-COCKY.

The Women of Bristol once upon a time—there is no harm in mentioning it now,—were so singularly unfavoured by the deity who confers the gift of Beauty (we apologise for not naming her, but our *Lemprière* has been borrowed by a contributor to the *Saturday Review*), that in order to help them to those necessaries of feminine life—husbands, it was decreed that the freedom of the City of Bristol should be given to any man who would go into conjugal slavery with a Bristol girl. Now, of course, a Bristolian would toss you over St. Augustine's Back, or into the Severn, did you assert that the ladies of the place are not perfect angels.

We, even did not truth and gallantry forbid it, should scorn to advance any allegation against the loveliness of Bristol. The city of the marvellous Boy produces marvellous girls. But there is another town in whose favour we are disposed to think some such matrimonial bait will one of these days be wanted. This town is Leicester. We say it sorrowfully; for we had good hopes of a city that, at the last election turned out a very pretentious and useless personage, Sir Joshua Walmsley. The Leicester women, however, seem to lack the brains of their lords and masters.

The other day we read that the women of Leicester, in flat defiance of their duty to their superiors who had ejected Joshua, went to that individual with an address, in order to console him. They had perhaps heard from Cowper (though it is doubtful whether such fast females could condescend to read a mere virtuous, namby-pamby, moral writer) that—

> "The tear that is wiped with A little Address,
> May be followed, perchance, by a smile."

This little Address ought to have cheered Joshua, who was himself proverbial for the little address with which he took up any political question. But, not satisfied, the Leicester Women have been holding a meeting in the Town Hall, in favour of Woman's Rights.

Mrs. Woodford was in the chair, and Mrs. Cockayne, Mrs. Wigfield, and Mrs. King, were the principal speakers. It is stated in the report that though the active people in the matter were of the humbler class, the ladies of Leicester promoted the movement. The account of what Woodford, Cocky, and King said is brief, but Mother Wiggy came out astonishingly. She set forth that woman was taken from man's rib to show her equality with him, and that had he been meant to trample on her, she would have been taken from his foot. This is highly superior logic, but why was she not taken from his head, to make the equality still more clear? Equal provision was made for her, Mrs. Wiggy says, in the Ark. This is true, but we are unacquainted with any evidence to show that Noah's wife and female relatives did not dust up the Ark and keep it tidy, offices which the Orientals have an old habit of confiding to their women. Wiggy also complained that though Miriam was allowed to go about with a timbrel, "our women are not permitted to speak in public." This, we admit, is a grievance, but as regards Mrs. Wigfield, we do not see any objection to her going about with a tambourine, if the musical instrument-sellers find any difficulty in supplying her with a timbrel. Evidently, some such occupation is her mission. She then denounced Primogeniture. How the law of primogeniture interferes with woman's interests is not clear, inasmuch as if Mrs. Wiggy has sisters, and an estate devolves on her and them, they will all take alike, by the rules of descent. But the arrangement by which one child is born after another, is, we admit, a question for the ladies, and if they can settle it in any other way than at present, we see no objection.

But the grand allegation, and that which the meeting chiefly cheered and relied upon was this: "Woman is man's equal in everything—EXCEPT PHYSICAL STRENGTH."

O Wiggy! O Cocky! O all you women of Leicester, and everywhere else, will you kindly consider, only for a minute, what this little extra gift of Physical Strength, of which you speak so lightly, means, and what are its responsibilities? It means, getting up every morning, whether you like it or not, working one's hardest at what work one can get, pleasant or hateful, fighting for the pay thereof, beating off all who would touch that pay, and taking it home to buy food and clothes for you and your children. It means building the houses you live in, the carriages you ride in, the steamers you go pleasuring in, and being fined, imprisoned, or transported, if the houses fall, the carriages run off lines, or the ships go down. It means ploughing and sowing and reaping, that you may have bread for puddings and poultices. It means sailing the ocean to fetch you tea to chatter over, and silk to flirt in. It means paying your debts while one can, and when one can't, going to prison for 'em. It means keeping you, from wedding-ring to coffin-rings, and being scoffed at by the world, and kicked at by the law, if, during that period, one neglects the work. This is a little of what Physical Strength means—that little exception to perfect equality. And O Cocky! O Wiggy! O all of you! we are very happy that it should be so, if you will just dust up our Arks, and keep them tidy, comb the hair of our little children, and sometimes see to a button. Come, girls, come, it's not a hard bargain for you, after all.

But catch us marrying a Leicester woman—at least unless Leicester, female, repudiates the Wiggy-cum-Cocky demonstration. Let Leicester get a name for this sort of thing, and its spinsters will find it no easy matter to get any other names than those they now wear. The Mayor will have to bait the trap with freedoms.

Election Committee Bulletin.

Mr. Moore,
Is shown the door;
Mr. Neate,
Has lost his seat;
Mr. Merry,
Is downcast, very;
And Mr. O'Flarty,
'S a flabberghasted party.

There you have the decisions (condensed in a small way),
For Mayo, and Oxford, and Falkirk, and Galway.

Cause and Effect.

A Paragraph has been going the round of the newspapers, about a rat which trotted across the floor of the House of Commons, during one of the late very miscellaneous debates. It is not generally known that Mr. Roebuck was the first to perceive the intruder. "Ha! that reminds me," said the honourable member for Sheffield, and immediately put his "He-rat motion" on the paper. This quite explains what some have called the strangely inopportune character of the motion.

Misanthropy, by Double Entry.—To escape from the boredom of ourselves we fly into the world—and to escape from the boredom of others we are only too glad to fly home again.

ALL-WORK AND SOME PLAY.

MRS. WARREN, please to come here, M'm. No, SAM, not you, we have castigated you, our boy, Now and Then *(ha! ha!)*, and may have to do so again; but we never called you a woman. It is MRS. WARREN, "editress of *Drawing-Room Magazine, Books of the Boudoir, Time-thrift*," &c., whom we want, and 'specially in her character of authoress of the only one of her works which *Mr. Punch* has had the honour of seeing, *Cookery for Maids of All-Work*. Come here, M'm, and don't be frightened. You have tried to do a good thing, and you have succeeded, M'm.

We picked up your book at a railway station, and desire to see it at all railway stations. The Address gave us good hopes of you. You do not apologise to genteel people for writing a book to folks who keep but one servant, but you begin boldly:—"Much of the comfort of numerous households depends upon that very useful person, the Maid-of-All-Work." You proceed to show how everything is expected from her, and nothing is taught her, or how a cookery-book, prescribing expensive processes, described in inexact language, is given her for her discomfiture and for quarrels with her mistress, and how she blunders through servitude to become the blundering wife of a poor man, whom she will always keep poor. Then, M'm, you set to work to help her and her mistress also, and you give, in plain language, and with practical advice, instructions for some thirty dinners, to the preparation whereof comes in almost every article likely to be cooked for the class that employs the Maid-of-All-Work. You will observe, MRS. WARREN, that we have read your book.

Your book is by no means perfect, M'm, and before it reaches a third edition (our copy is from the second) you will be good enough to go carefully through every page, and revise it. For instance, M'm, in the Boiled Leg of Mutton dinner, you are pleased to observe, "Weigh the mutton, place it in scalding water enough to just cover it; after it bubbles, allow a quarter of an hour to every pound it weighs, and eight minutes *to every half pound*." What do you mean, woman? At this rate, a leg of six pounds must be boiled six quarters of an hour and ninety-six minutes. You don't mean that, dear lady? At least, if you do, don't ask us to dine with you off your Boiled Leg.

In the Peas and Boiled Bacon dinner, MRS. WARREN, you remark, "Another way of dressing peas, and where there are children they go much farther," &c. How much farther do the children go? And farther, from what? From the table? Then, you know, they drop their orts on the carpet, and when getting down, tread the mess into it. You should tell the Maid to push their chairs close up to the table—Eh? You meant that peas go farther. We beg your pardon.

Don't let us catch you putting common vinegar into the salad, as proposed at page 33, that 's all.

We applaud your politeness even to a pig. "Send with it to the baker's a quarter pound of butter, and *request it* to be frequently rubbed with this." No pig of good breeding could refuse a request so urged. And it is a very good reason for cutting up, before sending up, boiled rabbits, that "otherwise they look somewhat like cats." The same thought occurred to us at a Parisian restaurant, last year, while eating a pseudonymous cat, disguised as a rabbit. "A table-spoonful of BROWNING to the calf's-head soup" (p. 51) may be tried, but we never found that gentleman's writings at all suited to a calf's head.

Fresh as a country girl's song comes the Boiled Mackarel receipt. "April and May, when the fennel is springing,"—why, MRS. WARREN, you are a poetess yourself. MRS. BROWNING (darling of the above, and of us) might have written—

> "April and May is the time for this fish,
> When the Fennel, the Fennel is springing,
> Put into hot water (some salt) and then dish,
> When the fourth of an hour has elapsed—I could wish
> No boiling—but simmering and singing;
> And O for the sauce-boat (there 's no rhyme but Fish!)
> Where Fennel and Butter lie clinging."

You may have these beautiful lines for your next edition, M'm, welcome as the flowers of mackarel month.

About Scalloping Oysters, M'm. You would lead a stupid girl into a blunder for which an Irish oyster eater of a hasty temper would very justifiably throw her out at the window of his apartment. You say, "Take off the beards, set *them* in a dish or tin, rub crumbs over them," &c. Pray, be quick with a new edition, ere some wretched girl fall a victim—remember, oysters are all but in.

"Where children are." A simple phrase, but one with immense significance, and we are glad to see it occur very often in your book, in company with advice how to render eligible for the olive-branches the dish of which you are treating. Specially, we note on p. 29 the hint that suet pudding will please *and satisfy* them more than bread. After a good help of the former article, we certainly believe that the affectionate remonstrance, "More? why, my dear, you must have got a wolf inside you," will be superfluous.

Well, M'm, we don't know that we need detain you. We have picked a few holes in your book, but as KING PEDRO said to MARIA DE PADILLA, when he had gone and married somebody else, "it all was for thy good." Let us add that your gossip with young mistresses is very sensible, but you should give some more of it, and in a separate book. This one is for the Maid, and your preface might set her educating her Mistress, a salutary process, no doubt, but one which from what we have observed of lady-temperament, is not calculated to promote long connection between the parties.

And now, M'm, we have said our say. Knowing how much domestic comfort has to do with domestic morals, *Mr. Punch* aids any effort to teach our women, of all ranks, and accidentally discovering you as his fellow-labourer, he has generously given you this Thundering Puff.

SILVER SUPERSEDED.

PASTEBOARD, tinsel, and spangles, according to LORD HOTHAM, constitute the star of the Order of the Bath; and GENERAL CODRINGTON thinks that it ought to be formed of silver instead, and that Parliament would not begrudge paying for a few stars which would be given for distinguished naval and military services. In the event of another war, the stars which would have to be given would, we trust, be not a few; but both Parliament and the country would, no doubt, be regardless of expense incurred by making those stars out of proper metal. The question is, whether in the adoption of that metal, cheapness would not be combined with economy. What metal could be more proper for the star with which BRITANNIA decorates her warriors than BRITANNIA metal?

ORIENTAL PROBLEM FOR PARLIAMENT.—If the East India Board of Directors is one stool, and the Board of Control is another stool, what is our Indian Empire, and whither do we expect it to go?

HINTS TO THE HOT.

The delightful heat is an excuse for almost everything. The thermometer is at 119°, and may be at 200° for aught we know by the time we publish. We are perfectly calm. We dictate every line of our own, and keep a stupid young man to read all contributions and correspondence; but, as humanity to the inferior creation is our forte, we allow him to stand in our water-butt with an umbrella over him, and to drink as much stout as he can without subsiding down among the tadpoles. He has just bawled to us, that he makes neither head nor tail of an article sent in by Mr. Disraeli. We can't be bothered with writing to Disraeli—he must take this notice to be brighter, or we shall curtail his salary.

The heat is an excuse for almost anything. But not quite. We hear that divers people of our acquaintance are going extreme lengths. This is to signify that they must pull up.

Augustus de Montmorency will oblige us by resuming his waistcoat and cravat, and by putting on his gloves before he goes out. Walking about Berkeley Square with his naked hands hanging down, no collars nor vest, and a great cigar in his mouth, is conduct which his father the Viscount would not approve, nor do we.

Jack Wiggles has only £150 a-year in the Post Office, and certainly cannot afford to take a Hansom there and back every day, especially when he considers the state of his laundress's book. Let him breakfast early and walk slowly to his duty. It is not of the slightest consequence what time he gets home.

If Herbert Watkins, of Somerset House, drinks twelve large glasses of iced Seltzer and Sherry every day, he will do himself harm. We limit him to five.

We have a strong notion that Miss Mary Wilton comes down to breakfast without any stockings. She shuffles to her seat in a hurry and never moves from it till everybody else is gone. We forgive the past in consequence of her being only fifteen years old, but she must complete her toilette for the future.

There is no objection to Frank Somers's lying on the sofa all night instead of going to bed, but there is great objection to his keeping that bottle of Inverness whiskey and a cigar-box beside him.

The Reverend Ignatius Lloyd was engaged to write by the year, without reference to weather, and we will trouble him for "copy" instead of feeble observations on the enervating influence of the atmosphere. He will look precious queer if it enervates us so much that we can't take out our cheque-book on Saturday next.

Matilda Walters will *not* push her hair behind her ears, or braid it either, but will wear her ordinary curls, in which she looks almost pretty.

We heard of the sham telegraph message that fetched Dickey Brown from a family party to Brighton, to see an aunt who was described as dangerously ill there, the old girl being perfectly well all the time, at Worthing; but, as Mrs. Dickey has also heard of it, we need not add to Brown's penance. And Wednesday *was* an awfully hot day to listen to one's relations, and their relations.

Alfred Vopps may think that the Club does not notice the way he walks into Badminton; but there are bets in the smoking-room as to whether he will do his four jugs in a day.

If it was "so hot" that Henry Popples could not take his wife to hear Grisi and Mario in the *Trovatore* on Thursday, how did it happen that he could be seen at midnight at Evans's, hazily asking Mr. Green whether Charles the Second had ever been in Mr. G.'s concert room?

Our contributor, Robinson, may write to us from his hip-bath if he likes, but he ought not to splash the paper all over. We thought at first, that it was tears of penitence for his shortcomings, until we were disabused by the flippancy of his mode of address, and we decline to be called "Old Cock." We are not an old cock.

Lord Palmerston has not come to ask for orders for two days. If he makes it three, we shall give them to his successor.

SUCCESS; A SONG OF VICIOUS INDIGNATION.

BY A HEBDOMADAL CRITIC.

Air—"*Home, Sweet Home!*"

What rage and what rancour, what wrath and distress,
I feel at a popular author's success,
With malice and fury it makes my heart flare,
And rends it with pangs too atrocious to bear.
Oh yes! I confess
There 's nothing I hate like another's success.

Curse that man whose genius wins fortune and fame,
When I by dull prosing cannot do the same.
How gladly I would, if I could, pull him down,
And throw him, and all his, to starve on the Town!
Oh yes! &c.

How long will his tedious prosperity last?
Oh! when will the day of his credit be past?
Ah! when, with the rapture of hate, shall I gloat
Upon his lean figure and threadbare worn coat?
Oh yes! &c.

As staunch as a hound ever stuck to a deer,
In vain I pursue him with slander and sneer.
The more I abuse him, the more folks admire,
To madness which stings me, with envy on fire.
Oh yes! &c.

The heat of my passion is such, that it bakes
My blood, which by nature is cold as a snake's,
Till that bubbles up in an impotent hiss:
I spring and I snap—but my object I miss.
Oh yes! &c.

Yet still will I dog him with diligent spite;
I 'll snarl and I 'll snap, though unable to bite;
As long as he lives, I 'll rail at him and rave;
Then yelp o'er, and scratch, the fresh mould on his grave.
Oh yes! &c.

THE SPURGEON ADVERTISER.

Mr. Spurgeon must be greatly annoyed by the snobbish greediness with which his name is appropriated and turned to purposes of puffery, as in the advertisement following:—

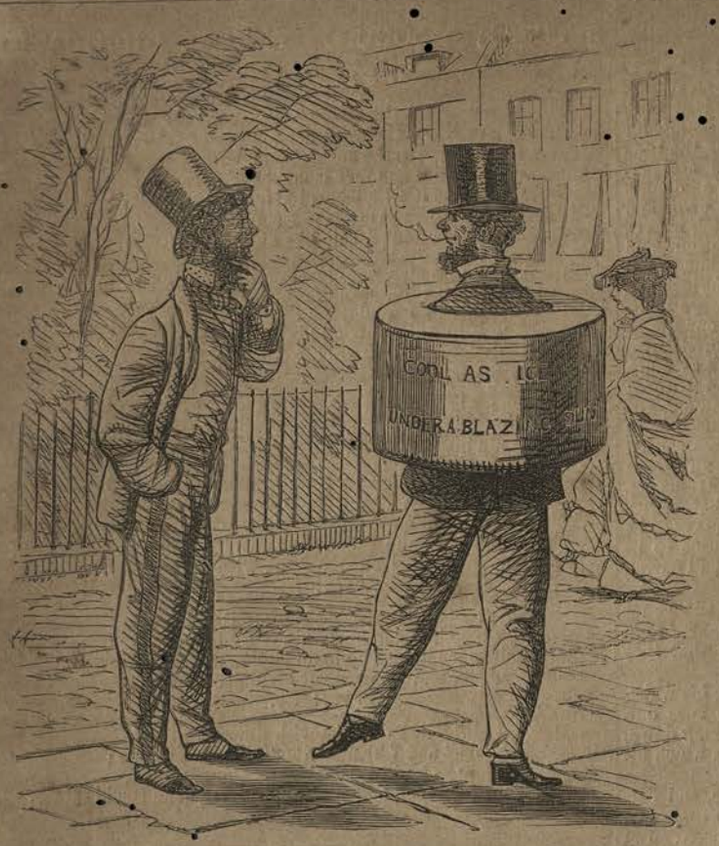
Rev. C. H. SPURGEON and the Rev. W. VERNON.—The Sermon referred to by the latter gentleman, in his Letter to the *Morning Post*, on the 16th instant, forwarded amongst twelve preached at the Surrey Gardens before 10,000 of the nobility and gentry, out of 140 published, for 14 stamps by . . . . Judge for yourselves.

This abuse of the name of Mr. Spurgeon for commercial objects is, he must feel, vexatiously calculated to impede his ministry. It drags him and it into association with sordid and ludicrous ideas. If his mission were that of another gentleman who shares his sphere of action, if not of usefulness, the case might be different. If, instead of lifting his forefinger, and suiting words to the action, it were his business to wave a music-staff at the Surrey Gardens, and regulate quadrilles, his vocation would have reference to time rather than to eternity. Then his name might be placarded and paraded in large letters, to the increase of the effect which it would be his object to produce on his hearers—the excitement of a rampant levity. But Mr. Spurgeon's eloquence is supposed to have a serious aim, to which puffs and posters stand in ludicrous relation.

The other side of the river is not like the other side of the Atlantic, where if a preacher took occasion, in the course of his sermon, to advertise his own store, or stuck bills relative to his merchandise on the outside of his pulpit, he would probably in no degree diminish the impression of his discourse by resorting to those dodges in connection with it. It is a great shame to corrupt the reputation of Mr. Spurgeon into the celebrity of Professor Gullaway. To vulgarise a preacher's good name is almost as bad as to rob him of it; and a remedy ought to be provided for such damage to reputation. What next? We shall perhaps have some irreverent and impudent tobacconist advertising Spurgeon Cigars!

Daft Objects.

A Petition was presented the other night by Colonel Sykes, from the Parochial Board of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen, approving of the objects of the Lunacy (Scotland) Bill, but disapproving of its enactments. This appears to mean, that the petitioners approve of idiots and madmen, but disapprove of the obligation to take any care of them.



COOL SUMMER DRESS.

"WHY, FRED, MY DEAR FELLOW, WHATEVER HAVE YOU GOT ON?"

"WHY, DON'T YOU SEE?—A PORTABLE REFRIGERATOR: DEUCED COMFORTABLE THIS HOT WEATHER, I CAN TELL YOU!"

A MIDSUMMER MORNING'S DREAM.

A MORE than commonly interesting "Marriage in High Life" was reported the other day by our fashionable contemporary. This affair came off, not at All Swells', but at St. Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. The reporter mentions a remarkable feature of the entertainment—for such it really appears to have been—in stating that

"MENDELSSOHN'S '*Wedding March*' was played upon the organ as the procession moved up to the altar, and until the bride and bridegroom had taken their places in front of the communion table."

In addition we are informed that—

"The service (performed with choral music) was unusually impressive."

The bride and bridegroom on this occasion will perhaps be surmised by some who know no better, to have been his GRACE, *Theseus, Duke of Athens*, and HER MAJESTY, *Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons*. The altar up to which they moved to MENDELSSOHN'S "*Wedding March*," may be imagined to have been the Altar of HYMEN; whose torch may, for the nonce, have been placed upon it in lieu of tapers. The choral music with which the service was performed, and which was "unusually impressive," may be supposed to have been borrowed from the same work as the "March," and in being unusually impressive may be conceived to have been unusually jolly.

Immediately on the conclusion of the ceremony, the happy pair may be conjectured to have adjourned to the mansion of the noble bridegroom, where, after partaking of the customary collation, they witnessed a theatrical entertainment, consisting of a mock tragedy, composed by a humble dramatic author, and performed, in honour of the occasion, by a company of amateurs of the working classes.

A Shave.

MR. MUNTZ leaves Parliament from ill health. We hope he is not seriously ill or too unwell to enjoy the wittiest thing that has ever been said in our time; but which, if his indisposition is grave, we withdraw, with regret—namely, that he wants change of hair.

HOW TO GET A LADY TO SHOW HER FOOT. — Praise the foot of some one else!

AN ART-WELLINGTON.

THE Duke *passant*, the Duke *rampant*, the Duke *regardant*, the Duke *couchant*, the Duke in almost all manner of attitudes, may be said to have been designed by the competitors for the new Wellington Statue. A few more conceptions of the great Duke might be modelled—the Duke eating; the Duke drinking; the Duke washing his hands; the Duke shaving himself; the Duke mending a pen; the Duke cutting a cedar pencil, or, at an early period, scraping a slate one: the young Duke, then MASTER WELLESLEY, doing a sum. These would be simple designs; but if a more complex composition were desired, the Duke might be represented as receiving the congratulations of BUSINESS—the figure of BUSINESS being that of a grocer in an apron, and BUSINESS having a pen behind his ear.

Awakened, at last, to the fact that we cannot make a statue ourselves, we have invited foreign competition for the design of the Wellington Monument, but with indifferent results. The fact is, that the statue of a modern hero is a statue of clothes, which are comical, and make the figure invested by them a comic hero. Such a hero is no more a fit subject for sculpture than he is of heroic poetry. The hero in ADDISON'S *Campaign*, to be sure, rode on the whirlwind and directed the storm in a great wig; but an illustration representing him as he appeared on that occasion, would be funny.

The face of a statue in the modern costume, constitutes—when unusually well executed—the only difference between a work of art and a dummy. In the German slang of the day such an image might indeed be called an art-dummy. The only reason why, in criticising such a statue, a cobbler ought to confine himself to the *chaussure* is, that a cobbler is not a tailor. But in the case of the very best statue of a WELLINGTON that could be made, a cobbler would be a competent judge; for that statue would be a boot. Such was the monument which the contemporaries of our great Chief erected to him in leather. The cobbler would perhaps hold that, for the proposed memorial, there is still nothing like leather—but there he would be a prejudiced man. Let us endorse the taste and judgment of our predecessors, and perpetuate their idea in marble. We can make a decent boot, and may perhaps, make a tolerable statue of one.

The highest honour that we pay to our most illustrious personages is that of applying their names to boots—we denominate our highlows BLUCHERS, ALBERTS, COBURGS—and our boot of boots is the WELLINGTON. The most noble Order of the Boot is conferred on none but Princes and Warriors; there is the NEWTONIAN theory and the DAVY Lamp; but there are no NEWTONS at 14*s.* 6*d.* or DAVYS at 12*s.*

Indeed, the honour of the boot is very properly decreed only to those who have won their spurs, and the recollection of this circumstance may animate many a youthful private and predestined Field Marshal, whose feelings may be faintly expressed in the following lines:—

Said the bravest of young recruits,
I go where the cannons rattle,
My name with the names of boots
Shall shine for my deeds in battle!

Enough has probably now been said to convince everybody at all conversant with the subject, that the new WELLINGTON statue ought to be a WELLINGTON Boot.

OUR IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT, LAST WEEK.

WE had hoped to be in a condition to make, this week, the astounding revelation to which we referred in our last. We are. But we have reason to think, from communications which have reached us, that the world is not in a condition to receive the intelligence. A few days more of preparation seem imperatively demanded. We solemnly pledge ourselves, however, that nothing shall defer the announcement, in all its fulness, beyond our next number. In the mean time we earnestly implore all, all, without distinction of age or sex, to BEWARE OF THE ———!

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"A CASE FOR THE POLICE." SCENE IN OXFORD STREET.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

July 27th, Monday. The relief of Divorce was afforded in three cases, but *Mr. Punch* is happy to state that the parties were rich, as was shown by their having paid a thousand guineas and more, a-piece, to obtain the Bills to which the QUEEN's assent was this day given. Such persons, of course, have a right to Parliamentary aid.

A little Indian debate was got up in the Lords, while a large one was raging in the Commons. LORD CLANRICARDE adduced some instances of the utter contempt with which young officers in the Indian service are taught to regard regimental duty. The DUKE OF ARGYLL thought it premature to discuss the question of India at all.

In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON was perpetually questioned as to whether he had heard from India, the telegraph being due. He had not, up to the close of the sitting at two in the morning, but on Tuesday private people received the tidings, published on Wednesday, that Delhi had not fallen, that the mutiny was spreading, that there was no Bengal army left, and that English soldiers were fast arriving. All this was unknown during the debate. MR. DISRAELI, himself not a bad representative of a mutinous Asiatic, denounced everything that had ever been done in India, and poor VERNON SMITH, to DIZZY'S extreme delight, reproached him with being mischievous. DISRAELI wanted a Commission sent out to inquire into the grievances of the rebels, but this was too much for the English spirit of LORD JOHN RUSSELL, who moved as an amendment that the House should address the QUEEN, and assure her of every assistance in putting the rebels down. MR. THOMAS BARING, also, who might be the Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer if he chose (and LORD DERBY happened to come into office), pitched into his fellow Conservative very severely. MR. AYRTON, of the Tower Hamlets, who appears to have taken a vow to speak upon all occasions whatsoever, but who, having practised as a barrister in India, had some right to be heard to-night, tried to get the debate adjourned, but was beaten by 203 to 79. There was a good deal of speaking besides, and DISRAELI's taunting reply, when he had only to be personal and sarcastic, was evidently so much more in earnest than his speech, which dealt with grave interests, that he was very successful. He nicknamed LORD JOHN RUSSELL the Halcyon, brooding on bright waters, and (he added, with a little confusion of metaphor) playing a conciliatory card to assist Government. A halcyon at whist is a notion worthy an Asian mystic. Finally, the Halcyon's amendment was unanimously adopted.

Tuesday. The Liverpool people petition for Courts of Reconcilement, wherein quarrels may be settled at once, and the lawyers be prevented from plunder. The Liverpool people are sensible men, except in petitioning for such things to two chambers, in one of which, almost the only men with brains are retired and enriched lawyers, and in the other the same noxious element is about ten times as prevalent. Why not establish such Courts for themselves, making compact to be bound by the decisions? The Fraudulent Trustees Bill was read a second time, LORD BROUGHAM telling a good story of a boy who, choosing a trade, begged to be brought up an "executor," having noticed that it must be a good business, as, ever since his father had been one, there had always been meat in the house.

SIR GEORGE GREY proposed to hand over the powers of the Board of Health to a Committee of the Educational Council, but finally gave it up, and arranged to take a continuance of the powers of the Board. The Metropolis and all the provincial cities being now so thoroughly drained and cleansed, the Thames being so completely purified, and every precaution being everywhere in readiness, should epidemic or disease break out, (the stench which happens to poison the House of Commons every day is a trifle not worth mentioning,) the health of the people—none of whom now live in crowded lodging-houses, without water and other conveniencies—may be considered as perfectly cared for, and the "local" folks are right in asking to abolish a Board for which there is no further use.

The evening's debate was on Military Education, and when the beau-ideal which the House proposes to itself as the model of a British officer shall be realised, there will no longer be anything unreasonable in the sentiments of the females who reside in the neighbourhood of the MISSES KENWIGS, and behold in the wax image in the spirited young hairdresser's window that conformation found only in Military Men and Angels. A resolution that the military angels, especially those on the staff, ought to receive a higher education than now, and that competitive examination should be one of its elements, was agreed to.

The writs for Mayo and Galway were refused, and instead, the Irish Attorney-General was ordered to prosecute the priests CONWAY and RYAN. Some of the Irish members, of the anti-English party, opposed the prosecution, but were beaten by overwhelming majorities on three divisions, and indeed may be charitably supposed to have shown fight only to please their masters, the Irish priests.

Wednesday. Mr. Punch has but to put forth his influence in earnest to secure a glorious victory for any party into whose scale he may throw his sword. But as he would sooner be torn to pieces by wild horses, or talked to death by VISCOUNT WILLIAMS, than lend any aid, save in the cause of virtue and humanity, there is no fear of his gigantic powers being misdirected. This modest statement of his position and character will scarcely be deemed irrelevant (not that he cares whether it is thought so, or not) when he announces that on this day, Wednesday, the result of his exertions in favour of the Civil Servants of the Crown was the defeat of VISCOUNT PALMERSTON'S strong Government by 171 to 111, on the Superannuation Bill. *Mr. Punch* thus secures to every Civil Servant who has more than one hundred a-year an increase of five per cent., and an increase of two and a half per cent. to every such servant with an income under that amount. Of the banquet which the Sixteen Thousand Servants intend to offer to *Mr. Punch*, in testimony of gratitude, full details will be given in due time.

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE delivered a rather amusing and abusing attack upon some people who had petitioned against his return for Dover, and two more victims were sacrificed at the altar of Purity of Election, the two members for Yarmouth. We thought something would come of the shower of Herrings announced the other day. These signs and tokens ought not to be neglected.

Thursday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH argued with much justice, that the Government of India was not directed by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL in person, but by secretaries and clerks. The old frumps in Leadenhall Street like a large batch of dispatches, because they look fussy and business-like, and so everything is done in writing, instead of officials being brought face to face, and settling matters in ten minutes. Some of these India House people make their servants address them in letters on all occasions. One Director insists on this sort of thing from his footman,—"Sir,—I have the honour to apprise you that Tea is ready in the drawing-room, and I am further directed by my Lady to ascertain from you, whether you prefer Buttered or Dry Toast. Awaiting your reply, I have the honour to remain, Sir, your very obedient and very humble Servant, JOHN THOMAS.—1st August, 1857." This the old fool dockets, marking on the outside, "Answered, Dry," and puts the whole away, under lock and key. And on this system the Company makes its servants act, and then wonders that nothing is done.

In the Commons, MR. ADDERLEY complained of the pestilential stench which comes every evening into every window of the river-front of the Houses of Parliament. SIR BENJAMIN HALL very properly explained that for the non-drainage of the Metropolis the parties responsible were the chattering Do-nothings of the Central Works Board, itself almost a greater nuisance than any of the nuisances it neglects to abate. We shall have to abolish this Board, we see that.

The Divorce Bill came on for second reading. It was proposed by SIR RICHARD BETHELL, and then opposed by Eleven gentlemen. This

opposition Eleven would not give the Government another innings all night. Reasons as follows:—

SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE, because he is member for the University of Oxford.

MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, because he likes to talk scholarly theological mystification.

MR. LYGON, because marriage is a venerable institution.

MR. PULLEN, because many parsons oppose the Bill.

MR. WIGRAM, because he is member for the University of Cambridge.

MR. HATCHELL, because the Irish peasant girls are very virtuous.

MR. BOWYER, because he is the tool of the Romish priests.

MR. MALINS, because he is an Opposition barrister.

LORD JOHN MANNERS, because he is incapable of understanding the question.

MR. GLADSTONE, because he wanted to make a long speech at an hour when the House would listen.

MR. NAPIER, ditto.

The last two demanded adjournment, to which PALMERSTON had no objection, but the House had a great one, and opposed it by 188 to 125. Anybody, however, can force an adjournment, and therefore one was ultimately agreed to.

Friday. The battle was renewed. MR. GLADSTONE delivered an enormously long speech against the Bill; cited Latin, and Greek, and the Bible, LORD STOWELL, ORIGEN, LACTANTIUS, and the *Quarterly Review*, and made some amusing hits at the expense of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who had invented a new beatitude, "Blessed is the man that trusts the Received Version." SIR GEORGE GREY rebuked MR. G. for his subtle exercitations on texts which may be made to mean anything, and recommended common sense in preference, common sense teaching you that where the essence of marriage has been destroyed, the parties ought to be enabled to separate. LORD LOVAINE opposed the Bill, and urged the remonstrance of the Clergy. The new SOLICITOR-GENERAL replied that the weight of authority among the heads of the Church had already been thrown in favour of the Bill. MR. HENLEY grumbled about having more time. MR. WALPOLE spoke ably in favour of the measure, and was indeed the only speaker who could or did worthily tackle MR. GLADSTONE. MR. NAPIER, as a University Member, took the clerical view, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL in reply taunted MR. GLADSTONE with opposing in 1857 the same Bill which the Cabinet of 1854, of which he was a distinguished member, had introduced. The second reading of the Divorce Bill was then carried by 208 to 97; majority for it, 111.

Having told the story of the Divorce Bill, *Mr. Punch* will further remark that on Friday night LORD ELLENBOROUGH had another shot at the alleged inaction of the Indian authorities, and LORD GRANVILLE brought up an unexpected ally in the person of LUCIUS ÆMILIUS, who remonstrated in the Roman Senate against criticisms in war-time. Rather a smart debate followed, just enough to give their Lordships' an appetite for dinner at 7·30.

In the Commons, before Divorce, LORD JOHN RUSSELL gave notice of a new project for seating M. DE ROTHSCHILD—a Select Committee to consider whether the last act touching oaths affected the Parliamentary oaths. A brief debate on the Indian Army brought out the most explicit denials from the Government that they had ever the slightest idea of spreading Christianity in India—they were indeed quite indignant at so injurious an imputation.

"*Pray let us see us much of you as possible, there's a dear, between this and the 24th, on which day we are going to Scotland.*" one of the Princesses writes to *Mr. Punch*. Less than three weeks, therefore, will again vest the kingdom in the Dictator, PALMERSTON. But all is serene,—PAM is King, but *Punch* is Viceroy over him.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO WHOLESALE DEALERS IN BRUTALITY.

EVERY play-goer in what are known to actors as "the Provinces" must be well familiar with *The Warlock of the Glen*, a piece in which, if we can rightly recollect, the prevalence of mystery excites a "thrilling interest." Another WARLOCK has however come before our notice, whose case, as dealt with at the Worship Street Police Court, seems more mysterious by far than that of his dramatic namesake. Of the performances of this WARLOCK—Christian-named as ROBERT—the *Times* reports as follows:—

"MRS. JANE PEDGWICK, a delicate-looking woman, the wife of a tradesman in the City Road, stated that while passing through Bishopsgate Street on Saturday evening, leaning on the arm of her husband; the prisoner, whom she had never seen before, as she believed, came suddenly in front of them, and, without saying a word, or anything occurring to induce him to do so, struck her a heavy blow upon the bosom. She had previously suffered much pain from her neck, but the blow the prisoner dealt her had made it worse than it had ever been, and even while giving her evidence she was suffering great pain from it.

"The complainant's husband deposed to the unprovoked nature of the attack, the prisoner running away the moment he had made it; and LAMBERT, a constable attached to one of the theatres, deposed to seeing the prisoner striking and kicking three officers who had secured him, and that, on his advising him to go quietly and not resist the constable, the prisoner broke away from the officers, and knocked his hat off, and, on his stooping to recover it, dealt him such a violent kick upon the temple that he had been unable to rest all night, and could not touch his face from the pain he endured."

The *dénouement* of this is considerably more farcical than seems to be appropriate, for we find it next recorded that, after pleading drunkenness [illegible] "extenuating circumstance,"

"The prisoner having declared that he had not the slig[illegible] anything that had occurred,

"MR. D'EYNCOURT sentenced him to pay penalti[illegible] or, in default, to undergo six weeks' hard labour in the House of Correction."

What most puzzles us in this [illegible] to fi[illegible]e leniently dealt with. We are prepared to find a Magistrat[illegible] the trifling offence of knocking down a woman, but when [illegible]r even ruffled, we expect the heaviest sentence for the dastardly attack. Yet here there was clear proof that the prisoner had savagely assaulted four policemen, and, by a most mysterious blindness on the Bench, justice takes no heed of the quadrupled enormity, and passes sentence only for the feminine assault.

For we cannot bring ourselves to the belief that MR. D'EYNCOURT included in his £3 penalty all the five assaults. This would have him charging them at twelve shillings a-piece, which would have been obviously much too low a figure. Or are we to infer that in the fines which are imposed at our Police Courts there is allowed a reduction to those who take a quantity? Certainly if WARLOCK's case be made a precedent, the British ruffian will find it every bit as cheap to commit a score of outrages as only one or two. It will be to his advantage to deal his blows and kicks in a more wholesale way than formerly, for the more assaults he is charged with, the more discount he will get: and if his brutalities be priced by MR. D'EYNCOURT, he will find it save his pocket to have gone the entire brute.

THE MEDICAL MAN TO HIS MISTRESS.

UPON one "fringed curtain"
Of thy so lustrous eyne,
Hath come, 'tis but too certain,
A residence for swine.
That eye, with tears suffusing,
Is plaintive in eclipse,
My tardy hand accusing,
Accuse me, too, thy lips.

Dearest, my willing lancet
Must yet delay its lunge;
Somewhat thou may'st advance it
With poultice and with sponge.
One cut, a little later,
The blinding stye shall heal,
And make a new Spectator
With the gentle touch of Steel.

A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN'S SNEER.—What in a Woman is called "curiosity," in a Man is grandiloquently magnified into the "spirit of inquiry."

THE STRAW STIRRED IN THE AUGEAN STABLE.

BEFORE we get rid of the practice of locking travellers in railway-carriages, SIDNEY SMITH used to say, some railway company must burn a bishop.

On the same principle, we may hope there is, at length, some prospect of the Thames being purified, now that it is beginning to poison the House of Commons. MR. ADDERLEY, on Friday, inquired of the First Commissioner of Works, what was the meaning of the stink that pervaded the House whenever the windows on the river front were open—whether there was any power to enforce better trappings of the drains, or a removal of the deposits of bones and other refuse on the opposite bank—and so forth.

It is to be hoped the House was satisfied with SIR BENJAMIN HALL'S answer, which showed that, if bone-boilers were free to create stinks it was because the House had altered the law introduced to prevent them, and that if local authorities neglected their duty, the Commons had themselves struck out the section of the Nuisances Removal Bill, which empowered justices to compel them. So long as bone-boilers only poisoned the poor Lambeth householders, it was no doubt too much to expect that the collective wisdom would interfere with the great bone interest, or limit the vested rights of stinks and stenches. But now that the smell is brought home to the Legislative nose, let the bone-boilers look to it! That local authorities should be allowed to neglect their duty, to the poisoning of the rate-payers, is one of those proud privileges of local self-government, which cannot be bought too dear, at whatever cost of preventible disease or excessive mortality. But, now that the neglect incommodes MR. ADDERLEY in his place, or the SPEAKER in his chair, Bumbledom totters! As somebody said of religion, so *Mr. Punch* exclaims, "Oh, Self-Government, Self-Government, what iniquities are perpetrated in thy name!"

Scotland demands an improved police.—"Centralisation!" exclaim the parrots of Bumbledom. England asks for powers to cleanse her towns and make her villages healthy.—"Centralisation!" squeaks the same choir of ill-omened birds. Talk of Aristocracy, Democracy, and Ploutocracy, as the contending forces of modern society! There is one force more than a match for them all, that is "Job-ocracy." Its seat is the Parish Vestry, or the Town Council: its livery is the Beadle's uniform; its cry is "Self-Government;" and its aim, end, and interest is "Number One."

How long is JOHN BULL to groan under the apathy, selfishness, and penny wisdom of the almighty Bumble?

Second Election Committee Bulletin.

WISE MR. M'CULLAGH
Looks duller and duller;
Good MR. WATKIN
For once, to luck's not kin;
JOHN MOYER HEATHCOTE
Must (Parliament saith) cut;
Gay PADRE SOMERS
Seeks comfort in rummers;
And AUCHMUTY GLOVER
Is turned out of cover.
Difficult rhymes, but we 've managed 'em cleverly,
For Yarmouth and Huntingdon, Sligo and Beverley.

The Sight of Netley.

"MASTER PUNCH,—What do um mane by complainun o' the Zite o' Netley? The Cockneys be alwuz a gwiun to zee 't; and by all accounts I hears, moast on 'em conziders the pleace about as purty a Zite as they ever zin.

"Yourn, Trewly, ZOW-WESTER."

THE OLD LADY'S EUREKA; OR, DEATH TO THE FLIES!

So oft I 've said, Ah, drat the flies!—and now at last my prayers is granted;
For at the chemists' shops you buys the very thing I always wanted:
That Papier Moure; and blessed be whoever found out that invention,
Which is a secret as you see the shopkeepers decline to mention.

Like blotting-paper it appear—a sort of greyish reddish tinted,
With wopses, flies, and insects queer, and forms language on it printed.
You takes and puts a little bit into a saucer or a basin,
A drop of water pours on it, and sets it some convenient place in.

They buzzes into it, bizwiz, attracted by the hopes of suction;
And I can truly tell you 'tis their certain death and sure destruction.
No dirty dauby plaguy mess, all smeary, treacly, fulsome, sticking,
Nor none of that unpleasantness to see they nasty creturs kicking.

They comes and drinks, away they flies; you sees no more of them there ribels,
Out of your sight they goes and dies, like mice and rats that pison nibbles.
"Catch-em-alive-o-s?"—fiddlestick! I say let them speak as have tried 'em;
To kill the swarming divils quick, they ain't for to be named 'longside 'em:

Which also, though they 're pison rank to flies and all sichlike Philistians,
Don't injure cats, which goodness thank, and hasn't no effect on Christians.
At least they says so—as to that, they may or mayn't hurt one or t'other:
I wouldn't try 'em on my cat if I could try 'em on another.

THE GROTTO NUISANCE.

AT this time of the year, anybody remaining in Town, will do well to attire himself for walking out in the oldest clothes that he has got. Most of his acquaintance are at the sea-side; and the oyster season has just commenced. Therefore he will be seen by few who will notice him with displeasure or derision, and he will perhaps avert the importunities of the children who pester the pedestrian with entreaties to "remember the grotto." This is a great nuisance to everybody, but it is peculiarly irritating to persons who are expected to take everything coolly—namely, philosophers. The peripatetic philosopher is interrupted in his meditations by the demands of the little imps who annually, at this time of the year, torment the London public like those other emissaries of BEELZEBUB, the flies.

No philosopher, moreover, has any money to throw away; and to meet the annoyance with concession, would involve a constant and progressive distribution of halfpence. This would be disbursement to a pretty tune—not that of "*Sing a Song of Sixpence*"—for many sixpences would be needful to constitute the required amount, and a pocket full of halfpence would very soon become empty. Any one who, absorbed in thought, is going along with his eyes uplifted cloudwards, and not taking particular cognisance of things that are sublunary and passing beneath his nose, will very probably walk over several of these brats, for they throw themselves right in the way of the fastest and fattest walker, without the slightest regard to his momentum, or consideration of his corpulence. He therefore runs so many risks of squelching an infant or breaking his own shins.

It is a case in which the police ought to step in and interfere; but as they will not, the only plan to avert the applications and attacks of the youthful bores, is the expedient of dressing shabbily. But, to be effectually defensive, the dress must be very seedy indeed, so as to bespeak a very near approximation to abject poverty. Those who make a point of wearing new, or comparatively new, and well-made clothes, would be astonished to know what a very old and extremely cheap coat, with other habiliments to match, is required to secure the wearer from being pestered by mendicants. A suit of fustian, a blouse, or a smock frock and corduroys, would perhaps be requisite for sure protection against the little beggars who make the return of the oyster, and the pretence of building a grotto with oyster-shells, an excuse for begging.

Destructive Habits.

IT is said that the early bird picks up the worm: but gentlemen who smoke—and ladies who dance—till three or four in the morning, will do well to consider that the worm also picks up the early bird.

A WELL-EARNED TITLE.—The atrabilious *Record*, from the recklessness of many of its statements, is now, by all lovers of truth, always spoken of as—*The Random Record*.

NOT A BAD IDEA FOR WARM WEATHER.

Frederick. "NOW, GIRLS, PULL AWAY—DON'T BE IDLE!"

BEER BARRELS *v.* SUNDAY BANDS.

A REMARKABLE statement was made the other day in a letter to the *Morning Post* by "A FRIEND TO HARMLESS ENJOYMENT." This individual cited the report of a recent meeting of the Protestant Defence Association on the subject of the People's Sunday Bands in the Parks, containing "terrible denunciations of the wickedness of the Government in permitting the performances of those bands on Sunday evenings," followed by a suggestion by a MR. HANBURY that all measures should be taken for their suppression. This MR. HANBURY, the correspondent of the *Post* represents as one of the celebrated brewers. We should think he must have been somebody else. No respectable or sensible brewer would surely be such a stupid humbug as to go and abuse Sunday Bands, well knowing that an immense number of publicans were selling his beer, and known to be selling it, all the while the bands were playing, and during a much greater part of the Sabbath besides. Such a hypocritical goose would be unworthy of the name of HANBURY, which is associated with that of TRUMAN. He would subject his personal genuineness to doubt, and draw suspicion on the integrity of his own Entire.

No measures for the suppression of Sunday Bands could be contemplated by a consistent brewer, except pewter measures, which, with their contents, might be put into competition with musical allurements; pots and pothouses against parks and subscription-bands for the people. Of course MR. HANBURY, of HANBURY & Co., would not attack the Sunday orchestra with any other weapons than pints and quarts; unless, indeed, all MESSRS. HANBURY & Co's public-houses are obliged by them to remain closed during the whole of Sunday. It may be that such is the case. We do not know that it is not. We will look next Sunday and ascertain what is the fact: many others will perhaps do the same. If MR. HANBURY the brewer was really the HANBURY alluded to by the *Morning Post*, we should take the liberty of saying to that gentleman, "HANBURY, don't talk any more of that nonsense, but go and mind your beer. If the stuff you brew is as bad as the stuff you talk, it must be extremely bad beer. Were you to take a duck on the banks of the Serpentine, and stick a hop on the tip of its beak, and fix a barley-corn on the extremity of its tail, and start it to swim over that sheet of impure water, the bird would convert the whole of it into a description of beer infinitely superior to what we should imagine yours to be."

MERETRICIOUS RELICS.

WILL not the POPE call the Franciscan monks of Porsovenere to account for their alleged maintenance of an imposture, which His Holiness must needs regard as impious humbug? According to a letter from La Spezia, quoted by the *Opinione* of Turin, the above-named friars, having been forced to leave their convent the other day, by the law for the suppression of monastic establishments, walked off with a quantity of sacred utensils, and other valuables, among which were "*the ear-rings* of the VIRGIN MARY!" The idea of even any commonly sensible and right-minded lady wearing ear-rings! Is there any other article of female vanity preserved by these monks as a companion relic?—a pot of rouge, perhaps; or a *sous-jupe bouffante?* But there may be a slight mistake in the statement in the *Opinione*. Perhaps the Porsovenere Franciscans are impostors a little less profane than they are represented to be by that account. Peradventure the ear-rings of which they are in possession, are pretended by them to be merely those of ST. MARY MAGDALEN—before her conversion.

For Export to India.

WE never, as must have been remarked, make a joke upon a name, but we happen to know a person who made one the other day. MAJOR GENERAL JOHN HEARSEY is a gallant and skilful officer, and as Colonel of the Sixth Bengal Light Cavalry, was a perfect Bengal Light to the Indian army during the Infantry Mutiny at Barrackpore. Well, the QUEEN has very graciously made him an Extra Military K.C.B. The person to whom we referred says, that he is glad that some of the attention always bestowed on General Rumour has also been shown to General Hearsay.

THE ASIATIC MYSTERY.

As Prepared by Sepoy D'Israeli.

REFORM YOUR RAILWAY CALLS.

WE lately noticed the extreme economy of speech which is practised upon most, if not on all our Railroads, on the part of those officials whose vocation it is to shout out to every train that stops there the name of the respective station at which they are stationed. As hints thrown out in *Punch* are invariably acted on, it is no surprise to us to find that at the places which we instanced, there has been since our remonstrance, a decidedly more liberal supply of language. We have more than once been gratified by hearing the entire pronunciation of "New Cross," and twice at least we have been treated with the missing syllables which expand the abbreviated "'N'am" into "Sydenham." The spirit of improvement, too, appears to be infectious, and its effects are evidently spreading to adjacent stations. A month ago we never should have dreamt of hearing anything but "Nor" when our train pulled up at Norwood, but yesterday we heard the word in its complete dissyllability; and this very afternoon we have positively had no less than thirteen hairs turned grey, by the shock of joy it gave us to hear the proper aspirate prefixed to "Forest 'ill;" a feat that not the oldest passenger can, we fancy, call to mind that he has ever heard accomplished.

We trust that this example will be generally followed, and that on all our railways the process of articulation will be more attended to. Even on the Eastern Counties there is room for some reform in this respect at least, if not in any other. We were lately travellers on this delightful line, and the tediousness of our journey was most pleasantly beguiled by the excitement of endeavouring, when we reached a station, to recognise the name of it in what we heard bawled out to us. In the first thirty miles of Eastern Counties travelling there are no less than four stopping stations having names of two syllables, the last of which is "ford:" and as the prefix Strat-, Il-, Chelms-, or Rom-, is very rarely audible, a nervous passenger is kept in an unceasingly excited state, lest in this quartette of "fords" he should be carried past the right one, the chances being three to one at least in favour of his being so.

Now the accident of having thus got out at a wrong station, although it cause no damage to the person of a passenger, further than perhaps the postponement of his dinner, still cannot but be somewhat detrimental to his mind; giving rise to feelings which no relieving expletives will easily calm down. And to prevent as far as may be the recurrence of such accidents, we suggest that every railway should start an elocution class, which every station-caller engaged upon the line should, once a week at least, be expected to attend. Moreover, it might be as well to have some special auditors of stations' names appointed, whose duty it should be to travel up and down the line, and weekly certify that every one employed had been attentive to his calling.

Should these not prove sufficient means to ensure in Railway calls a more distinct articulation, we would recommend that the utterance of clipped words which will not pass as current English should in future be considered an indictable offence; and that, if needful, a special Act of Parliament be passed by which this wilful mutilation of the language may be punished. Because a Jew considers "clo'" an equivalent for "clothes," there is no reason why a Christian should be similarly stingy in his speech; and as our railway men are not Bornese, their language does not force them to the use of only monosyllables. Such brevity as theirs can in no way be regarded as the soul of wit, and only serves to raise a laugh upon the wrong side of one's mouth, when one finds it has induced one to overshoot one's station. From hearing such continual contractions of speech, a passenger might almost fancy that the calling out at stations was a work performed by contract; but as this is not the case, we see no reason why these speech-contractors should not be compelled to furnish a more liberal supply of syllables. As it is, one really cannot go a dozen miles by rail without hearing a good deal of what in its curtailment may be called bad language; and although our better nature may instinctively recoil from the unenlightened principle of giving tit for tat, still we cannot help suggesting that officials must expect to be called names themselves, if they will not take the pains to call names more distinctly.

Distracted Orders carefully Attended to.

IN the *Times* of a few days back, there was an advertisement, appallingly headed "INSANE ATTENDANT WANTED." Without indulging in speculations as to the sort of person who can desire a lunatic servant, we will merely mention that he can have plenty of choice, for all the Civil Servants went perfectly mad with indignation at the impudent emptiness of the Government excuse for diddling them. In fact, MR. WILSON curiously, made every one of them as mad as a Hatter.

QUESTION FOR TURBITE PEERS.

WE take the Oath of Abjuration "on the true faith of a Christian." Why can't the Jews?

SMITH O'BRIEN'S STUDS.

An Irish Melody.

THE studs that SMITH O'BRIEN lost
When he was apprehended,
How heavy must have been their cost!
Their brilliancy how splendid!
Whilst ERIN's sons bewailed their Chief,
And nothing could console them,
Those shirt-studs vanished, for the Thief,
The Warrior's Captor, stole them.

The Caitiff dared his base Champagne,
The fettered Patriot offer,
The Hero hurled it back again,
And scorned the dirty proffer.
Then from his manly eyes big floods
Of burning tears began to
Flow for his country, and the studs
Purloined from his portmanteau.

He took their memory o'er the sea,
Where Saxon minions bore him,
And fetched it back when Tyranny
Was driven to restore him.
His long worn bonds, that now were burst,
His knee had ne'er make flexile;
He spoke the wrong which he had nursed
In slavery and exile.

Nine summers had disclosed their buds,
And still the Chieftain thundered
Against the stealers of the studs,
Of which he had been plundered.
He boldly wrote words all might read,
Denouncing their abstraction,
And censuring that paltry deed,
And blaming that mean action.

Those studs, which if he loved too well,
The noble weakness pardon,
Were gems of Munster's crown, that fell
In Boulagh's cabbage garden.
He bore them in the battle's brunt,
Against the foeman craven.
They now are gone from his breast-front,
But on his heart engraven!

WANTED, A SAW-PIT.

THE Brighton Town Council, always an irascible body, had a good set-to the other day, about the Drainage. A MR. SAWYER, who was accused of having "a prejudice against drainage" is the Chairman of the Highways and Works Committee. He did not seem at all discomposed at this charge—most men of ordinary brains and humanity would almost prefer to be accused of some legal crime—and said, (according to the report in the *Brighton Gazette*) that "if he died to-morrow, he would not wish a better epitaph on his grave than that he obstinately opposed draining the sewage into the sea." Without expressing any undue haste for the apotheosis of any gentleman, *Mr. Punch* must say that if the health of Brighton can be secured only by the demise of SAWYER, the immediate execution of that party had better be entrusted to a committee of excursionists, who will go down for the purpose, suspend SAWYER from the centre arch of the Chain pier, and afterwards dine together in celebration of the auspicious event. By all means let him have the memorial he proposes.

"And be old SAWYER's epitaph on he.
'He would not put the sewage in the sea.'"

NOW, if SAWYER has anything to urge as a reason for suspending his suspension, he had better be quick about it, as, this hot weather, we cannot wait to squabble about trifles. SAWYER to the Sewer, or SAWYER scragged—which is it to be?

Case for the Jockey Club.

RACING news from Nottingham apprises us that *Miss Nightingale* has beaten *Barbarity*. The race was not fair, she has had so much practice—she was at it all through the Crimean war.

IN FORMÂ PAUPERIS.

NO wonder MR. RICH opposed the second reading of LORD NAAS's Superannuation Bill. It was, pre-eminently, a Bill for the Poor.

A HALF-HOLIDAY AT DIEPPE.

IF on Sunday July the 26th, the health of Dieppe had been proposed at a public banquet, that watery town, placing its hand on the bosom of its ocean, would have declared, in a clear rippling voice, "This is the proudest day of my life." The old town on that occasion was as gay as it could be made. It had been washed from head to foot. Its complexion was almost white, and glistened with a radiant polish not unlike the ivory toys that are sold in its shops. It was dressed in its holiday suit. Over its head there towered a triumphal arch. Round its brow bloomed a gorgeous wreath of flowers. In its button-hole, in lieu of a bouquet, you beheld the brilliant colours of a flag, that on one side looked like a Tricolor, and on the other bore a bright resemblance to the Union Jack; thus flowerily expressing that both sides of the coast were equally near and dear to its heart. The gems it wore, you may be sure, were rich and rare. There were stars and crosses more than sufficient to stock a dozen jewellers' shops, whilst its innumerable rings gave out a joyous sound, that you heard at every step, not unlike the clatter of bells. But conspicuous above all was a monster breast-pin, modelled so as to resemble a kind of crystal establishment for baths, and which Dieppe sported for the first time on the occasion of these *Fêtes*.

This ornament, it is said, had cost the town £30,000. The design had been drawn out by EUGÉNIE herself! Certainly Dieppe was very proud of it, and kept dancing about with it, night and day—now flashing it in the sun, now allowing a thousand gaslights to play upon it, so that you should have the best opportunity of admiring it in every possible point of view. In outline, it appeared to us to be a most happy combination of the various styles of the Crystal Palace, and the Pavilion at Brighton, with a slight touch of the architectural beauties of Cremorne. However, it was excessively neat, and not at all gaudy. The design does the greatest credit to EUGÉNIE. We suggest that she be requested to draw out the plan of our new Public Buildings.

The *Fêtes* resembled very nearly every other French *Fête*. The streets flowed with flags and military music. Garlands stretched across the street, as though the houses were going to perform a country dance, and were giving their hands to each other. There were some pretty illuminations, consisting of vases of lighted flowers, and a transparent fountain that overflowed with streams of light. It was a cascade of a kind of liquid rainbows—a kind of Harlequin's shower-bath. The effect was very pretty, and delighted the *bonnes*, and the curiously-dressed children, and the pigmy red-breeched boys of soldiers, as they paced to and fro, bending under the weight of muskets three times as long as themselves. At the Hôtel de Ville, you beheld a glimpse of the *ancien régime*. Round the courtyard were gibbeted certain gaunt skeletons of dirty lights. They were huge unsightly triangles of tallow and stench, from which rose raging billows of smoke, whilst at the base might be discerned a very small ripple of flame. These are your *Lampions*. We thought they had been blown out long ago. You only see them outside Government Offices. They are bound up, we imagine, with the Red Tape of France.

There was a concert and a regatta also,—the latter consisting of little walnut-shells of yachts that would not sail, and rowing-matches of rowers that could not row. Every now and then roared out a lusty cannon, that fairly deafened you. In the evening, there was a wheezy spurt of fireworks. This was the only damp part of the business. They were not enthusiastic fireworks; or else they were sulky, and would not come out as they should have done. All the blowing-up in the world would not make them explode. This was a pity, for the French, generally, are a great fire-working people. The crowd, however, took it all in good humour, and made up for the disappointment by letting off an additional number of private squibs.

At half-past ten the streets were clear,—all but two *Cafés* closed! Returning home, smoking our *unsoutello*, we espied in the *Grande Rue* a family party playing at cards on a table drawn out in the middle of the pavement. There, in the centre, was the *moderateur* lamp; there, at the corners, were the glasses, filled apparently with *eau sucrée* and *sirop de groseille*. The *messieurs* were in their shirt-sleeves—the *dames* without their bonnets. Heedless of the cannon, careless of the fireworks, philosophically *insouciants* of the hubbub elsewhere, they were quietly enjoying, opposite their open shop-door, their humble game of *vhiste*. Simple-minded *épiciers*, they looked so happy, we quite envied them! It was a glowing cabinet picture of contentment. We should like to have joined them, and have lost valiantly a whole pocketful of *sous*. How different would it have been in London! Fancy such an incident taking place in Baker Street. In less than ten minutes they would have had a thousand blackguards round them, grinning and jeering at their simplicity. This primitive *tableau* moved us more than the cannon, and all the thundering *discours*. We left the innocent *partie carrée* with a brooding heart, that bounded again, as high as AURIOL, if not higher, as in the distance we heard the *gros papa* throw out these words:—"*Allons—du Cœur—c'est à vous!*"

We must not omit to mention that, of course, there was a ball. No French *fête* would be complete without a ball! We confess that French balls do not particularly "enchant" us. A public ball in France is too wild, too dishevelled—a private one too tame, too insipid. Their *orgeat* has no charm for our vitiated palate—their *petits gâteaux* have no taste for a pampered stomach that has been too long petted and spoilt with good English suppers. It always seems to us to be no better than a Dancing Academy of young ladies who are on view to be married. The young *demoiselles* in white muslin never take their beautiful eyes off the wax-polished floor, and the young "*dandies*" in black coats never dare address to them any but the most childish common-places. Their conversation consists of a timid "Yes," varied occasionally by a bashful "No." No one laughs—the only bit of nature is round the card-table. Everything is false, restrained, inanimate—a kid-gloved mockery of pleasure, made all the more distasteful by the lynx-eyed *espionnage* of the mothers, as, seated round the room, they watch suspiciously every little movement of their daughters. Where is the freedom, the independence, the open laughing enjoyment of an English evening party? As it was, we amused ourselves by admiring the handsome decorations of the *établissement*, that have been executed under the direction of the great CAMBON, the STANFIELD of the Grand Opera. They are in richness and effect fully worthy of the artist, to whom Paris is indebted for the magnificence of *Robert le Diable*, *Le Prophète*, and other *opéras de luxe*.

The *établissement* is so well conducted that, as MADAME DE GENLIS would have said, "*La mère pourra y conduire sa fille.*" There is no gambling, either, as at German baths, so that the father need not be afraid of his son having all his pocket-money engulphed by the inevitable Maëlstrom of the roulette-table.

The Mayor gave a grand breakfast, to which the well-known *Paté de foie gras*, that had come specially all the way from Strasbourg in order to be present, was invited, as well as every delicacy of the season. The health of the French Press was proposed. It seemed to us to be a bitter mockery to propose the health of an institution that in France was notoriously dead. Several gentlemen in black stood up, and we suppose they were Mutes that were in attendance to do honour to the defunct. *The Rédacteur des Petites Affiches de Paris* said a few words of condolence

over the loss of their respected friend, who had done so much for France, and had died in serving her. The toast was drunk in solemn silence.

The English Press was responded to by the Editor of BRADSHAW'S *Guide*. We expected to hear from him a very confused speech, divided into three trains, and bristling with figures, from which you would not be able to make out arrival, or departure,—neither beginning, middle, nor end. However, we were agreeably disappointed, for he gravely began with "My name is NORVAL," and recited that exciting speech at full length. As not a Frenchman present understood a word of English, the speech had the happiest effect. The eloquent orator put his hand every now and then upon his breast, gesticulated largely, and, in due course, was vehemently applauded.

To wind up:—we must say we enjoyed our trip to Dieppe mightily, and beg to thank all, from the Mayor down to the Steward, each of whom was polite enough to put his *bassin* at our disposal. The same pleasure is open to all who like to make the same trip. Henceforth, England numbers one watering-place the more. Even the statue of DUQUESNE, who figures in the Place Royale in the melodramatic attitude of a pirate of the Ambigu, relaxed a little in its nautical ferocity, and we fancied a smile came over his bronzed features as he quietly surveyed the invasion of the English, ransacking every hotel for something to eat. Dieppe, through Newhaven, is now only seven hours' distance from London. Let Ramsgate look to its bathing! We should advise Boulogne to put its seedy old *établissement* into better order. Dieppe, thanks to the Empress, has risen, like a second VENUS from the sea!

A STAND UP FOR THE STUMPS.

BY BOWLER, SENIOR.

SIR, I am one of the old school,
Perhaps you'll say that means a fool:
I don't care sixpence if you do;
And shall reply—The same to you!

Sir, you must know that I've a brat
Of a young nephew. What of that?
Well, Sir; I am his guardian too:
He has his studies to pursue.

To school I did at first intend
This youthful charge of mine to send
At Eton or at Winchester,
Uncertain which I should prefer.

Of neither, Sir, at present, I
Approve: and let me tell you why;
At both they're changing that old plan
Which bred a boy to be a man.

The Masters have, I grieve to say,
Of late forbidden manly play;
The cricket-matches, heretofore
At LORD'S Grounds played, must be no more.

Discouraging a noble game
Is just the way to make boys tame.
And in the holidays!—why, what
Right then to meddle have they got?

Let lads play cricket—let them box,
That system gave us PITT and FOX,
The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, and PEEL,
The mind such contests nerve and steel.

Sir, I won't have my Sister's child
Taught to be spoony, meek, and mild.
No, I wish that young dog, by rough
Amusements, rendered hard and tough.

Train up a child as he should go;
Not as a milksop: no, Sir, no!
As for my chap, I rather would
See him a pickle, than too good.

A schoolmaster's good boy turns out
A humbug, mostly, or a lout.
In after life you don't see such
A sort of fellow come to much.

The spirit of restraint that aims
At checking hardy sports and games,
A bias shows to certain views,
The most pernicious to infuse.

All true religion I respect,
But to wild notions do object;
Your Pusey, Irving, Mormonites,
Your Popery and all new lights.

Instead of which, I would instil
Determination and firm will,
With good old cricket, and I won't
Support that School whose Masters don't.

BRITISH ART AND FRENCH HORSEFLESH.

THE Goodwood Cup has been actually won by a French horse! *Monarque* has covered himself and France with glory. What next? We shall have a French poodle beating a British *Billy* in the destruction of rats, and who can say that some Gallic champion may not some day crop the laurels of the Tipton Slasher.

The "Cup" is decorated with two medallions representing scenes from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. More appropriate embellishments might have been derived from *Richard the Third*. One of them would of course have been the battle scene, wherein the desperate usurper makes the celebrated offer of his kingdom for a horse, and the other that in which the *Duke of Norfolk* apprizes *Richard* of the no less celebrated warning which has been addressed to him with the appellation of "Jockey."

Reverting to the subject of *Monarque*, we would congratulate that successful animal on the superiority of the destiny which awaits him in his native land to that which is here usually reserved for the "high-mettled racer." *Monarque* never will go to the hounds; the Parisian love of horseflesh will prevent that: he will have admirers who will be fond of his very remains, and when he dies he will go to M. ISIDORE DE SAINT-HILAIRE and the hippophagists.

Here a War, There a War.

TO JOHN BULL, ESQ.

HERE a War, there a War, wondering JOHNNY,
When you've done wondering, pay for the game:
Come, tell us frankly, you, JOHN, think it dear, eh?
Punch must inform you that he thinks the same.

Well, and Why Not?

MR. WHITESIDE—who appears to have a peculiar talent for seeing the dark side of every liberal proposition—declares LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S Oaths Amendment Bill to be "the most unprecedented and unconstitutional" of all measures ever submitted to Parliament, because, "if it is carried, the House of Commons will be able to admit a Jew; but, if it change its mind, will be at liberty to reject him."

MR. WHITESIDE prefers the present plan, by which, when the Country and the Commons wish to admit a Jew to the House, the Lords "are at liberty to reject him."

A DELICIOUS DIP.

Bathing Attendant. "HERE, BILL! THE GENT WANTS TO BE TCOK OUT DEEP—TAKE 'IM *INTO THE DRAIN!!*"

A HOUSEKEEPER ON HEROISM.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"WHAT a blessing it is, with all these horrid goings-on in India, we have a man like SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, ready to start off to put down the rebels at a moment's notice, without, I may say, packing up his things! LORD RAGLAN the same—that might have been spared many years and then died comfortably in his bed, instead of wearing his life out there in the Crimea. How thankful we ought to be that we have such men as LORD RAGLAN and SIR COLIN CAMPBELL to take our troubles upon them—for such very little return, if you come to think of it. A judge's or even a bishop's income wouldn't pay anybody, I should think, for the hardships and danger of a soldier's life; and then how comfortable judges and bishops, especially bishops, live compared to commanding officers! How those generals can be prevailed upon to put themselves out as they do, and at their time of life, I really wonder. They have no motive except honour; and what is honour when you've got it? I'm sure I shouldn't enjoy my tea and toast, and warm bed, and other little comforts, a bit more for all the honour in the world, and all the honour in the world wouldn't console me for the loss of them; to say nothing about losing legs and arms, and how dreadful that must be I can well imagine, knowing what I feel when I lose a thimble. Besides, they are not sure of the honour. They don't get it, that they know of, if they die, and then they may get abuse instead, though of course they're not aware of that neither when they're dead, and what signifies? They talk of erecting a monument to poor dear LORD RAGLAN, and certainly he deserves one, if it would do him any good; but those who know best say that nothing that you can do in this world can either please or displease anybody in the other; therefore, if the monument is to cost sixpence, that will be sixpence thrown away, unless the sight of the statue or whatever it may be should encourage somebody else to sacrifice himself for our peace and quiet, the safety of our homes and the security of our money, which is so very necessary. In that case one wouldn't begrudge the expense; but I wish we could know whether monuments really have the use they are supposed to; for if they are not useful, I'm sure they're not ornamental, ours at least in this country, and here, *Mr. Punch*, I know you will agree with your affectionate old admirer,

"MARTHA CADDY."

"P.S. I do hope if we are to have so many wars and so many heroes as we always do in war time, that we shan't have to pay a Monument Rate; for the Paving and Lighting, I am sure, is quite bad enough."

THE SECRET REVEALED!!!

ND now—now we are at liberty to reveal the secret, which from motives of wisdom so profound as to be inappreciable by the mass, we have held back with imperturbable reticence for weeks. As SIR BULWER LYTTON beautifully remarks,

> "From vulgar eyes a veil the Isis screens,
> And fools on fools still ask what *Toby* means.

The veil shall be removed from the Isis, and the fools (only April fools a *little* post-dated) shall know what we mean. Listen—World!

Had you supplied the unfinished warning of last week, when we wrote "BEWARE OF THE ——!" had you supplied it, we say, with One Word, you would have discovered the grand truth. That word, like the immortal name of *Punch* himself, is spelt with five letters. It is—Paint.

Mr. Punch has Painted his Office, 85, Fleet Street!!!

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THOUGHTS LYING ON THE SAND.

ADVERSITY brings to light many a hidden beauty. It is like a handsome leg revealed for the first time on a showery day.

The charms that Fashion lends to women would be considered positive defects if Nature had given them.

We are never astonished at any happiness that drops into our lap, for we always fancy we are deserving of it; but if any piece of ill-luck falls down upon us, we cannot imagine what we have done to deserve it.

We fancy we are becoming wiser, as we grow older, when it is simply our incapacity to commit the same follies as when we were young.

Envy lashes principally the fortunate. It is like the ragamuffins in the street, who cry out, "Whip behind!" directly they see one of their comrades who has got a lift.

To appreciate a free country, you must travel in a despotic state. It is like coming into the open air after visiting a prison.

PLEASE *DON'T* REMEMBER THE GROTTO.

To the cry of "Remember
The fifth of November"
Mr. Punch long accustomed has got,
But the street-urchins' motto,
"Remember the Grotto,"
With anger oft makes him wax hot.

They dirty one's boots,
And pursue one with hoots,
As their oyster-time war-cry they yell out:
And they frighten poor swells
Until into their shells
Odd coppers or even they shell out.

Now *Punch* has no mind
To be harsh or unkind,
Forbearance is ever his motto;
But he'd silence the noise
Of small dirty boys,
Screeching, "Please to remember the Grotto!"

POLITICAL DISTINCTIONS.

ONE grows a Liberal—one is born a Tory.
As for a Whig, he is either a Liberal who has failed, or a Tory who has been snubbed.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 3rd, Monday. Having to re-conquer India, we send the Army thither, but as it will not do to be without gallant defenders of some kind, the War-Secretary obtains powers to embody the Militia.

LORD BROUGHAM favoured the Lords with his views upon Parliamentary Reform. Not, however, in the tone in which he addressed the Commons on the same topic, and at the time when he politely exclaimed to the late SIR ROBERT PEEL, (in reference to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S declaration against reform); "Him we scorn not, it is you we scorn, his mean, base, fawning parasite." To-night his lordship, being a nobleman, behaved as such, and while desiring that certain defects in the last Reform Bill should be corrected, deprecated any general or sweeping measure. Considering in whose hands the measure is, *Mr. Punch* thinks his lordship does well to be afraid, as a more dangerous radical and leveller could not exist than the fiery ultra-democrat now our Premier. LORD HENRY advocated the giving the franchise to respectable men, though only lodgers; he stated that our artisans generally treated the ballot with contempt; he spoke favourably of the Educational franchise, and made a protest against our constitution being rendered more "democratic" than it had seemed good unto JOHN RUSSELL and himself to make it when they finally and eternally settled it in 1832. LORD GRANVILLE was much obliged, but begged it might be understood that LORD BROUGHAM knew nothing whatever of the intentions of Government.

The Australian post question came up. Some of these days we shall have our able-bodied colonists coming over in force to thrash all parties concerned, for not sending out the letters, or taking means to have them delivered when they arrive. The present plan seems to be for the Post-Master General to toss the Australian letter-bag on board any vessel in the river that looks as if it was as likely to go to Australia as anywhere else. That matter is then off his mind. And if the vessel should go, the letters sometimes go also, unless the sailors want the sack for anything else, in which case they are emptied into the sea. The colonists object to this system, and although, of course, we should discourage colonial complaints as much as possible, the present course seems to have its inconveniences.

In the Commons LORD JOHN RUSSELL brought up his new device in favour of the Hebrews. As the Lords won't open the door, and the Government don't like to break it open, JOHNNY proposes to pick the lock. There was an Act of Parliament passed in the 5th year of KING WILLIAM THE SAILOR, permitting All Bodies authorised to administer or receive oaths, to substitute a declaration for the same. JOHN'S notion is that the Commons is one of these bodies, and that it may let in M. DE ROTHSCHILD on a declaration. So he has obtained a Committee, consisting of a set of 25 Members of his own selection, and also all the gentlemen of the Long Robe (this shut out the attorneys HADFIELD and COX, to their wrath) who were to consider the matter. The opposition lawyers ridiculed the idea, and the PREMIER reserved his sentiments, but, it appears, ordered the ATTORNEY-GENERAL to support LORD JOHN'S view. The Committee discussed in secret. *Mr. Punch* has not the faintest hesitation in saying that the framers of the Act in question had not the slightest idea of including the Parliamentary oath in their provisions, but if this legal loophole is large enough for the BARON to come in at, he had better do so, as one of these days he must come in somehow or other. The Conservatives talked against the Committee, but did not divide.

Compensation to the Proctors occupied the House the rest of the evening, and a great deal of good money was voted away to these black namesakes of BARRY CORNWALL.

Tuesday. LORD BROUGHAM presented a petition on Education from the parish of ST. GEORGE'S, Hanover Square, a district in which the grossest ignorance is understood to prevail, and whose prayers for teaching ought not to be disregarded.

And, *apropos* of ST. GEORGE'S, Hanover Square, we now come to the story of the week, namely, the Divorce discussion. The Commons gave Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights to the subject. *Mr. Punch* has no intention of filling up his golden pages with an analysis of the sense and nonsense that were talked, or to trace the various important or trumpery amendments and alterations. He pledges himself, when the Bill shall have become law, to explain to Persons about to Marry what possibility there is of escaping the consequence of their rashness. Meantime, suffice it to say, first, that the proposed abolition of the suit for Jactitation of Marriage was prevented. Therefore, if any young lady, no matter how beautiful and rich, goes about Jactitating, that is, boasting, that she is *Mrs. Punch* (when she is not) *Mr. Punch* has a remedy against her. Secondly, that SAMUEL WARREN made a remarkably piteous and perfectly unavailing speech against the Bill. Thirdly, that, up to the end of the week, the whole legal and lay wisdom of the House was taxed in vain to devise a clause for protecting from a husband the earnings of a woman whom he had deserted; but finally SIR R. BETHELL promised to strain his intellect to the utmost, and produce such a clause in the following week. Fourthly, that the Government were beaten on a proposal which, though made by the Tories, is really more for the benefit of the humbler orders than anything in the Bill. This was to create a local jurisdiction in divorce cases, so that a poor man or woman in Northumberland or Cornwall may not be compelled to come to London, and live there while seeking redress. Government sulked, and refused to give effect to the decision of the Committee, by framing a scheme for the local courts, and the work was finally left to MR. ISAAC BUTT, a Conservative. The majority was not large—98 to 87,—and *Mr. Punch* will not wonder if, at another stage, the proposition is smashed. Lastly, MR. HENRY DRUMMOND, the Angel of the Church in Gordon Square, endeavoured to place the husband and the wife on a footing of equality as to the offences for which divorce should be asked, and the Committee, being Men of the World, were mightily amused at so preposterous a proposition, negatived it by 126 to 65, and doubtless have since made, in club-windows, curious comments on the probable changes in London society which such an enactment might produce.

Wednesday. SIR THOMAS WILSON triumphed. The House of Commons "will no longer do an injustice to an individual whose property the public covets." The Bill for letting him do as he likes at Hampstead passed by 77 to 59. But after a Wednesday comes a

Thursday, and then MR. AYRTON succeeded in stopping the Bill, for the moment, by a majority of 1. The Heath is still unvanquished. Much money was voted away to-day. We regret to add that a new writ had to be issued for Birmingham, the illness of the late member, MR. MUNTZ, having unexpectedly taken a fatal turn. We mention this the rather that on the faith of the published and authorised denial that the deceased gentleman's indisposition had been severe, it was somewhat lightly alluded to in these pages, but a short time before the subject became one for all seriousness.

Thursday. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE entirely approved the Militia project, so to arms, bucolic brave, let your glorious banner wave, fling down the grindstone and the sickle, study to reproduce the step named from the goose, and the toby of all enemies to tickle. Of course LORD SUDDEN'S little bill for cheapening conveyancing, a very little, was withdrawn.

The New Zealanders want £500,000, and "merely as a matter of form, you know," ask JOHN BULL to guarantee the loan. When did he ever refuse such a trifle? In the present case, however, it would have been unfatherly to do so, as "imperial legislation" has helped them into difficulty.

Friday. The BISHOP OF LONDON pronounced an eloquent eulogy on the prelate who recently bore that title, and who, as BISHOP BLOMFIELD, has quietly closed a life, many incidents of which gave cause for the censure both of his theological and political contemporaries, but which was adorned by numerous social virtues and literary graces.

In the Commons MR. VERNON SMITH, whom *Mr. Punch* begs to congratulate upon an interesting family event, calculated to preserve the honoured name of VERNON (not SMITH) to posterity, stated that additional troops had been sent to Madras and Bombay, and as there is nothing too large or too little for the House, another Minister stated that he did not know as yet whether the new chimney-pots on Somerset House would answer or not, because this is not weather for fires.

The Election Petitions are all disposed of. There were originally 71, but only 9 members have been unseated. The last, MR. GLOVER, seems to have been reserved for a frightful example—to be blown from the gun of the House—for not only is he turned out of Beverley, but the mode by which he got in is referred to the consideration of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. MR. GLOVER bawls that he is "persecuted."

DR. BIRCH AND DR. PUNCH.

IF there be one virtue more than any other for which *Mr. Punch* is eminently famous, it is for the intensity of his respect and reverence for all who are in any way regarded as "authorities." From an Emperor with his crown to a Beadle with his cane, *Mr. Punch* is always notable for the profoundness of the awe with which he is impressed by the insignia of government; as well as for the marked and deferential homage which he pays to every potentate, from a policeman to a Pope. It is therefore with no ordinary feelings of reluctance that he feels impelled, for once, to cast a doubt upon the wisdom, and, in some degree at least, to question the authority of certain constituted powers.

It appears that the head-masters of our chief public schools, to prove (it is assumed) that their establishments are match-less, have forbidden the recurrence of the contests in LORD'S Cricket Ground, which for nearly half a century have been a yearly-coming pleasure to very many more than merely those engaged in them. The step was taken on the ground that LORD'S was nearer London than was good for the morals of a school-boy in the holidays: an assumption which, if proved to be well founded upon facts, would prevent *Mr. Punch* or any other parent from sanctioning the presence of his sons as players. But the assumption being yet unsupported by such proof, and there being a preponderance of contrary opinion, *Mr. Punch* has doubts if the assertion be worthy of belief, and of those doubts he inclines to give the boys the benefit. Moreover, sooner than resort to the extremity of ordering that the fifty years' old custom must be wholly given up, *Mr. Punch* conceives that the authorities might at least have tried to hit on some expedient, whereby their pupils might, unharmed, have breathed for a few days the baleful air of the Metropolis.

Tempting though the theme, *Mr. Punch* will not dilate upon the virtues of a well-contested cricket-match; nor plagiarise those recent correspondents of the *Times*, who, with a warmth quite in keeping with the weather, have been praising and appraising the excellence and value of this "truly English game," both as a physical and as a mental stimulant. *Mr. Punch* regards cricket as a national institution: and although the modern round-shot bowling plays sad havoc with his legs, he still stands firm to his belief in the national necessity of keeping up the stumps. Conceiving there is truth in the paraphrased assertion, that the games a nation plays are hardly less important to its welfare than its laws, *Mr. Punch* will frankly own that he has little wish to see his fellow countrymen in general descend to handling dominoes in the stead of cricket-bats: and as he views the forbidding of the public-school matches as a step not unlikely to lead to such descent, *Mr. Punch* is an advocate that it should be retraced.

As the classic has remarked, *longum est numerare:* or *Mr. Punch* could cite a score of other reasons why his view of the matter is, as usual, the correct one. For instance, might he not contend that the course which has been taken, directly violates the principle of non-interference of the masters out of school, which has been claimed as the chief merit of our public system? And might he not be bold enough to raise the awful question as to whether DR. BIRCH has any lawful right to claim allegiance in the holidays, when his subjects have been handed to their natural "governors," or to such as stand to them *in loco governoris?*

Mr. Punch need scarcely state his willingness to credit that the Doctor and his brethren have acted for the best; but he cannot yet believe that the allurements of London are a sufficient ground to justify their arbitrary act. *Mr. Punch* will grant that perhaps the immorality of smoking a cigar, or swallowing an extra glass of shandy-gaff or ALSOP, may sometimes have resulted from going to a match; but such outrages as these will occasionally happen, even with the very best regulated schoolboys, and to prevent their occurrence it would need the constant presence of an Argus-eyed BRIAREUS, with an eye on every action and a birch in every hand. Constituted as the world is at the present, there may be contamination elsewhere than in town; and since it is unwise to do things by halves, our sons should have a master at their elbows all the holidays, to keep them from the scrapes which schoolboy flesh is heir to. But with this continual benefit of clergy (for almost every master now-a-days is pastor likewise), it may be questioned if our sons would be very greatly benefited, even were each tutor blessed with forty parson power of protective moral influence on those committed to his charge. It would not much advantage boys to live tied always by the leg, even were they tied to a bishop's apron-string.

THE BOTTLEHOLDER ON BUSSORAH.

THE Isthmus of Suez it 's no use to gabble on,
The way is by Belis, and Bagdad, and Babylon.
While there 's ships in the Euxine, and ships at Marseilles,
Confound water-transit—we 'll stick to the rails.
No pilot, not even the great MR. BULPH
(MR. CRUMMLES's landlord) shall steer for the Gulf:
But a railway bang down to Bussorah we 'll take,
And its Sleepers shall prove that old PAM was awake.
What, give Russia or France such a chance, in a shindy,
As a start for their fleets, down the Red Sea, to Indy?
Not I, if I knows it; and floored every Jew is
Who 's dabbled in shares in the project for Suez.
Them there is my sentiments—look at this biceps:
I think that would bother a bigger than LESSEPS.

[*He squares scientifically, punches the imaginary head of a hypothetical Frenchman, bonnets* MR. WILSON, *and exit cheerfully.*

INGENIOUS TORTURE.

THE Chinese have invented a new species of Torture. They fasten round the neck of a malefactor, the "all-round collar," such as is worn by swells and fashionables in England. They then take the malefactor out to some public place, and make him promenade up and down for several hours at a stretch. The effect is not only painful, but extremely ridiculous, and, inasmuch as the poor devil cannot move his head either to the right or the left, the infliction excites the risibility of the populace to such a degree that it is as much as the unfortunate victim can do to submit patiently to the sarcasms of the mob without resenting them. Criminals dread this form of punishment a thousand times worse than the ordinary pillory, or the wicker cage, or the huge wooden collar that is usually suspended over the shoulders of offenders that are exposed in public. It is called the "ENGLISH TORTURE," and causes a shudder every time it is exhibited.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE BRITISH LION TO MR. PUNCH.

It's well beknown that old I'm grown,—ain't the Lion as I used to be;
What with Free-trade, and Foreign bread, a tame beast I'm reduced to be;
And up and down both field and town I've been trotted by all parties;
Till I'm muddled quite, and queered outright, and nigh broken my old heart is. Bow, wow, wow,
I only wants a quiet life, and not to have no row.

In stucco base, I takes my place, a-top of each shop-front, Sir,
Red, blue, and green, of sign-boards mean I'm druv to stand the brunt, Sir;
Rampant I grow, when Heralds go at me to take their flings, Sir,
'Cos 'twixt my jaws, and in my paws, they sticks all sorts o' things, Sir,
Bow, wow, wow,
Was ever Lion so abused as the British Lion now?

And there I am at Buckingham front door—I means, the palace—
At him as cut the figure put up there I bears no malice—
But, I must say, that if some day I met him in the street, Sir,
I'd let him know that lions too can carve—a jint o' meat, Sir.
Bow, wow, wow,
If he meets the British Lion, there 'll be an awful row!

But still I'd stop on sign or shop, or perched on palace railings;
Of Herald's book the games I'd brook, nor ever break my palings:
But what will wear—and so I swear—my poor frame to a skeleton,
Is the way they treats a poor old beast, on them there tombs o' Wellington! Bow, wow, wow,
Was ever Lion treated as the poor old British, now?

They sarves me out, both slim and stout—shows me up big and little;
Some opes my jaws, and pints my claws: some makes me a lick-spittle—
A spoony brute, that if you'd shoot, would never turn to hurt ye,
With jobbernowl laid cheek by jowl beside each Christian Virtue.
Bow, wow, wow,
Was ever Lion made to keep such company till now?

Some on 'em cocks me up on rocks, that to climb would queer a monkey;
As if I'd roar, "Hoy, tuppence more, and up'ards goes the donkey!"
Some on all-fours, at tombstone doors, like a mute, has had me planted;
In short, they sticks me in like bricks, wherever a beast 's wanted!
Bow, wow, wow,
Was ever British Lions so cheap as they are now?

Both me and poor Britannia sure, to death them sculptors rides, Sir;
With the Virtues and the Graces, and the dooce knows what besides, Sir;
But dash my wig if I can twig wich is Virtues and wich Graces;
I only knows they all want clothes, and is much like in their faces.
Bow, wow, wow,
Here 's your obvious allegories four-score and four a-row!

This many a year in Westminstère, and also in St. Paul's, Sir,
I say 't with pride, I have complied with every sculptor's calls Sir;
But if this goes on, my crakter's gone, and there ain't a tig'rish swell in town,
But 'll'aye his laugh and poke his chaff at me and my friend Wellington.
Bow, wow, wow,
Blest if I stand these monyments, without a jolly row!

CORRUPT PRACTICES' PREVENTION BILL.

We do not know the nature of the Corrupt Practices that the above Bill is to prevent, but fervently hope it may put an effectual stop to the following practices, which, in our opinion, are more or less corrupt:—

The Practice that persons have of overpaying cabmen, so that when the cabman only receives his just fare, he is sure to be dissatisfied, and the person so paying him runs the greatest risk of being abused for it.

The Practice that ladies have of wearing such corpulent dresses as almost precludes them the *entrée* into respectable society, for the simple reason that it is as much as they can do to squeeze Crinoline petticoats of a circumference scarcely inferior to that of the Regent's Park through an ordinarily-sized door.

The Practice that certain absent gentlemen have of walking in the streets with their sticks and umbrellas protruding half-way underneath their arms, so that the person, who is walking behind them, has a very good chance, unless he keeps his eyes perfectly wide open, of having one of them seriously damaged, or his face most disfiguratively scratched, by the impertinent forwardness of the ferule.

The Practice that many women have of making an omnibus a gratuitous Parcels' Delivery Company, by taking into it with them as many bundles, parcels, and birdcages as they can carry.

The Practice that certain would-be facetious gentlemen have of telling you "a capital thing" they heard yesterday, when too frequently the "capital thing" turns out to be a hoary-headed Old Joe that the Oldest Inhabitant must have heard in his first infancy.

The Practice that shopkeepers have of carrying the awnings in front of their shops so low down over the pavement that incurable injury is inflicted on the hat of every gentleman who happens to soar ever so little above the height of Tom Thumb.

The Practice that young ladies have of collecting autographs, or a million postage stamps for a charitable purpose, or keeping an album to which you are solicited to contribute, or a pet pauper towards whose relief you are tenderly asked to subscribe—much to the persecution of their male friends, who do not like to refuse for fear of being considered mean, or "a brute."

The Practice that thoughtless persons have of throwing halfpence to Italian boys, and of sending out silver to German bands, greatly to the annoyance of their neighbours, who do happen to have ears.

The Practice that young gentlemen about town, who are extremely innocent, have of saying, whenever Cremorne is mentioned, "Cremorne! pray where is that?"

There are other Practices highly objectionable; there is the Practice of *encores*, as practised at public concerts; there is the Practice of speechifying and health-proposing, as practised at private parties; there is the Practice of medical men having themselves called out of church, and of chemists assuming the functions of medical men by giving "advice gratis" to the patients who come to buy their drugs. There is the Practice, also, that lawyers have of sending in long bills, which is a highly corrupt legal Practice; and there is the Practice, likewise, that Income-Tax gatherers are perversely addicted to, of calling regularly four times a-year—which is so corrupt a Practice that the sooner Parliament finds a remedy for it, the better, we fancy, the nation will be pleased.

SONG OF THE SPORTING MEMBER.

The Whitebait in Quartermaine's store-house,
The Grouse on the heathery hill,
Cry, "Ain't Ministers coming to floor us?"
"Is nobody coming to kill?"
The old shooting-ponies wax frisky,
Not brought up for September's campaign;
The Red-deer in distant Glen-Whisky
Look out for the stalker in vain.

My yacht in Cowes Water is frying,
Its crew all ashore getting drunk:
My valet of London is dying,
And asks, "When's he to pack up my trunk?"
The landlords and touters and *laquais*
De place, all the Continent o'er,
Are astonished that business so slack is,
Sighing sadly, "Why lingers Milord?"

My wife and my girls ask what reason
Hot August in London to spend,
With the balls, drums, and routs of the season,
Save Palmerston's, all at an end.
Hang all that prevents our escapes!
Hang Probate and Administration!
Hang Divorce—hang all forms and all shapes,
Of Canicular long legislation.

With dividing, reporting, committing,
We're all of us worn off our legs;
Don't they know brains get addled by sitting,
Exactly the same as hen's-eggs?
To bed, after twelve there's no summons
Of Brotherton, now, to invite 'em:
Do they fancy, like matter, the Commons
Divisible *ad infinitum*?

There's Gladstone, with argument voluble,
Proves a man mustn't part from his wife.
But one union I know should be soluble:
To the House we were not wed for life.
We were not even tied till September:
One Divorce-Bill would have votes in plenty,
And that's the divorce of each member
"*A Vinculo Parliamenti*."

JONES TRIES HIS NEW HACK, WHICH IS AS QUIET AS A LAMB—JUST ABOUT!

IRISH ANTI-PRIEST PRESERVER.

A PREVENTIVE of broken heads being far preferable to a plaster for them, it is much to be desired that somebody would invent some prophylactic of that nature, tending to moderate the party rage and the personal violence attendant on Irish elections. How would the Ballot answer? It is said to have failed in America, but it does not therefore follow that it should also fail in Ireland, unless the reason why it has failed in America is, to use a form of speech befitting an Irish topic, because very many of the American voters are Irish. Tobacco flourishes on the American soil, and is capable of being grown in Ireland; therefore, if the Ballot does not succeed well on the former, it may, by some politicians, be inferred to be unsuitable to the latter; but though this argument may very probably appear conclusive to that eminent logician, MR. GLADSTONE, to ourselves and others it is not quite satisfactory.

A better reason why the Ballot may be supposed to be ill-adapted for a wild Irish constituency is that it works well in a club of English gentlemen. But, after all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Why not test the Ballot by tasting it? An act might be passed for the trial of the Ballot, for the nonce, at the next Irish election. It might succeed; and, if it failed, no harm would be done. Nothing would be spoilt. It might prevent broken heads and take away from priests the occasion to curse and blaspheme, and threaten to deny the sacraments of their church (as if they were charms or amulets) to the savages who are superstitious enough to believe that the denial is of any consequence. The idea of experimental reform never seems to occur to Parliament. Now the Ballot is just the case for that sort of reform, and a body of priest-ridden electors is just the body whereon, according to a beautiful proverb, experiments ought to be tried.

An Unwise Complaint.

SOME of LORD RAGLAN'S friends in the House of Lords have been injudicious enough to complain that no monument has been erected to that distinguished nobleman. Let them go to Westminster Hall, look at the designs for the WELLINGTON monument, and be thankful.

ROOM REQUIRED OF COMPANY.

YE Muffs of understanding small,
Housed in the Street of Leadenhall,
Of Indian matters what a mess
You 've made through sleepy senselessness,
And indolent cupidity!—
We 'd rather have your room than your Company.

Old gentlemen, you unawares,
Caught napping in your easy chairs,
Your army in rebellion find;
And must, unless you 're deaf and blind,
From what you hear, distinctly see
We 'd rather have your room than your Company.

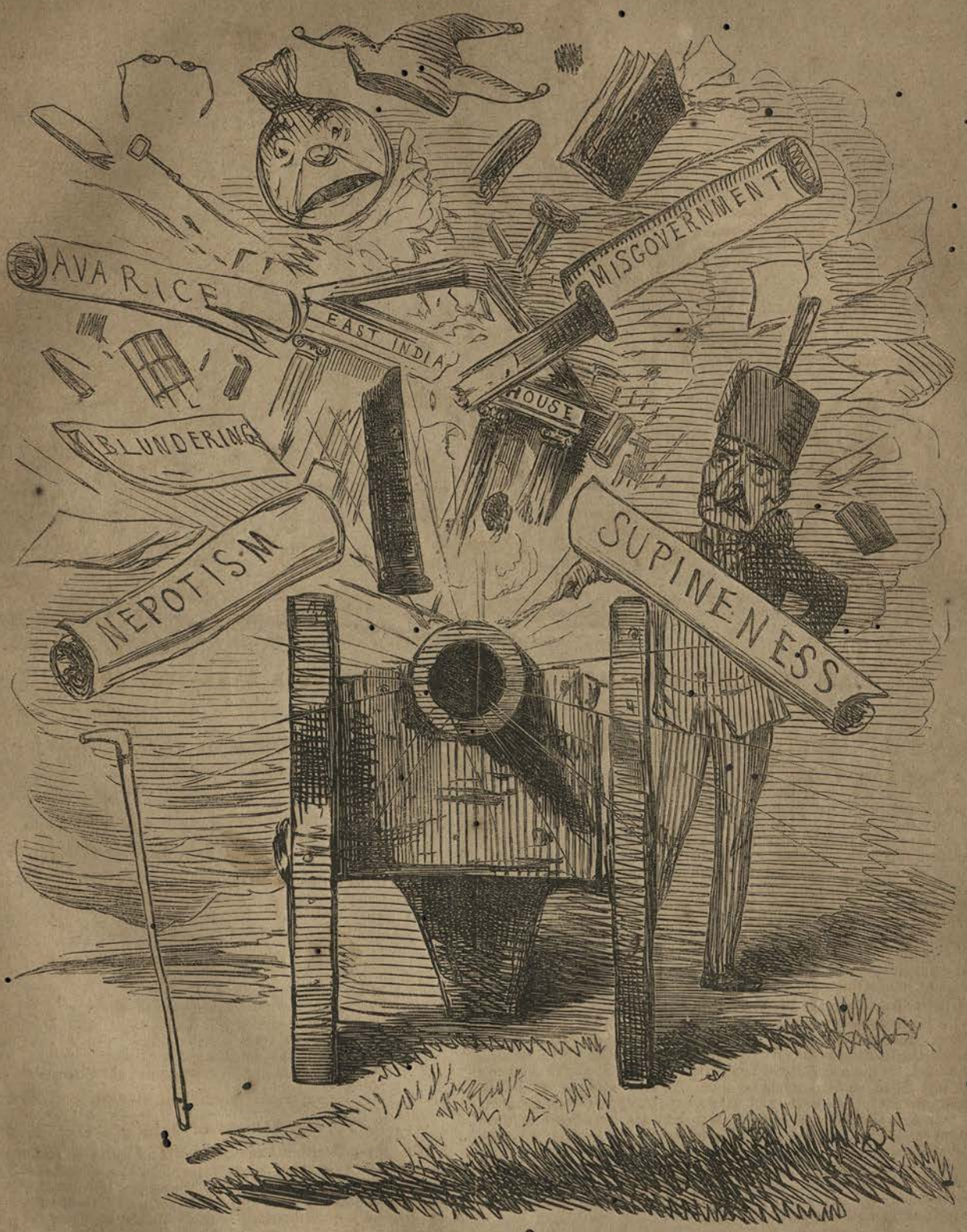
In Parliament your jobs no more
Disguised, and glossed, and varnished o'er,
By interested rogues, you 'll get
That House of yours in order set;
For on this point we all agree:
We 'd rather have your room than your Company.

Solvent of Gold.

A WAG of the Board of Examiners at Apothecaries' Hall asked an applicant for its diploma, what Government measure was like nitro-muriatic acid? The candidate could not answer the question—gave it up. The Examiner said, "Why the Divorce Bill, to be sure, because it will dissolve a wedding-ring." The postulant went into convulsions of laughter. He passed, of course.

Fortune is not so Blind.

WE accuse Fortune of blindness, when it showers its gifts upon a young prodigal. It is better, we think, that a prodigal should have them than a miser. The prodigal, at all events, invites others to share his good-fortune with him—the miser would keep it entirely to himself.



EXECUTION OF "JOHN COMPANY;"

Or, The Blowing up (there ought to be) in Leadenhall Street.

THE POLITICAL WARBLER.

A Weekly contemporary expresses dissatisfaction with the present tastes of the young men of the humbler classes. Instead, he complains, of their attending spouting clubs, and training themselves in democratic politics, they take their sweethearts to concerts, and listen to such trash as "*Minnie*" and "*Bobbing Around*." From which effeminacy, of course, he—after the fashion of everybody with a grievance—augurs the ruin of the country.

Mr. Punch is unable to share his contemporary's alarm. The spouting club, bad as it was, was better than nothing, at a time when there was no press for the people, and the press which existed was a mere organ of parties. Now, there are plenty of good and cheap newspapers, written by men of education and sincerity, from which a young man may instruct himself in politics, without stewing in a publican's room, and listening to clap-trap. And the probability is, that his sweetheart is a better companion for him than any of the acquaintances he will pick up at a spouting club. We don't make a fight for the two songs mentioned, on the contrary, both are indictable nuisances, but he may hear Beethoven and Mozart for the same money, and either will do his mind more good than the talk at places where "Gents visiting the room are invited to take part in the discussions" with gin-and-water accompaniment.

But all life is a compromise, and why not compromise this question? Let us have the concert-room, but let us have the political information also. Why not introduce a series of songs, in which, coupled with pleasant music, the great truths of the constitution may be taught. We place the following specimens at the service of M. Jullien.

THE THREE ESTATES.

Air—"*The Pirate of Blood.*"

By the British Constitution
The Realm hath Three Estates,
Known by the different articles
They wear upon their pates.
The Sovereign sports a Diadem,
A Coronet the Peer,
And the Commons they wear common Hats,
Just like to this one here,
My boys!
Just like to this one here.

A King or Queen does no great harm,
We've hedged them in so tight;
But the haughty aristocracy
I hate with all my might.
And to call those precious Commons
Your delegates, or mine,
Is a way that certain people have,
And it's all uncommon fine,
My boys!
And it's all uncommon fine.

But there's a good time coming,
Its date has been often axed,
When all who please shall be M.P.'s,
And no man shall be taxed.
When we all shall have our soups and jints,
And we all shall equal be:
So here's to the noble Charter's pints,
And here's for a pint for me,
My boys!
And here's for a pint for me.

THE RIGHT OF PETITION.

A Glee.

The Right of Petition involves no sedition,
'Tis a time-honoured right which all Englishmen claim,
And when discontent with your earthly condition,
Come up to St. Stephen's, and set forth the same.
Nay, never stop there, they detest innovation,
The haughty tax-eaters are deaf to your groan,
Spurn their dust from your feet in your just indignation,
And lay your complaints at the foot of the Throne.

THE HABEAS CORPUS.

Air—"*Maid of Lodi.*"

I sing the Habeas Corpus
That's always sweet to me,
Because 'twas made on porpoise
To keep the Briton free.
No rascally oppressor
Can on our rights entrench,
While we've a Habeas, yes, Sir,
From the Queen's—the Briton's—Bench.

Of justice no denial
Our limbs in chains shall bind,
We'll have an open trial
In the face of all mankind;
No sophistry shall warp us
To admit the slightest flaw
In the glorious Habeas Corpus,
The Body-Snatching Law.

PARLIAMENTARY AND MINISTERIAL EDUCATION.

"Mr. Punch,

"I am anxious to enter the Army. However, an examination stands in the way. I find that before wearing Her Majesty's uniform, I must prove my inefficiency in more things than were ever dreamt of in the philosophy of an officer before.

"Thus says the report that is just issued by the Council on Military Education:—

"The Candidate, after producing medical and religious certificates, &c., will be examined in Classics, Mathematics, English, French, other modern tongues, History and Geography, Geology and Mineralogy, Chemistry, Heat, Electricity, and Drawing."

"There, Sir, I hope the list is long enough? Why, Sir, I doubt if even the talented gentleman who writes the 'Answers to Correspondents' in *Bell's Life*—and he is supposed to know everything—would be able to pass his examination in one half those acquirements! I should like to know how many Members of Parliament, supposing M.P.'s had to undergo an examination, would be able to carry themselves creditably through an ordeal like the above? It is my belief that 600 out of the entire lot would be remorselessly 'plucked.' I ask, is Sir James Duke well grounded in the classics? What does Sir Charles Napier, in spite of all the stones that have been flung at him, know about geology? I should like to be informed if Mr. Samuel Warren has any profound insight into the secrets of chemistry, and whether Mr. Roebuck has any extensive knowledge of the mysteries of heat, beyond the heat of temper he occasionally displays in debate? I should like to hear Mr. Donald Nicoll examined in the first four books of *Euclid*, and it would give me infinite pleasure to see Mr. Wilson put by Professor Faraday through a regular good course of electricity. We all know that Lord John's knowledge of the French is none of the deepest, and I should doubt strongly if Lord Palmerston's acquaintance with mineralogy went any deeper. And lastly, do you think Mr. Wiscount Williams would be able for two minutes to stand an examination in English?

"My dear *Punch*, are we, young officers, such Admirable Crichtons, that we are supposed to have a touch of everything? I wonder when they were about it, that they did not, amongst the other *desiderata*, include also a knowledge of cooking, photography, dancing, tooth-drawing, and chimney-sweeping?

"An officer is none the better for being a dunce—but I do not think an officer will be any the better officer for being a living Encyclopædia. How many mature public men, I ask, are mentally qualified to prove their strength in one half the attainments demanded *en haut* of a young officer under the age of 21? Nay, as far as that goes, I will put to you this bold question: 'Would Prince Albert himself, accomplished gentleman as he is, ever have attained his present distinguished grade as Field Marshal, supposing he had been subjected, at every grade, to an examination as stiff as the above?'

"I have my fears, *Punch*, but still I hope to prove myself, in due time, "A Pass-able Officer.

"P.S. Why should not Ministers have to pass an examination? All other persons, applying for Government situations, have to go through that educational ordeal, and why should not *they?* If it is important for us, and other servants of the Crown, I hold that it is doubly important for them. I raise the cry, then, of 'Examinations for Ministers!'"

VERY LIGHT READING.

A Dublin paper in describing a human body lately discovered in an extraordinary state of preservation in a peat bog near Mullingar, says that—

"It appeared to be that of a strong muscular man, and exhibited no perceptible marks of violence, except that the head was severed from the neck just on a line with the root of the tongue."

The exception seems a rather important one. Our Hibernian contemporary apparently makes light of a somewhat serious mutilation in virtually stating that the deceased person had only had his head cut off.

A PEEP INTO WESTMINSTER HALL.

Being as much as Mr. Punch can recollect of the Descriptions appended to the Wellington Monument Models.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON supported by Fortitude and the Honourable East India Company, tramples on Misrepresentation and Unconstitutionalism; and brandishing the sword of Justice in the face of Ingratitude, plants the Standard of National Liberty under the protection of the British Lion. Motto: *Bonus, bona, bonum.*

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON between Honour and Glory leads the British Grenadier into action, and pointing to the Angel of Temperance to show the moderation of his proceedings, beckons to Modesty, Economy, and Charity to advance the flag of England. Motto: *Domine dirige nos.*

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON at the head of the Cardinal Virtues repels the advance of TIPPOO SAIB, and strikes terror into the Demon of Revolution, while Fame proclaims his deeds through the silver trumpet of Rectitude. Motto: *Go thou and do likewise.*

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON plucks the Symbols of Despotism from the Lair of Tyranny, and putting to flight at once NAPOLEON and Anarchy, introduces History to the Speaker of the House of Lords, and calls upon Time to take notes of his speeches. Motto: *Verbum sat sapienti.*

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON sustains the form of BRITANNIA (who is tottering from the effects of the earthquake of Revolution), and holds to her Nose a restorative vial inscribed "Waterloo," while the discomfited Marshals of France slink away in all directions, pursued by the avenging Furies. Motto: *Bis dat qui citò dat.*

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, his foot firmly planted on the Constitution, defies Arrogance, Aggression, and Usurpation; and, hurling the Bible at the Infidel Domination of France, transfixes with the Spear of URIEL the ferocious serpent of Oriental treachery, and by the grant of Catholic Emancipation invites HIBERNIA to the bosom of BRITANNIA. Motto: *There is no mistake.*

Diplomatic Difficulty.

WE are sorry to be under the necessity of suggesting the question why the French and British Ambassadors at Constantinople are not like two peas; because the obvious but unsatisfactory answer is, that there is a difference between them.

Execution in the House of Commons.

IT is confidently predicted by certain noble Lords, opposed to the removal of Jewish disabilities, that if the Commons adopt LORD JOHN'S view of the Act of WILLIAM THE FOURTH, they will very soon have Sheriffs' Officers in the House.

A PEEP INTO WESTMINSTER HALL.—(Continued.)

The Duke of Wellington, mounted on his charger *Copenhagen*, whose bridle is held by Chivalry, Valour fastening the Hero's spur, while Protestant Religion delivers to him the Sword of Loyalty. Under the horse's feet are Murder and Treason; and Foreign Invasion, mortally wounded, staggers backward against the Boulogne column. Motto: *Arma virumque cano.*

The Duke of Wellington as Bellerophon delivers Europe from the clutches of the monster Bonaparte, places the British Crown upon the Proud Pinnacles of Mercy, Liberality, and Emancipation, while Time breaks his scythe in sign that he will never destroy the good work. Motto: *All is serene.*

The Duke of Wellington in classical costume, to show the Simplicity of his Mind, leads the Charge of the Guards at Waterloo, who are dressed in mediæval armour, to show that their glory was not for an age but for all time. Mercy and the Genius of Treaties fly a short distance behind him, and Britannia follows as Una on the milk-white lamb, while the British Lion frantically rends the Tricolor, and the Fiends of Revolution cling affrighted to the rock of Liberty. Motto: *Such is Life.*

PROTECTION TO JURIES.

The lawyers, it is clear, must mind what they're about. If Lord Raynham's Cruelty-Prevention Act had passed, he would have been a bold man who ventured to have anything to do with empanelling a jury. Among the cruelties in common perpetration through the kingdom, his Lordship very clearly had an eye to the barbarities which are being constantly inflicted upon jurymen. By a clause especially devised for their relief, the Bill included as an indictable offence—

"The packing in any basket or box, or in any other manner, or keeping so packed, any fowl or other animal, so as by deficiency of space, air, or provision, to cause distress or suffering thereto."

And that no doubt may exist as to jurors having claim to the protection of the Act, it was afterwards provided that—

"The word 'animal' shall include any animal, whether domesticated or not, and whether a quadruped or not."

It is a fair argument, we think, although perhaps it may not be accepted as a compliment, that the frequent proofs of asininity in the verdicts of our juries should entitle them in justice to be treated as humanely at the least as other members of the long-eared race. And since the owner of the donkey "what wouldn't go" would clearly be condemnable for keeping it tied up, and cutting off its corn or thistles, so should it be made an indictable offence to starve a conscientious jury who "won't go" to a decision. In fact, supposing that Lord Raynham's Act were passed, and we were so unlucky as to serve upon a jury, we should make a point of begging to be "written down an ass," that there might be no mistake about our having claim to the protection of the Act; which, as it provides most stringently against deficient air and provender, and all "unnecessary restraint," would clearly be effective for the punishment of those who dared to jury-box us up in a hot stifling Court of Law, and to reduce us by starvation to delivering a verdict.

A Change for the Worse.

Prince Albert's new title of "Prince Consort of England" was conferred, it seems, that H.R.H. might take his place among "royal" instead of "serene" highnesses, at the marriage of the Princess Charlotte of Belgium with the Archduke Maximilian of Austria. We should have supposed it better to be "Serene" in England, than "Royal" on the Continent—as Continental Royalties go.

FASHIONABLE SIMPLICITY.

Talk of the difficulty of an examination at the College of Surgeons! Can the anatomy of the internal ear, can the sphenoid bone, can the reflections of the peritonæum, can the distribution of the fifth pair of nerves, be compared to the anatomy of a complex fashionable costume, when the following is the idea of a simple one, presented by *Le Follet?*

"It has often been said that simplicity is the best ornament for youth; thus, in the country or at the sea-side, we recommend, as morning toilette, small padded quiltings or jaconets, plain tulle skirt, with casaque to match, flat embroidered collars and mousquetaire sleeves. For evening dress, English barège, mousseline de soie, foulard de Chine; in a word, any light or simple material."

We should not like to get up the subject of fashionable dress with a view to standing an examination in it. We would rather attempt the Assyrian language or the Egyptian hieroglyphics. No amount of study would ever enable us to master the mysteries of *Le Follet;* and if we were to cram them ever so diligently, the result would be ignominious rejection. We should share the fate of the rose of loveliness. We should infallibly be plucked. We should never so much as get over even our little-go. There is something terrible in the technical nomenclature of that abstruse periodical, *Le Follet.* It suggests not only an intricacy of construction in female apparel, which is fearful and wonderful, but likewise a dire array of figures representing the cost to be looked out for by anybody on whom will fall the liability of milliners' bills. It is therefore calculated to make the thinking but not opulent lover to start and pause with a shudder at the threshold of the Temple of Hymen, if not to bolt in a fright from the sacred edifice.

PLAYFULNESS IN HIGH LIFE.

A Lovely Creature had just been warbling, "*Drink to me only with thine Eyes.*" There was a pause. Everybody stared unmeaningly at each other. There was not a sound, save the splash of the gold fish that, with unwearied fins, were carrying on their swimming-matches round the large glass bowl, when Lord Edgar Swann (the lineal descendant of the united houses of Swann and Edgar) leant forward, and said lovingly to his partner, "I wonder, by the bye, what kind of tipple it is that the Eye does drink?" "Why, *Champagne d'Ai*, to be sure!" exclaimed the ever-ready Agnes, and, tapping his fingers playfully with her fan, she spilt the coffee over his legs. Edgar had new trowsers on that evening, but still he could not help laughing at the readiness of her wit.

"A VERY PRETTY QUARREL."

First Nurserymaid. "*Me go back, Miss! Oh dear no, not if I'm perfectly aware on it, Miss, which you might a' seen me henter the street fust, if you'd a' been looking straight before yer, Miss, So you're not a-goin' to turn me off the pavemint, if I stays here all day, beggin o' your pard—*"

Second Nurserymaid. "*Oh don't name it, Mum. I'm in no 'urry!*"

"SEDET ÆTERNUMQUE SEDEBIT."

To the Air of "Little Bo-peep."

Of THESEUS we read,
That MINOS decreed,
In Hades for ever to bind him;
Till HERCULES' strength,
Released him at length,
With the loss of the part behind him.

But PAM to wrench
From the Treasury Bench
Cease, GLADSTONE, the vain endeavour;
For rather than move
He 'll quote HORACE to prove,
"He sits, and will sit for ever."

Even *your* power of talk,
By a long long chalk,
Is beat by his power of silence;
Speech must run dry,
But if no one reply,
It must come to a vote a while hence.

You must use your own tongue,
And your own power of lung,
For your eloquent orthodoxy;
But simply to sit,
Requires no wit,
So PAM can sit by proxy.

From the Treasury Bench
You will have to wrench,
Not one man but a party;
Who respect *his* force
More than *your* discourse,
"*Non tam Mercurio quam Marte.*"

He 's more THESEUS to sit
Than, with all your wit,
You are HERCULES to unbind him:
You must take up *your* tale,
But he still will prevail,
By leaving *his* tail behind him.

"DUST, OH! DUST, OH!"

WE have always felt that some signal and terrible vengeance would come upon the inhabitants of the Quadrant. In their imbecile blindness, and greed of gain, they caused the destruction of their Colonnade, one of the few architectural features of London. They did so on the principle on which a man, troubled at night by those insects which are never found in Lodging-houses, M'm, unless you've brought 'em with you, M'm, or they've come with the things from the wash—should, instead of using detergents, burn his bed. The Quadranters complained that objectionable characters congregated under the Colonnade; and so, instead of putting on a few constables, and paying them enough to prevent their taking bribes, the Colonnade was pulled down, and that part of Regent Street spoiled. Ha! ha! Vengeance has come! The Plague of Dust is upon them! These splendid weeks of fiery weather the avenging Dust has been permitted to sweep over Regent Street as it sweeps over Odessa. The costly wares have been spoiled, the disgusted customers have fled—rubbing pounds of dust out of their furious eyes—the carriages have rushed past the shop-doors, and trade has received even a greater injury from the Dust than from the Dissolution. The parish authorities have kept aloof, and the water-cart has scarcely been seen. Ha! ha! Hurrah! We write with our own eyes sore with the dust that has all but ruined the locality; but again we say,—ha! ha! Hurrah! Parish authorities, your health! You have nobly chastised the Goths that destroyed the Colonnade. May you long hold office to afflict and torment Regent Street!

Russian Generalship.

IN a very sensible letter on "Our soldiers' dress in India," a correspondent of the *Times* quotes the observation of a military authority who remarks, "that the first duty of a General is to bring his men fresh into the battlefield." The Russian Generals are in the habit of observing this rule after a fashion of their own. On the field of battle their men usually advance so very fresh that they may be said to come up groggy.

QUERY FOR THOSE WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—Is the Indian conflagration the result of incendiarism, and was it kindled by Greek fire fed with Russian grease?

HOW TO MAKE AN INDIAN PICKLE.

ENTRUST the selection of materials and the whole management of affairs to a commercial company, like (for instance) the East India Company. Allow them to make use of as much corruption as they please. Throw in various green things, such as incompetent judges, cruel tax-gatherers, and overbearing military officers. Stir up the above with a large Spoon of the ELLENBOROUGH pattern. Mix the above with native superstitions, and by no means spare the official sauce. Allow the above quietly to ferment for several years without taking any notice of how matters are going on. When you come to look into the state of things, you will find that you have as fine an Indian Pickle as you could wish. You need not trouble yourself about the jars, for they will be supplied to you afterwards, gratis. For further particulars, inquire of the great Indian Pickle Warehouse, in Leadenhall Street. N.B. No Pickle is genuine, unless there is the mark of "JOHN COMPANY" plainly visible on the face of it.

THE HAUNTED BRIDGE.

IN passing, the other day, over Southwark Bridge, we remarked two striking peculiarities of that structure. One of them is its deep and dreary solitude; the other the worn appearance of its foot-pavement. There is almost no traffic crossing it; yet the flagstones on each side of it are as deeply scooped and indented as if they had been laid down in the middle ages, and had formed the only path from the City to the Borough ever since. This convinces us that the Bridge is haunted; and that conviction is confirmed by the melancholy and desolate aspect of the toll-gates. The phenomena of Yankee Spiritualism sufficiently explain how stones may be excavated by the friction of invisible feet. There is some prospect, however, that the ghosts will soon cease to monopolise Southwark Bridge. The Board of Works has commenced a negociation with the Bridge-house Committee with a view to see if the Bridge cannot be thrown open; when the spirits in possession will have to turn out, or at least make room for the corporeal British Public.

A MUSICAL PROVERB (BY JULLIEN).—Every musician is born with a Conductor's *bâton* in his head.

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PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

August 10th, Monday. LORD CAMPBELL burst upon the DUKE of ARGYLL with a scolding for not making the marks upon posted letters more distinct. The unfortunate postmaster pleaded the great number of letters he had to stamp, but said that he was having a machine made which would help him. Unless *Mr. Punch* mistakes, there is a pretty story about this machine, and its reception by the authorities, one which would not make a bad pendant to another pretty story that the indiscretion of an Edinburgh Reviewer has recently brought out, *viâ* MR. CHARLES DICKENS.

In the Commons there was a debate about the new Public Offices, and Government promised that they would do nothing in the matter but take their coats off in order to think intensely. Then in Supply there was a fight on the £2000 asked towards making a National Portrait Gallery, and the word Picture has only to be mentioned in the House to bring on a storm of abuse on SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE, and then a *feu de joie* in his honour. This formality having been complied with, the vote was carried by 85 to 31. MR. HERBERT INGRAM suggested that a portrait of MR. SPOONER should be placed in the collection. This would be to enrich it with sculpture to an indefinite extent, for if a certain head carried on a certain classic shield turned every beholder to stone, the proposed portrait, especially if a good Anti-Maynoothian expression were thrown into it, would have ten-fold power. MR. INGRAM deserves credit for so cheap and ingenious a plan for creating a hall of statues.

Mr. Punch's intimation, last week, that the Act relative to Oaths (which LORD JOHN RUSSELL thought would make a loophole for BARON ROTHSCHILD), was not intended to apply to the House of Commons, had been shown, before publication, to LORD PALMERSTON. It is hardly necessary to say that the Committee reported in accordance with that intimation, and that the [earth in question is stopped.

A ridiculous proposal to purchase a place of worship for English visitors to Paris was made, and was felt by the House to be so utterly absurd that Government were placed in a minority of 88 on division. The only excuse for such a thing is, that it is notorious that English visitors to Paris conduct themselves much more like heathens than the Parisians themselves. Folks who, here, are as decorous and stuck-up as possible, do things and go to places, there, which would scandalise Parisian ladies and gentlemen. JOHN BULL abroad certainly wants religious hints, but as certainly would not take them, and therefore the giving him a chapel is simply ludicrous. He likes to go to the service in the Ambassador's drawing-room, because he thus gets into aristocratic precincts, and, by the way, it is quite in accordance with LORD COWLEY'S reputed hospitality that he desires to get rid even of the English who come to say their prayers in his *salon*.

Tuesday. LORD GRANVILLE will not legislate about the Sale of Poisons until next session, and meantime will thank the poison-mongers and others to read his Bill, and favour him with their opinions.

LORD PALMERSTON explained that he had been talking over the Danubian question with the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, and on the whole he thought that England and Austria might fairly give way. Does anybody besides LOUIS, PAM, and *Punch* know what the question was? Well then. PALMERSTON opposes the union of Moldavia with Wallachia, first because it amounts to a dismemberment of Turkey, for whose "integrity" we spent so many lives and millions; and, secondly, because the new state would, he thinks, become Russian. The people themselves, being supposed to have some slight concern in the matter, were asked to elect representatives to signify their views. Moldavia has elected adversely to union. But the elections were a good deal "managed" (French fashion) by VOGORIDES and his friends, and the unionist powers, France, Russia, Prussia, Sardinia, declare the voting invalid. They bully the Sultan, and flap their flags in his face, to make him take their view. PAM has two or three trifles on his hands—India, for one—and does not want another; so he has allowed NAPOLEON to persuade him to tell STRATFORD to advise the SULTAN to give way. This, mind, does not prevent our kicking against the union itself, should it be urged. And now you know all about it, and we calculate there ain't a b'hoy in either House as could have posted you up so uncommon slick. No, Siree.

An Indian discussion, including LORD PALMERSTON'S assurance that the utmost vigour should be shown in dealing with the crisis, was followed by miscellaneous matters which kept the Commons up till three o'clock. The Pimlico Improvements Bill was passed; but unluckily without the clause for putting down the Cries which have ruined Pimlico, by rendering it uninhabitable except by the lower orders. However, a general clause, putting down all Street Nuisances, including cries, perambulators, organs, round hats on females, Ethiopian serenaders, the carriages of quack doctors, mendicant street-sweepers, remember-the-grottoes, head-over-heelers, fanatic preachers, crinoline, and all other disgraces to the boasted civilisation of the Metropolis, must be part of the New Reform Bill.

Wednesday. MR. ROEBUCK, who is a very clever, but a very vain person, and who likes to hear himself talk, whether he has sense or nonsense to utter, emitted a good deal of the latter about the Bill for preventing the sale of Immoral Publications. He tried to imitate LORD LYNDHURST, but made a ludicrous failure. The Bill is to be amended, and will, we hope, pass.

SIR CORNWALL LEWIS made a financial statement, the chief points of which were that he does not mean to reduce the Tea or Sugar duties for nearly three years to come, and that the East India Company have not yet had the impudence to ask for money to carry on the war for remedying their blunders.

We are happy to announce that the Wills Bill was passed. Let every man who has not made his will immediately do so. He is a great fool, and most cruel and unjust to his family if he does not. Such is *Mr. Punch's* divine power of extracting a moral from the most commonplace fact.

Thursday. Some bishop delivered a huge speech justifying his conduct in reference to the non-consecration of some place for burying Welsh people. We cannot conceive anybody's being sufficiently interested in such a matter to wish to hear another word about it, but should any one be afflicted with such morbid curiosity, he had better buy Friday's *Times*.

Parliament in 1855 refused to inflict a penalty on parochial officers who neglected to put down nuisances. Now, members are being poisoned by the stench from the manufactories near the river, and SIR B. HALL writes to the Lambeth Vestry to move in the matter. The Vestry refuses point blank. It is hard that the innocent should suffer with the guilty; but if there are in town any members who voted against the penalty clause, we heartily hope that *they* are suffering from the nuisance, as they will be all the readier to give, next year, powers to punish the contumacious snobs of Lambeth.

The more *Mr. Punch* reflects, the more convinced he is that Woman is the great impediment to Man's living in peace and amity with his fellow-man. Look at the House of Commons. Its leaders, with sundry weaknesses, are accomplished, well-meaning, good-natured gentlemen. They will discuss and order a war with half the world, they will revise a whole system of taxation, they will frame a hundred laws of vital importance, and however stupidly they may manage, it will all be done with extreme courtesy and politeness. No man of sense will lose his temper over such trifles. But, introduce Woman into the discussion, and they immediately begin to insult one another. This day the Divorce Bill was debated for ten hours, and nothing but incivilities were exchanged. We do not care to record such instances of weakness, let us rather take the more pleasant course of recording one good thing of PALMERSTON. Among other amenities of MR. GLADSTONE'S (who is frantic against Divorce, and made twenty-nine speeches against it this day) he called the ATTORNEY-GENERAL "a hewer of wood and drawer of water." By the way, some people think it profane to quote Scripture history lightly, but let that pass. LORD PALMERSTON, defending his attorney, said that as for hewing, he certainly had cut away right and left at the enemies of the bill, but it was very insulting of GLADSTONE to insinuate that they were made of Wood, and that as for "drawing water," his speeches might well have drawn tears of penitence from the eyes of those who had been offering insincere opposition. This was very good of PAM, and *Mr. Punch* hereby publicly claps him on the back, adding that he was quite right in saying that he would sit there day by day and night by night until the bill had passed.

Friday. That extraordinary LORD CRANWORTH, who is always doing the queerest things at the strangest times, seized the opportunity when a grave discussion on the Indian crisis was appointed, to break into a eulogy of the Court of Chancery. The business had never been in a more satisfactory state, and when delays occurred it was the fault of the suitors, not of the system. CRANNY then got back to his sack, where he was safe, for LORD ELLENBOROUGH looked very desirous of taking him by the ear of his wig, and conducting him to the door.

An Indian debate followed, in the course of which LORD PANMURE said that a militia vote of £200,000 had been taken, with which it was intended to embody 10,000 of the militia before February, when Parliament would be again assembled. These men are to be placed in the garrisons weakened by the dispatch of the regulars to the east. Young ladies in the provinces must make up their minds to the change. It may not be so great as they expect—we assure them that we know several militia officers who are quite as handsome and foolish as any in the army, and what more can a young lady desire?

In the Commons, Divorce again. LORD PALMERSTON and MR. GLADSTONE made some mutual apologies for blowing one another up the night before, and then the wrangle proceeded. At the end of the night the Committee had agreed to the 27th clause. MR. GLADSTONE took an opportunity of denying that he had any share in getting up evidence to obtain the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S divorce. Nobody supposed that one of the most high-minded and honourable men in the world had acted as a spy or a delator, but he undoubtedly favoured, and in a measure promoted, a relief to the Duke, which, on principle, he would now deny to other aggrieved husbands.

MR. ESTCOURT made a speech in favour of the Euphrates Railway, and LORD PALMERSTON, again condemning the Suez plan, considered that in all such matters Government ought to be only a Spectator. SIR FITZROY KELLY then inquired, whether the KING OF OUDE were in confinement, and why; and observed that his family here disbelieved that he could have any share in the mutiny. MR. VERNON SMITH made a very mild answer, to the effect that the King was under restraint until an investigation could take place, when, if innocent, he would be liberated. The same day, *Mr. Punch* happened to receive the *Calcutta Englishman*, in which newspaper an officer at Ghazeepore states his view of the case in somewhat less delicate terms. He says:—

"What is to become of the King of Oude? I suppose Government will act energetically for once in a way, and hang the fellow, and as many of his adherents as possible."

Mr. Punch has only to add, that he thinks MR. HART, of the Trafalgar, has been unfairly treated by the White-Bait Feast's having been postponed until the fish must be as big as smelts. While this number is being published, the table is being laid for the Dictator's Greenwich Dinner. Who will receive the Penny Mug?

FULL MARCHING ORDER—THE PENANCE OF PANMURE.

THE EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

THE *Fêtes* of this Association, curiously enough, have been taking place at the Crystal Palace, whilst the adjourned debates on the Divorce Bill have been going on, morning and night, in the House of Commons. Thanks to MESSRS. GLADSTONE, HENLEY, DRUMMOND, COX, and MANNERS, the poor members will be deprived of the *Fête*, with which they generally celebrate the early closing of Parliament, on the Moors in Scotland and other heathery places. Several of the grouse, wondering at the protracted absence of their usual visitors, have begun to pair off for the next season.

THE SONG OF THE HOUSE.

WITH patience threadbare worn,
With eyelids heavy as lead,
A Member sat in the Commons' House
When he ought to have been in bed.
Sit! sit! sit!
In dog-days, small-hours and frowse,
And as his place he couldn't quit,
He sang the song of the House.

"Talk! talk! talk!
In the morning from twelve till four!
And talk! talk! talk!
At evening for eight hours more!
It's, oh, to be a slave
At words instead of work,
With GLADSTONE and PAM for FOX and PITT,
And BETHELL instead of BURKE!

"Talk! talk! talk!
Till the painted windows swim;
Talk! talk! talk!
Till the lights in the roof wax dim!
Clause and section and line—
Line and section and clause—
Till on the benches we fall asleep,
And dream of making laws.

Oh, men, with incomes clear,
Oh, men, with houses and wives,
What fools we are to be stewing here,
When we might lead easy lives!
Stick! stick! stick!
In the stench of the bone-boilers' dirt;
To hear GLADSTONE's taunts at BETHELL,
And BETHELL's rejoinders pert!

"Talk! talk! talk!
Our labour lasts night and day:
And what are its wages—nothing a-year,
And election bills to pay;
The right to stand on this matted floor,
The right to address that chair,
And the *Times* a blank—for I'm not of the rank
To be reported there.

"Sit! sit! sit!
From weary chime to chime;
Sit! sit! sit!
And to miss a division's a crime.
Amend, divide, and report—
Report, divide, and amend—
Till each section's a riddle, the Act a maze
And a muddle from end to end.

"Talk! talk! talk!
In the blazing midsummer light;
Talk! talk! talk!
Through the sweltering midsummer night:
While all about the House
The bone-boilers' odours cling,
To mock us with dreams of the heathery hills,
Where the grouse are on the wing!

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the heather and gorse so sweet,
With my wide-awake on my head,
And my luncheon at my feet!
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
After a morning's blaze at the birds,
For an appetite for my meal!

With patience threadbare worn,
With eyelids heavy as lead,
A Member sat in the Commons' House
When he fain would have been in bed.
Sit! sit! sit!
In dog-days, small hours and frowse,
And as the debate he couldn't quit,
He tried to make the best of it,
By singing the Song of the House!

THE FRENCH CLACQUEUR'S MOTTO.—"*Bis dat qui citò dat.*"

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Nobbs, having come with his Family to the Seaside for a little Change of Scene, complains that they have been Terribly Bitten by—(But no, we will not mention the Horrid Creatures)—and is Addressed thus by the Lodging-House-Keeper: "Then hall I can say, Sir, his—That, if you've been hill-conwenienced by 'em, you must a' brought 'em down with you in your Portmantel!"

THE CHIEF CASE FOR LORD CAMPBELL'S ACT.

If Lord Campbell's Bill for the abatement of the Holywell Street nuisance passes, perhaps it will effect the abatement of a similar, but worse, because more public, nuisance. The nuisance of quack doctors' advertisements equals, if it does not exceed, the Holywell Street nuisance in turpitude, and far surpasses it in magnitude. Instead of being confined to an obscure lane, it is spread over a vast proportion of the newspaper-press, and thus extended upon parlour and drawing-room tables. Immediately under the eyes of the female portion of innumerable respectable families throughout the kingdom, are lying about advertisements unfit for the perusal of the vilest blackguard. The evil is most conspicuous and glaring in the country journals. Most of those London papers that admit these execrable puffs thrust them into a corner—the Holywell Street department of the paper—but our provincial contemporaries, in many instances, parade them in large type, in the most conspicuous part of their columns; perhaps in juxtaposition with the announcement of a missionary meeting.

In many a newspaper, metropolitan as well as local, you find a religious leading article on one page, and a series of these revolting advertisements on another. We have only described one-half of the evil of these nuisances. Not only do they rival, if not beat, the Holywell Street nuisances in demoralising tendency; they are also infamous as contrivances for purposes of fraud and extortion. They are put forth by scoundrels, who pretend to be surgeons, with the object of swindling weak and ignorant people. The dupes, for whose deception they are intended, are nervous patients, who, conscious of having committed some immoralities in the course of their lives, are easily persuaded that their ailments are owing to those errors. Induced to confide their cases to the advertising quack, they are dosed with sham-specifics for imaginary complaints, and charged exorbitant fees, amounting in many instances to hundreds of pounds, which if they refuse to pay, the quack threatens a public action, and consequent disclosure of their confessions. The *Lancet* has done good service by directing attention to a case in point. Surely those newspapers that lend their columns to the lying professions of these rascals will be comprised in the class of publications threatened by Lord Campbell's Bill. Even as it is, are they not open to indictment by the Society for the Suppression of Vice? That Society, however, confines its efforts to the Suppression of Vice in the slums, and makes no attempt to exclude it from family circles. Virtue lives in a pig-stye, and complains of a remote cow-house.

Whilst the advertising quacks remain at large, it may be as well to mention some of the peculiarities by which they may be personally recognised. Many of them drive about Town in remarkable equipages. They wear extraordinary and conspicuous beards and moustaches. Their names are mostly assumed; almost every one of them has an *alias*. We grieve to state also—because the circumstance we are about to mention is one that tends to maintain an unworthy prejudice against a particular class of our fellow subjects—that very many of them are distinguished by the same peculiar features as those which denote Sheriffs' Officers and Old Clothesmen.

When Lord Campbell's measure shall have passed, we shall make a tour of prisons, in the hope of having the pleasure of seeing at least one of these fellows actively employed for the first time in his life, perhaps, unless he has been similarly employed already for buying stolen goods, either in grinding vigorously at the crank, or tripping it nimbly on the treadmill.

"The Common Objects of the Sea-Shore."

"Why publish a book under such a title?" writes a bilious Ramsgate correspondent, "as if everybody didn't know the commonest objects of the sea-shore to be clumsy feet in buff slippers, and pretty faces in round hats."

ANIMAL LONGEVITY.

THE papers have been amusing themselves with giving the ages of various animals. There are in the account, however, several omissions, which we beg to supply. The age of the British Lion is not given. This is an unpardonable oversight towards one, who has made so much noise in the world, and, more especially, as he has lived longer than all the other animals put together. The longest-lived animal, according to BUFFON, (we should like to know how he verified the age?) is the Elephant, who is said to live to the age of 500 years. Now, the British Lion is considerably older than that, and is now as young and as sprightly as ever. The way in which he is continually wagging his tail is a proof of this. He will doubtlessly live as long as BRITANNIA herself.

The British Lion's precise age may be ascertained at the Herald's College, where, on the payment of a small fee, you will doubtlessly be able to procure a certificate of his birth and baptism. The reader is recommended to make the trial.

There is the British Unicorn, too, who stands nearly in the same position as the Lion, and, perhaps, in the main, is quite as old.

There are other omissions, which we deplore. There is the Russian Bear, scarred and disfigured as he has been lately, and the French Eagle, and all sorts of Eagles, belonging to Prussia, Austria, and America, either with single or double, or as many heads as a bundle of asparagus. We ought to have been informed of their respective ages.

Talking of America, we find no mention made of the American Sea Serpent, who, first discovered in a printer's fount, has since established a small Serpentine for himself in every well-conducted American newspaper. What is the Serpent's age? We will not make inquiries about Old Mother Hubbard's Dog, nor Little Bo-Peep's Sheep, nor the celebrated Cow who is reported to have jumped over the Moon, nor about any of the clever animals, who have lived for so many ages in ÆSOP'S, GAY'S, and LAFONTAINE'S fables. Fortunately, they are still alive, and have in them a longer lease of life than any herald can give them. They are "not for an age, but for all time," and will live co-eternal with PUNCH'S *Dog Toby*.

Advice to Angry Men.

BE doubly careful in this hot weather. Resolutions, taken up warmly during the day, should be put out all night, and looked at, when cool, the next morning. Above all, do nothing in the heat of the moment, more especially when that heat happens to be not less than 85° in the shade. As has been pithily said, "The impetuous man, who acts from the heat of the moment, is singularly apt to burn his fingers."

THE ONLY TRUE HISTORICAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The cartoons every week in *Punch*.

THE FINE YOUNG ENGLISH OFFICER,

AS HE IS TO BE.

I SING of one whom now that we 've begun to educate,
The House of Commons lately made the subject of debate:
Whose qualities each Member vied with each to numerate,
And what their fancy painted him I 'll now proceed to state;
'Tis the fine young English Officer, as he is to be—in time.

His head so old on shoulders young with knowledge overflows,
Acquaintance with all sciences and arts its stores disclose,
All books and in all languages by heart almost he knows,
And he 's able to write legibly, and what is more, compose:
Like a wise young English Officer, the reason of my rhyme.

Italian, French, and Spanish, and Dutch, high or low, he 'll speak,
Count Troy-weight like a Trojan, tell the time of day in Greek;
And if to serve in India he be a chosen man, he
Will astonish all the natives in the choicest Hindostanee:
Like a polyglot young officer, fit for the future time.

Nor are his powers of body less than are those of his mind;
Quick eye, strong arm, and foot so fleet as ne'er to lag behind;
Good lungs, and constitution such as no fatigue can feel,
With iron nerves and sinews, and a heart as true as steel,
Has this brave young English Officer, to serve us in his prime.

A Centaur in his horsemanship, an ANGELO to fence,
In every manly pastime he makes way, nor makes pretence;
From battle-fight to fisticuffs good generalship he proves,
In glory's race a winner and a "wunner" with the gloves:
Like the plucky British Officer, of past and present time.

He can draw with equal credit an earthwork or a cheque,
Keeps a spotless reputation, and accounts without a speck,
Knows staff-duties and horseflesh, can out-bargain Greek or Jew,
Has ready wit at his command, and ready money too:
This accomplished English Officer, one of the coming time.

MORAL.

Now all you fine young Officers who 'd mind your q's and p's,
The more you 're like this picture the more your *Punch* you 'll please:
Fight then your best with ignorance, count folly as your foe,
And while not less ornamental far more useful you will grow:
As befits the British Officer, pride of the coming time.

AN ACQUISITION FOR A FAMILY.

A WANT which will not perhaps be readily supplied is announced in the advertisement following:—

WANTED, some distance in the country, a comfortable HOME for an INTEMPERATE FEMALE. A farm-house preferred. Apply by letter, stating terms, which must be moderate, to C. A. B., ————, Royal Exchange.

The ambiguous nature of the description of the female for whom accommodation is desired in the above notification will necessitate any reply that it may possibly receive to be an inquiry as to its meaning. Does the intemperance predicated of that lady mean violence of language and demeanour merely, or addiction to brandy-and-water, or, the union of both these unpleasant deformities of the feminine character? The expectation that an intemperate female, whether irascible only, or drunk only, or drunk and irascible too, would be received as an inmate of any decent, domestic establishment on moderate terms, is rather Utopian, and taken in connection with the preference expressed for a farm-house, is evidence of quite a rural or Arcadian simplicity. The reception of the intemperate party, on any terms, could hardly be expected, except of the proprietor of a cold-water-cure concern, or the keeper of a lunatic asylum, or a superintendent of those two institutions combined.

A Question for Sculptors.

THE Statues of SIR ROBERT PEEL are numerous enough. In some, he is attired in the Roman toga—in others he is dressed in his own private clothes. Now, is it not strange, considering how closely his name is identified with the institution of the Police, that no artist has ever yet thought of representing SIR ROBERT as a Peeler?

THE SHOOTING SEASON.

SHOOTING has begun at Homburg, Ems, Spa, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, and other places of card-playing resort. Shooting began on the very same day as the opening of the gambling-saloons. N.B. Pistols, on sale or hire, to be had at the different Ball-rooms.

THE BRITISH LION'S VENGEANCE ON THE BENGAL TIGER.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENCES.

THE drafting off some thirty thousand troops for India has, of course, revived the cry about our national defencelessness, and nervous members have been nightly getting on their legs to ask what measures have been taken for the safety of the country, and to impress upon LORD PALMERSTON the policy of its insurance from the danger of invasion. Perhaps it may in some degree relieve the minds of these alarmists, to know that *Mr. Punch*, far-seeing as he is, does not apprehend that peril to be imminent: and that he, moreover, has a plan at his pen's point, by which we still may sleep in safety in the absence of our troops.

Mr. Punch would suggest that, when its men-of-war are gone, England should rely on the protection of its women. Encased as they are now in whalebone and in steel, they are thoroughly well armed to act on the defensive, and surrounded by their wide circumference of petticoat, it is clear that they are quite secure from close attack. The sharpest bayonet would fail to pierce through their stiff skirts, and except at a long range it would be impossible to open fire upon their ranks, even granting that the enemy were ungallant enough to do so. As for charging them with cavalry, the havoc ladies make with the boldest of dragoons is too well known for any horsemen thus to outdo Balaklava, and rush madly on their fate: indeed, were it attempted, the longest-legged of chargers would fail, there is no doubt, to leap the hoops and other outworks in which the ladies would be found impregnably entrenched.

Moreover, accoutred as they are at present, it is clear that our fair country women are not only suited well to act on the defensive, but are eminently fit for the offensive also: if gallantry permits us for a moment to assume that a lady can in any sense be thought to act offensively. In the case of their attacking, who by any possibility could stand against their weight, now that every lady (it is commonly believed) carries half a ton at least of Crinoline about her: and from the way in which they brush us off the pavement with their skirts, we feel assured that in a charge they would sweep everything before them. By simply taking care to keep a pin or two about them, they would be well armed for the occasion of close fighting: though certainly the notion of their coming to close quarters scarcely seems compatible with the extent of their circumference: and in case of need, each lady would be free to use her tongue, than which she could not wield a more formidable weapon. So long as any woman has a tongue in her head, she may fairly be accounted armed to the teeth: and we believe that the first volley, were it but of small talk, would cause the very boldest-hearted enemy to quail; and induce every man of them to lay down his arms, and run submissive into those of his vociferous assailants.

We have said enough to show that the ladies would be sure to prove as irresistible in warfare, as we are gallant enough to think they are in peace: and we are convinced that in the case of an invasion, they would rise as one woman to protect their hearths and husbands. Our fancy fails to picture a more nobly-touching spectacle than the wide expanse of Crinoline spread out to meet the foe, and ourselves and fellow countrymen all hid from harm behind it. Nor in putting ourselves thus under petticoat protection, should we be exposing our defenders to much danger. A lady's Crinoline may now be regarded as her castle, and she is as safe in it as though she were ensconced in Gibraltar.

Should our hints be acted on (and we have too much self-respect to imagine they will not), we scarcely need suggest that the enrolment of our female troops had better instantly commence, as the recurrence of wet weather might a little damp their ardour. While the present sunshine lasts there would be no lack of volunteering for the field, and the country might rely on seeing its defenders flocking out of town to it. From practising at pic-nics no doubt the troops would show a fair acquaintance with field duties; and in order to familiarise their minds with camping out, it might be found expedient to start a female Aldershot, at which our better halves might now and then take up their quarters. They might there be exercised in military movements, and learn some notion of obedience to the word of command. If smartly carried out, the order "Brandish Bodkins!" would produce a grand effect; and by a sudden movement to the word "Present Parasols!" the troops might safely frighten off a cavalry attack. We should think too that in cases of extreme emergency, a rally to the war cry, "Draw Pincushions —and Charge!" would strike terror to the hearts of the bravest of assailants.

As it would be policy, in the event of actual fighting, for the ladies every one to put on their most killing looks, due attention should be paid to their effectiveness of dress, and each corps should be furnished with a millinery staff. In order to secure the display of the best taste, the clothing Colonelcies should be reserved for competition, and be attainable not by purchase but by merit. For the sake of distinction as well as uniformity, the regiments might each one of them be dressed in uniform, and take its name from its distinguishing costume and colours. The absent Greys and Blues might be represented by the Lilacs and the Pinks; and discarding as too masculine the words "dragoons" and "troopers," we might more fitly speak of our high-mettled ladyguards as being "Light Balloons" or "Heavy Iron Hoopers."

Impressed as we are always with the sense of our own wisdom, we are prepared to be called fools for the hints we have thrown out. But the severest of our critics must at any rate allow that the plan we have suggested for our national defence would at least save the country from that great loss of labour, which would result from prematurely calling out the militia. These are mostly now engaged in active operations, doing gallant duty in the harvest field of action, and daily cutting down and carrying everything before them. From such service to the state we should be sorry to disturb them; and gallantry forbids our doubting that the ladies would be welcomed as fair and fitting substitutes. At any rate, whatever its defects may be, we feel persuaded that the scheme we have proposed is in no way more absurd than the fears which have suggested it.

ART-APPURTENANCES OF THE STREET.

ON a direction board which shows the way to the scientific and artistic collections at South Kensington, is depicted a human hand, as index. The treatment of this subject really evinces a very fair attempt at drawing and colouring, manifest not only in the anatomy and flesh-tints of the hand and fingers, but also in that little bit of costume, the cuff, out of which issues the wrist. The hand is, in fact, to use an outlandish slang-phrase, an Art-Hand, or an Art-Index. The idea involved in this Art-Work might be extended, with great advantage to the Art-Profession in the encouragement of Art-Talent, as well as in the creation of employment affording subsistence to struggling industrious Art-Persons. Why should not every finger-post be, either partially or entirely, an Art-Finger-Post?

The partial Art-style of finger-post might be such as that exhibited by the model at Kensington, or the hand might be carved, or there might be a whole arm with hand and fingers, instead of a mere hand, either carved or painted. The Art-Finger-Post entire might be a statue pointing in a given direction with an appropriate gesture. Room for great variety of expression would be afforded. Thus, for Newgate Street, for instance, the Art-Finger-Post might be a figure of Justice with a drawn sword extended in the direction of the gaol; or it might be the more modern figure of a policeman indicating that edifice with his truncheon. The way to the Opera House, on the other hand, might be shown either by a classic statue of Terpsichore, or by the sculptured likeness of an actual ballet girl —in the latter case the figure might be represented executing a *pirouette*, with a leg outstretched instead of an arm, the index constituted by the great toe, and the Art-Work, instead of an Art-Finger-Post, forming what might be more correctly called an Art-Toe-Post. Bishops, Judges, Generals, Aldermen, and other leading personages might afford designs for Art-Finger-Posts pointing to localities connected with their several professions. To Art-Finger-Posts might be added Art-Lamp-Posts, constructed on the same principle, and likewise Art-Posts at the sides of the street, with spikes on their heads, to prevent the boys from spoiling their Art-Beauty in jumping over them.

The Fault of the Weather.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL was reported by the papers to have remarked upon MR. GLADSTONE'S perspiring during his Anti-Divorce Speech. The learned ATTORNEY-GENERAL would seem to have been in communication with the press, as on the fourth day afterwards we find an *erratum*. "For 'perspiration exuding' read 'eloquence bursting.'" The words sound so exactly alike that the reporters might easily mistake. Either way, we take it, SIR RICHARD intended to give MR. GLADSTONE a wipe.

THE LAST TWO SWELLS IN TOWN.

First Swell. You won't believe it—but the Park was quite full yesterday?

Second Swell (tries to say something, but such is his amazement, and languid state, that he cannot utter a word).

First Swell. A fact, nevertheless! I counted not less than nine people in it—on my honour, I did!

VERY ARTFUL CONTRIVANCE.

Clara. "WHY, DEAR ME! WHAT DO YOU WEAR YOUR HAT IN THE WATER FOR?"

Mrs. Walrus. "OH, I ALWAYS WEAR IT WHEN I BATHE; FOR THEN YOU SEE, DEAR, NO ONE CAN RECOGNISE ME FROM THE BEACH!"

HARVEST CAROL.

HARD though it be to turn your eyes
From India's crimson plains,
Where British blood for vengeance cries
On every fiend it stains,
Yet from those fields, so grimly dyed
With gore by dastards shed,
Look on your own, now far and wide
With what a harvest red!

Instead of those full sheaves, we might
A scanty crop have seen;
Those rich ripe ears could, black with blight,
With mildew white, have been,
Untimely thrashed with storms of hail,
Or sprouting, soaked in rain;
We having famine to bewail,
As well as kindred slain.

At many an early harvest home
Will many a nut-brown bowl,
In many a jolly farmer's dome,
Slake many a thirsty soul
Be that a grace-cup—ere we drink,
My mates, one moment stop,
To say, what every heart must think,
Thank God for this good crop!

A Medical Negation.

SINCE the particulars of the very equivocal trial, that were published at full length in the *Lancet* of August 8th, DR. KAHN has felt himself such a complete negative in the medical profession, that he seriously intends altering the name of his Exhibition to make it suit his new position. Henceforth, he does not wish it to be known as "KAHN'S MUSEUM," but, quite the reverse; to be always honourably mentioned as "THE MUSEUM OF CAN'T."

A PERAMBULATOR-TAX WANTED.

R. PUNCH, SIR,—"Toll-gates are a nuisance, soon to be reckoned with things of the past; but to my mind, Sir, perambulators are beyond comparison a greater. Being a pedestrian as well as an old bachelor, I regard these infantine infernal machines with two-fold aversion. They not only wheel against my corns and make me limp in agony and terror off the pavement, but they bring me into contact with nursemaids and children, from whom it is my constant prayer to keep aloof. You may conceive then with what pain the other morning in the *Times*, I came across the following:—

"TOLLS ON PERAMBULATORS.—The question 'Are Perambulators liable to toll?' has been decided before the magistrates at Totnes. The decision was in favour of the nursery, and the toll-taker was condemned in the costs."

"Sir, on reading this pathetic statement, my emotion, combined with a small piece of egg-shell, nearly choked me. To get up from the breakfast-table, search for pen and ink, and dash off three sheets of condolence with that injured toll-taker, was the work, if not of a moment, at least of not above an hour. If ever man deserved a statue, I consider he does. His noble effort to emancipate the nation from the thraldom of the nursery should win for him a niche between WILBERFORCE and WELLINGTON, and be recorded in the most perpetuating marble. As a national monument the work should, of course, have the sanction of the Government, but as I entertain a wish to live to see it finished, I have no desire that Government should have the execution of it. Besides, their hands are full just now with their designs upon the DUKE; the carrying out of which may in due course, I suppose, be expected to succeed the completion of the NELSON Column, and be reported as 'in progress' at the end of the next century.

"There is another work, however, which the Government might easily get through with before they go to grouse, and which would do the State—and especially the old fogy state—such service as would amply make amends for an otherwise unproductive Session. An Act for the Abatement of the Great Perambulator Nuisance, would be an Act of Charity for which every street pedestrian would feel ever after grateful, and would add a dozen yards at least to the height of popularity LORD PALMERSTON now stands at. To show how terribly the nation is in need of some relief from these vexatious vehicles, I have a mass of carefully collected statistics at my elbow, which throw a light upon the subject that is perfectly appalling. I find that on one side of Regent Street alone, the daily traffic of perambulators numbers upwards of six thousand; and, through carelessness and furious driving, an average of nine hundred and twenty-seven corns (fifty-four per cent. of them belonging to old gentlemen) have, according to the returns of the last six months, been wheeled over weekly by these juvenile Juggernauts. With the knowledge of these frightful facts you cannot wonder that I cry for a Perambulator-Tax, and the heavier it be laid on the lighter will my heart and spirits be in future. Indeed, were this not so blessedly free a country, I should rejoice to see it made penal to use a perambulator after eight o'clock A.M., and I would dig the deepest dungeons for the punishment of those who dared to disobey this salutary law.

"Sir, these vehicles of misery have too long stopped the way, and every friend to progress must wish for their removal. For safety sake their wheels must now be brought to 'wo:' the nation's weal imperatively, as I think, demands it. As being the Redresser-General of Grievances, it is to *Punch* the nation looks for measures of relief. An Act to impose a Perambulator-Tax, if endorsed with your approval, might instantly be passed, and would be an act of mercy to innumerable myriads of my afflicted fellow-countrymen, as well as, Sir, to

"Yours, without gout, A TOE-MARTYR."

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The Ducks have arrived, for the Season, in St. James's Park.

THE HONEYMOON.

Mary. "*Charles, dear; now we are Married, you know, we should have no Secrets. So do, like a Love, hand me the Bottle of Hair Dye; you will find it in my Dressing-Case.*"

PUNCH'S LITTLE POLICE COURT.

Jumping on a Train in Motion.—A smart little boy, called Johnny Jones, not more than nine years of age, was brought up before *Mr. Punch* for jumping on a Train whilst in motion. A lady, whose name, from a feeling of gallantry, we suppress, said that whilst walking down Regent Street yesterday, she felt a heavy pressure on her dress behind. On looking round, she saw the defendant standing on her train. The jerk had been so sudden, the blow so violent, that her dress had nearly been wrenched off her back. As it was, it was completely pulled out of more than one-half the gathers round the waist. She considered the dress, which was a love of a Barège, only of this last year's Spring Fashions, was completely spoilt. She estimated the damage done at not less than £3 15*s.*

Johnny Jones, upon being asked what he had to say, declared as how he couldn't help it. It warn't no fault of his'n if ladies would take to wearing their toggery so long as they did. Why, this 'ere un was at least two yards long, a-dragging ever so far behind the Lady. He was very sorry—that he was—but bless his lucky, if he could help it. He never saw the Train till he was right apon it.

Mr. Punch said this was evidently an accident. Such accidents would not occur, if ladies would not wear their dresses so long. If damage was done, the ladies had only themselves to blame for it. The damage was doubtlessly very annoying, but it might easily be avoided by the dress being curtailed. The present length of ladies' dresses was, to say the least, a nuisance carried to the greatest extreme. It touched on the very borders of ridicule. It was of benefit to no one, excepting, perhaps, the crossing-sweepers, whose birch-brooms it certainly saved a deal of muddy labour; and it must unquestionably entail interminable annoyance, and expence without end, on the fair creatures who wore them. Of the breadth of ladies' dresses, he would not at present say a word; though if called upon to adjudicate between the two evils, he might perhaps venture to remark, that the one was quite as broad as the other was long. If every case of jumping on a train whilst in motion was brought before a Magistrate, the consequence would be, that at least one half of the lovely beings who were in the habit of attending a Queen's Drawing-room would have to appear at the bar of a police-office the next morning. It was notorious that at Court collisions between trains occurred every other minute, and the expence that resulted from such accidents was doubtlessly such as to cause alarm even to the stoutest purse, but those cases very wisely were never brought into Court. As he said before, the remedy was in the hands of the ladies themselves—or their milliners' hands—though, probably, the latter might object to the cutting-down of the dresses, as it might have the effect of cutting down their bills. It was simply a question of shear comfort. He would suggest to the ladies, therefore, the judicious use of the pruning-scissors.

The case was dismissed.

Mutability of Fashion.

We think we cannot better prove the mutability of Fashion than by printing the two following interesting facts. They have the further advantage, also, of proving the rapid change that occasionally takes place in young ladies' tastes:—

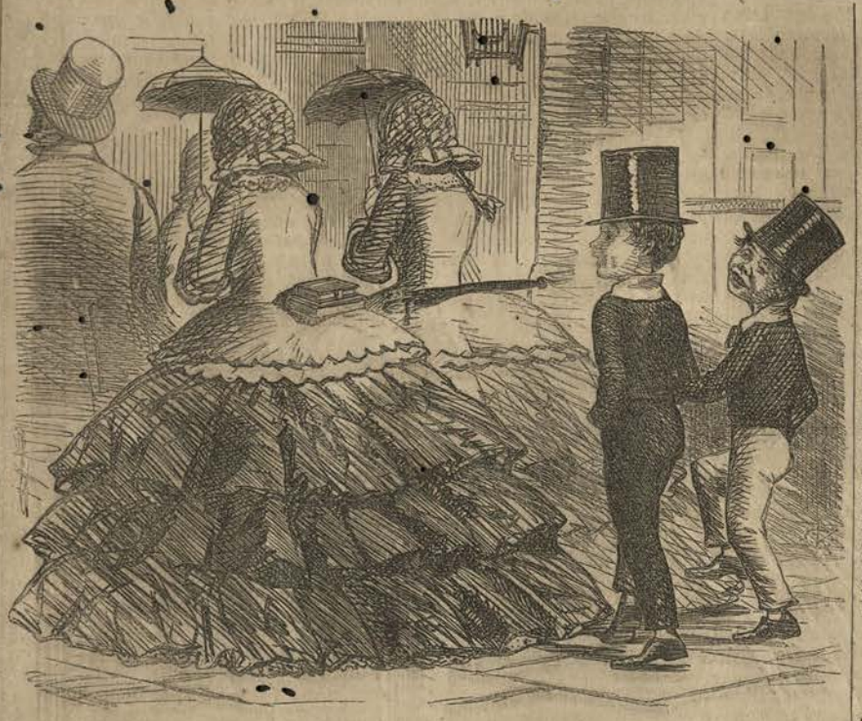
1849. Emily refuses Albert, because he doesn't wear straps!
1857. Emily refuses Albert, because he does wear straps!

An Emperor's Privacy.

The Visit to Osborne was a private one. None but Policemen were admitted. Are we to conclude, therefore, that Louis Napoleon's Privacy consists generally in being surrounded by some forty or fifty Policemen?

Joint-Stock Soup.

A Young Housewife wishes to know whether the conversion of paid-up shares into Stock is not an example of what is meant by cooking accounts.



The Extremely Reprehensible Conduct of those two Podgkinsons, as they Walked to Church with their Papa, Mamma, and Sisters, the very first Sunday last Holidays.

"LES ADIEUX D'OSBORNE."

IT is said that the EMPEROR is anxious to have a painting commemorating his visit to Osborne, and that MR. GUDIN will be commissioned to paint it. We think a capital companion to the "*Adieux de Fontainebleau*" might be made out of the subject. We would have LOUIS NAPOLEON in his old dress of a special constable. He should be taking an affectionate farewell of his faithful Police. On one side there should be the English Police, his former companions on duty; and, on the other side, there should be grouped pathetically the French Police, who accompanied him from France. PRINCE ALBERT would be shown in the background, overcome with emotion. The QUEEN might be elegantly introduced at the back, waving her handkerchief from the balcony. Not only might the Picture, with such strong incidents, be made most effective, but it would also contain elements of truth, which historical pictures do not always possess. The two sorts of veteran Police, admitting of a great variety of costume, would form a most admirable group. An old *mouchard* in tears would tell capitally. The title, of course, must be LES ADIEUX D'OSBORNE. On the top of the picture might be delicately inscribed, "*Strictly Private.*" It would help the story.

Rival to Joe Miller.

BERNAL OSBORNE'S *jeux-d'esprits*, jokes, conundrums, epigrams, sarcasms, paradoxes, *coqs-à-l'ânes*, personalities, &c. &c., are to be collected together, and published shortly, in 19 vols., under the title of:—"*The Bernal Collection.*"

THE ZUB-ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH—A SOUTH-WESTERN ECLOGUE.

"TELL us, BILL, if thee bist able,
See 'n as how I can't make out,
This here Zub-Atlantic Cable
As they calls ut, what about?"
"Thee dost know I bain't no scollard,
PETER, that thee know'st full well;
Ziunce never havun foller'd,
Little 'tis as I can tell."

"Tell that there, for thee bist clever
At explainun things off-hand,
And 'twill be as much as ever
I be like to understand."
"Well; to give thee sich a notion
As I feels I'm aqual to—
Under the Atlantic Ocean
This here cable is to goo."

"By the Ocean, as I takes ut,
Neighbour, thee dost mane the Say,
Tell us, now, how fur you makes ut
This here Cable vor to lay?"
"At a moderate calcilation
'Tween two thousand mile and dree,
Bringun in communication
Ireland and Amerikey."

"What a stretcher! What's ut made on?
Tell us what ut's vor, I pray,
Under water beun' laid on
All that there termendious way?"

"This here Cable of the Ocean
Is described, by them who 've sin,
Gutter percher, outer potion,
Over 'lectric wires within."

"Ah! what, wires like them inventions
As do carry, in a crack,
Any messidges you mentions
Down from Lunnon here and back?"
"Ees, and by the zame assistance,
True as now I talks to thee,
Words ool vly, all that there distance,
'Tween Ameriker and we."

"Truer words was never spoken
Than that wonders bain't to cease.
BILL, my boy, I sees a token
In that precious link, of peace."
"I should think so; peace 'tween brothers,
Who aloan is Vreedom's hope;
Whilst thee zee'st all them there others
Servun' Tyrants and the Poap."

"Well; they zinks this Cable, don't em,
Down away there in the deep?
But the waves ool stir 'un, won't em,
When the storms above 'un sweep?"
"Ah! the storms all sweeps above 'un,
When the winds arise and blow;
But the waves wun't never move 'un,
They be still as death below."

"Well; in course I zee that follers,
But, about the holes, old chap?
When a draps down in the hollers,
Dash my buttons! wun't a snap?"
"Naw; cause underneath the biller
What they calls a reef ixtends,
Makun' vor 'un one long piller
All the way between his ends."

"Natur's got some strange things in her,
There a Providence I zee;
Though I knows as I'm a sinner,
Which I will confess to thee."
"PETER, in thy observation
I agrees; ut makes us think
Arter all this conversation,
Let us ha' a drap o' drink."

"BILL, I likes that there suggestion;
By the vorce on't I be struck;
In regard to that there question
Now suppose we drinks good luck."
"Hoy! Hallo!—zum beer, young 'ooman—
Quart a-piece—we can't ha' less.
Bring us zum o' your uncommon:
'Lantic Telegraph's success!"

[We deeply regret that our bucolic contributor should have put his enthusiasm into the above beautiful poem before reading the latest news from Valentia. MR. PETER'S inquiry, "Wun't it snap?" is, however, a very sensible one, and MR. BILL should have replied, "In coorse." But the admirable anti-temperance sentiments at the close, no less than the general merit of the poem, forbid our sacrificing it.—ED.]

NOTE ON COLOURS.

ULTRAMARINE is the name given to an intense blue. Ultramontane may be suggested as an analogous expression which might be applied to violent scarlet.

"VERY HARD LINES."—Reading *Bradshaw's* in a hurry under a gas-lamp on a very windy night in the street!

SIGH OF THE SPORTING MEMBER.

THE Sporting Member, nailed to the Treasury benches, and dreaming of the grouse-dotted Moors, hums plaintively to himself, "*How happy could I be with Heather!*"

UNPRECEDENTED TRADE ANNOUNCEMENT.—The Pig-Market was quiet.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

AUGUST 17. *Monday.* LORD CAMPBELL pictured MR. ALLEYNE, the founder of Dulwich College, "starting from his grave," and signifying his approval of the Dulwich College Bill, as framed by the Lords. So solemn an image of course convinced the Peers that they ought to disagree with the Commons' amendments, and they did. The question is, who shall be the governing body—the Commons' plan tending to parochialism. The proposal to admit a few children of Actors to the benefits of the charity founded by an actor who made his fortune on the stage, has been entirely rejected with the lofty contempt characteristic of Respectability. Later in the week the Commons resolved to stand by their amendments, and MR. KNIGHT roundly abused all the Dulwich fellows as robbers, and the bill as "a compromise with the Devil."

The Commons began again at Divorce, and gentlemen amused themselves all the morning by conceiving every variety of scandal, and setting each case before poor SIR RICHARD BETHELL, to know what he would do with it. The debate would furnish a variety of invaluable hints to French novelists and their English imitators. The same remark applies to the nocturnal sitting, at which, moreover, by a very large majority, was rejected a reasonable proviso, inserted by the Lords, that cases where the details were offensive to public decency might be heard in private.

Here let *Mr. Punch* interpolate a word to his contemporary, the *Morning Star*, with certain of whose doctrines he is in the habit of cordially disagreeing, and whose Peace-Idols he has had frequent occasion to smash. There can be no question, therefore, of *Mr. Punch's* sincerity, or of his lofty and superb chivalrous courtesy, when he raises his hat, as he now begs to do, to the *Star*, in token of recognition that the journal in question, on occasion of a recent and most disgusting trial, came forth, alone of all the daily press, divested of a report which made all the other newspapers unfit to be laid upon the table at which *Judy* presides, and her daughters assemble. *Sapiens dominabitur Astro*, by which we mean that every sensible editor ought to take example from the *Star*.

The only other noticeable things in the Commons were, first, that MR. VERNON SMITH, under cover of the battle-smoke, skulks from bringing forward an Indian budget this year. He may go, for it would evidently be, under existing circumstances, a mockery. Secondly, that some canting clap-trap about a man's house being his castle was idiotically advanced in opposition to a useful bill for preventing the overcrowding of the dwellings of the poor—a bill for which it is stated that the poor are most desirous. MR. AYRTON, who, though too garrulous, has some brains, (at least for a Metropolitan Member) talked this rubbish. A man's house may be his castle, but if he makes his moat a nuisance, it is all our eye to say we must not take that mote out of our eye.

Tuesday. The world was delighted with the prospect of a row between the two most amiable men in it, SUGDEN and BETHELL, the latter of whom had indulged in some caustic sarcasm at the expense of a bill for protecting honest Trustees, which the former had prepared with much care. SAINT L. expressed his opinion of SIR R., and of his "confidence," (Parliamentary for impudence) to-night, and the retort was expected at the earliest convenient opportunity.

LORD GRANVILLE intimated to some grumbling Peers that they would have to sit until the Commons had done with the Divorce Bill, and then to take the amendments into consideration, as Government meant to pass the measure. There is really dreadful difficulty in getting legislators, born or elected, to attend to their business. They will be clamouring for an Early Closing Movement next, and placarding the walls with, "Please make your Speeches before 7 o'clock."

The Commons on Divorce. The clergy gained half a victory, carrying a proviso that they need not, unless they like, read the Marriage Service over any person who shall have been divorced for his or her offence. They desired to refuse marriage altogether to the guilty party, but the lay mind saw impolicy and cruelty in this priestly demand, and would make only the concession above mentioned. As there is a Registrar in every district, whose certificate is exactly as good as that given by the smirking parish clerk in the vestry, and generally much more neatly written, the practical result of the alteration is infinitesimal. It is more pleasant to note that clause 54, abolishing the Husband's Action for Damages, was carried by 78 to 46. It is, however, proposed to reserve a power to inflict pecuniary penalty in certain cases.

The Crowded Dwellings Bill came on again, and more clap-trap was talked. MR. P. O'BRIEN gave MR. AYRTON a very smart rebuke for his dogmatic loquacity, and "COX the attorney" talked some insufferable nonsense about LORD PALMERSTON who, COX said, "wanted to play WAT TYLER with the people of England, but that they would be able to find persons to play the tyrant against him." If one could suspect an attorney of what MR. MACAULAY calls the "generous vice," one would think COX must have been at the Claret, but as natural history negatives such a presumption, we must find another method of accounting for his folly, and this is it:—

"The pert BILLY COX,
He is not an Ox,
Though you mayn't think him greatly above it;
But allow him his fling,
As the next mentioned thing
The commandment forbids us to covet."

Wednesday. The Impure Books Bill advanced, and the Committee on the Divorce Bill finished its labours. SIR R. BETHELL, taking into consideration that a Church belongs in some measure to the parishioners, and is not quite the parson's private apartment, introduced a clause enacting that if one Clergyman did not choose to marry Divorced people, another might be brought into the recalcitrant's Church to do it, and this was carried by 73 to 33.

Thursday. It was explained to LORD SHAFTESBURY that the opinion of the law officers of the Crown, on the Opium question, was, that the East India Company had a right to grow it, and to send it to China, but perhaps they had better not. LORD REDESDALE solemnly pledged himself to oppose the Divorce Bill when it should come up from the Commons.

In the last mentioned place the last mentioned bill received some amendments, chiefly affecting the property of married women, and LORD PALMERSTON made rather a spirited speech upon the national defences, which he considered would be quite satisfactory, provided our big ships were not sent away. The clamour against the Crowded Dwellings Bill, and the evident intention of its opponents to defeat it by delay, induced MR. COWPER to withdraw it for the present, which he did, with contemptuous observations on the character of the opposition.

Friday. Punch is happy to say that his friend LORD CAMPBELL'S Bill against bad books passed the Commons in a state which was satisfactory to its parent, who professed his delight. LORD MONTEAGLE took an opportunity of praising the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER most highly, and of declaring that our financial policy was opposed to all common sense. LORD REDESDALE withdrew his solemn pledge to oppose the Divorce Bill, but professed himself in a dreadful rage at the way the screw had been put on by the Government.

LORD PALMERSTON, in answer to WISCOUNT VILLIAMS, (we vary the spelling in compliance with a requisition from some of his lordship's vassals,) stated that no application had been made by France for extradition of refugees, and if it had, we had no power to hand them over.

Mr. Punch cannot more pleasantly conclude his week's *résumé* than by announcing that, amid loud cheers, the Divorce Bill passed the British Commons.

Superstition.

A WORTHY friend of ours, but who is imbued with very strong prejudices against the Irish, says that the failure of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable may be entirely attributed to the fact of its having started from Ireland. He alludes to the well-known habit of improvidence among the Irish, and asks the Directors, how, with the system of "*paying out*" that is generally pursued in Ireland, they ever could expect to *make both ends meet?*

AN OLD SAW NEW SET.

WE venture a new translation of "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum;*" "Let us have no monument of the dead but a good 'un." At present we seem capable of anything but a good 'un.

RIGHT FOR ONCE.—MR. VERNON SMITH produces no Indian Budget this year. He is right. We want to hear of only one Indian Budget—the Sack of Delhi.

Dustman. "*I don't quite like the looks o' this ere Hingia bisnis, Tommy.*"

Sweep. "*No; but it's jist wot yer might expeck from sich a parcel o' dirty black hignorant scoundrels as them.*"

ANOTHER NINE THOUSAND.

SUPPOSING the Divorce Bill had taken several months to discuss, and MR. GLADSTONE'S prolific powers of verbosity had given strong hopes for such a possibility, it was the intention, as we are informed, of at least NINE THOUSAND STRONG-MINDED MOTHERS-IN-LAW, to have signed a Petition, indignantly protesting, in the very strongest language, against the iniquity of the measure. Those amiable ladies are terribly alarmed that the new law will have the effect of materially weakening their power, besides sensibly diminishing the amount of prestige that has hitherto been so beneficially associated with the exercise of their authority. "What husband will tremble now, (they ask) when his injured wife threatens to go home to her Mamma?" Is there a man who is likely to quake when he hears the knock of the mother-in-law, knowing but too well that she has come to throw the shield of her sainted protection over her persecuted daughter? "No (is the ladies' answer to this question), the wretches will snap their fingers at us. Depend upon it, they will no longer submit to our interference, for the brutes are cunning enough to know that they have the remedy now in their own hands."

We hope these fears are unfounded, though, on the other hand, we have heard since the Divorce Law has passed, of several cases of a most painful character, in which the husbands, defying all control, have risen, and shown their mother-in-laws the door, sternly forbidding them ever to enter the house again. One melancholy instance has come under our immediate knowledge, in which the knocker was tied up with a white glove, and the mother-in-law was actually refused admission!

RAGGED SCHOOLS FOR SERVANTS.

THE following copy of a hand-bill is recommended to the notice of both mistresses of families and their servants:—

THE

TOMOBOHOBOLOBALER RAG WAREHOUSE,

Wholesale and Retail,

1, PRINCES TERRACE, KEPPEL STREET,

Four Doors from the "Admiral Keppel."

R. BEECROFT & Co.

Beg to inform the Inhabitants of Brompton and its Vicinity they still give those extraordinary prices for

Kitchen Stuff, Dripping, Bones, Bottles, Wardrobes, &c.,

As enable many of the domestic SERVANTS TO RETIRE AND LIVE INDEPENDENT, having dealings with the largest Bone Crushers and Paper Mills in the Kingdom.

The Market Price for all kinds of Rags, Metals, Bottles, &c.

HOUSE CLEARINGS AND ANY OLD LUMBER BOUGHT.

BE VERY PARTICULAR IN THE ADDRESS.

Lest, with a view to being enabled to "retire and live independent," domestic servants should be induced to avail themselves, at the expense of their employers, of the advantages held out to them in the foregoing announcement, we would advise them to reflect on the unpleasant consequences which the commission of that slight mistake, owing, apparently, to the perusal of a similar notification, entailed on a young woman who bewails her fate in the following

LAMENT OF A MAID IN PRISON.

To think what I am come to from a comfortable place!
Here I ham a pickin hocum, brought to trouble and disgrace;
And allowanced to bare wittles, that had meat with hevery meal,
Hall along of bein' tempted in a hevil 'our to steal.

Drat that there Rag and Bone warus!—if I'd never sin their bill,
I might have kep in service and have lived in plenty still,
If I to their persuasions hadn't never lent my mind,
And ne'er know'd what hard labour was, which now, a Lass, I find.

I first begun with Kitching Stuff disposin' on the sly,
And then I sold the Drippin' which I ort to have put by;
To melt it down for gravy when I had a jint to roast,
Not content with spreadin' butter upon both sides of my toast.

Bones also I got rid of, which for stock I should have saved,
Which I repents of when I thinks how fool-like I be-aved:
Then bottles to the wine-merchant's that back was to have gone,
And so to towels, napkins, and sich-like, I soon got on.

'Twas very stoopid on me—that much I will confess.
And next I took to priggin' and to sellin' bits of dress.
One thing leads to another, and one don't know where one stops,
When one begins to steal things for to sell to them there shops.

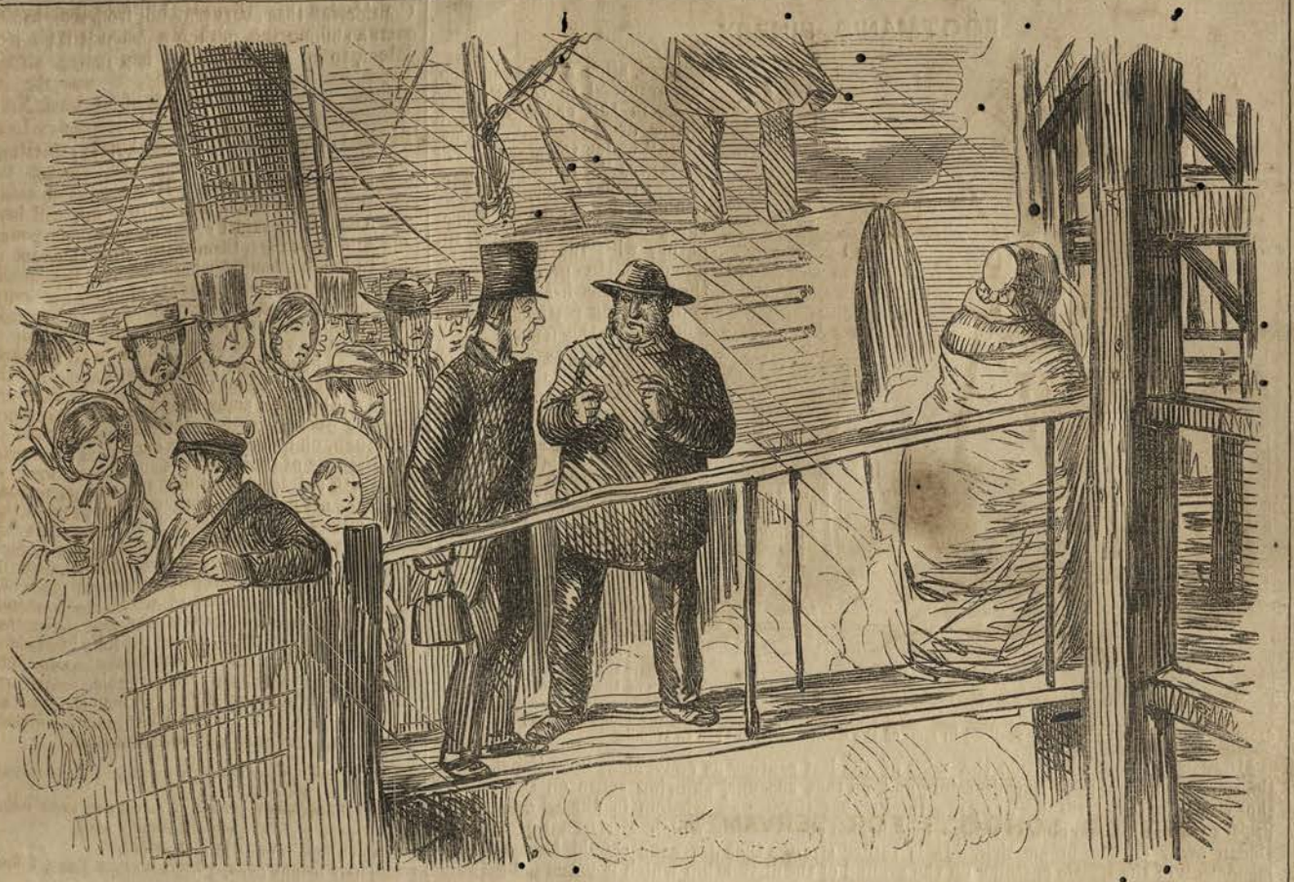
At last, ill-luck would have it, by chance, as I may say,
Some spoons and forks was missin', and our Missus in a way;
The servants all denied it, both the others and me too,
And sore we wasn't capable sich wickedness to do.

But Missus wouldn't listen to a word; and did insist,
And would have a Policeman in to search for what was mist:
He goes into our bed-rooms, and everythink unlocks:
Lo and be-old you! there they was sincreted in my box.

So them dishonest courses by degrees as I pursued,
Has led me from good service to penal servitude.
Take warnin' all you maid-servants that hears my cries and groans,
And don't you steal to sell at shops that deals in Rags and Bones.

Elaborate Folly.

AN acquaintance of ours, one of those precious clever fellows who always find everything out after they have been told it, says that the very names of the Atlantic Telegraph squadron presaged failure. The *Cyclops* hinted that the directors were half blind, the *Agamemnon* that they had estimated by Troy weight, instead of taking Mare *avoir* due Poise, and the *Niagara* that there would be a Great Fall. He is an idiot.



THE MARGATE EXCURSION BOAT ARRIVES AT 2·30 p.m., AFTER A RATHER BOISTEROUS PASSAGE.

Ticket Collector (without any feeling). "Ticket, Sir! Thankye, Sir! Boat Returns at 3!"

COUNTERPART TO CRINOLINE.

Considering the great advantage to trade which has resulted from the fashion, now and for so long a time prevalent amongst ladies, of wearing enormously wide and long dresses, certain leading tailors have, we understand, combined, or rather conspired, for the introduction of a corresponding style of male costume. Negotiations will immediately be attempted with eminent Swells with the view of inducing them to start the contemplated novelty; of which the following are the principal particulars. The trousers are to be increased to six times their present circumference, and to be elongated by several inches below the boots, so that, in walking, it will be necessary for the wearer to hold them up, lest he should be entangled in their terminations, and tumble down. The tail of the coat will receive an increase of length to the amount of several yards, insomuch that it will trail along upon the ground, and this long-tailed coat will be worn not only in drawing-rooms, but also in the streets, without regard to weather. That incompleteness of the analogy of this improved male attire to female costume may not make it ridiculous, the present hat will be so modified as to be brought into keeping with the coat and trousers. The modification of the hat will be two-fold. The hat, on the one hand, will be so reduced in size, that nobody will be able to get his head into it by the crown, and the hat will have to be worn on the occiput, in which situation it will be confined with springs. The other style of hat will be remarkable for an opposite conformation, resembling the present hat except as to the brim, which will be expanded to a periphery equal to that of a moderately-sized round dining-table. It is calculated that this new style of dress for gentlemen will find no little favour in many quarters: for the swelling trousers will conceal the tumefaction of corpulence, as also bandy legs, knock-knees, flat feet, corns and bunions. The chief objection to it is anticipated from sensible wives and mothers, who will think it very stupid of their sons and husbands to wear out clothes unnecessarily, by having them made so long as to trail in the dirt, and perform the work of besoms or street-cleaning machines, hiding good figures, and at the same time being unspeakably cumbrous and inconvenient. But so prevalent among men is the mean instinct of aping their so-called betters, that the associated tailors have no doubt whatever that they have only to persuade a prince or a distinguished nobleman to wear the draggle-tailed coat, and the huge trowsers, to ensure the general adoption of those awkward absurdities.

A HOSPITAL FOR MANGLED ENGLISH.

Here is a paragraph, which is flying about the papers. It is but a small gnat, but still it is worth putting out of the way as soon as possible, for fear it should annoy others with a *Lindley Murray* skin as sensitive as our own:—

"The *Lancet* states that a new remedy for neuralgia has been for some time prescribed with success by Dr. O'Connor, one of the physicians to the Royal Free Hospital, in the *cases of patients suffering from that very painful affection under his care* at the above hospital. The remedy used is the valerianate of ammonia, &c."

It is scarcely fair to Dr. O'Connor to say that all the neuralgia patients are "*suffering under his care.*" If the above is a healthy specimen of the English they turn out of the Free Hospital, we do not think, every time "Priscian's head" was broken, that we should feel inclined to send him there to have it made whole again. The Committee had better contract with the Orthopedic Hospital to undertake the cure and management of their lame sentences, for we never saw a sentence set so badly as to halt and stumble like the above. The worst of its stumbling is, that it trips up most shamefully a noble art, and, with unparalleled brutality, floors a worthy physician. You cannot call it a tripping sentence—although it trips.

VERY NATURAL.

It is not wonderful that a despotic sovereign should restrict the freedom of the newspaper press; the only wonder is, that a despot tolerates any journal; because he must desire to be his subjects' only leader.

FOOTMAN'S FINERY.

MR. JENKINS, after a long absence, has returned to the *Morning Post*, in the character of a writer of "Letters on Costume" under the signature of "MANICA." In one of these, true to his order, JENKINS defends the jackanapes costume of the last century, together with the use of hair-powder. He greatly extols the cumbrous head-dress and embarrassing petticoats which constituted the female attire of the period, as serving to distinguish ladies of quality from their servants. MR. JENKINS says:—

"None but those of some pretensions to fashion could afford either the time or money for dressing the "head" according to the *mode*, and the slight constraint of the ample drapery and flowing train rendered it inconvenient for those who had to sweep, scrub, or clean. Let all, if possible, be arrayed in elegant and tasteful costume, but let a lady, a real lady of rank, birth, and fortune, appear, when at home or in society, in a dress that at once indicates her station—a dress which displays in every part the care it takes of every portion of the fair and refined creature it adorns like the golden setting of a precious diamond; and such a dress we conceive to be perfectly realised in *some* of the costumes from 1750 to 1780."

MR. JENKINS even applauds the wigs of the last century as convenient inventions, saving the time and trouble of hair-dressing, and, on that account, showing sense on the part of those who adopted them. JENKINS thinks that there was wisdom in the wig. He also praises those ugly and clumsy things, high-heeled shoes—with which MOTHER SHIPTON has ridden away on her broomstick. It is rather strange that JENKINS should base his commendation of the female costume on the ground of the distinction which it preserved between a lady and her maid, whereas his admiration for contemporary male attire is evidently due to the circumstance that it was such as to render a man indistinguishable from his master, otherwise than by his manners and language.

We fear JENKINS is a presumptuous footman, and thinks his lady's maid no match for his lady's man. However, we hail the re-appearance of JENKINS in the columns of our fashionable contemporary, which we suppose he will continue to grace with his elegant contributions until his people return from their tour to that mansion in Town which they have left him in charge of.

CONSTERNATION IN THE GREEN ROOM.

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, ESQ. is in a state of nervous alarm lest the "Crowded Dwellings' Prevention Bill" should act prejudicially to the interests of his theatre. He says if the Bill applies to "Crowded Houses" as well as Crowded Dwellings, he may as well close his doors at once, for he should be infringing the law every night. He declares it is not his fault if the Haymarket is continually crowded: and he is not ambitious to have a body of the Police Force breaking into his Pit, his Gallery, and his Boxes, and turning one-half of the audience out. Overwhelmed with these fears, he formed himself into a deputation, and in that capacity, waited on Tuesday last, on MR. THOMAS SLINGSBY DUNCOMBE, M.P. for all the theatres, for the purpose of laying his apprehensions before him, and to beg of him to use all his theatrical influence to get a clause inserted in the Bill, specially exempting the Haymarket Theatre from the penalties that the unavoidable circumstance of "Crowded Houses" night after night would unquestionably expose it to.

This deputation, consisting of J. B. BUCKSTONE, ESQ., was joined on the door-step by MESSRS. WEBSTER, EMDEN and ROBSON, whose breasts were apparently heaving under precisely similar fears. The interview lasted a good hour. The particulars of it have not yet transpired, but we augur that it must have been of a highly agreeable, if not convivial, nature, inasmuch as, not only was the cabman paid most liberally for the time he had been kept waiting, but the faces of the three distinguished dramatic plenipotentiaries were observed to be radiant with good humour, besides being luminously enveloped in fumes of tobacco of the most fragrant description.

Corrupt Practices.

YOU are not allowed to purchase a seat in the House of Commons, nor to be guilty of bribery, or corruption, in any way, to obtain one. We hope the corrupt practice of purchasing your seat in the dress-circle of a theatre by giving a shilling to the box-keeper will speedily be done away with. It is an underhand bit of bribery that managers ought to be ashamed of allowing their agents to be parties to. Box-keepers should be directed, under pain of dismissal, that they are no longer to fleece playgoers to the tune of "*Bobbing Around.*" Considering that every play-bill from their hands costs a shilling, it is not too much, if it is not too vulgar, to say that every Bill is a Bob.

THE LAY OF THE SEA-SIDE B*G.

I AM a B*g—a sea-side B*g,
When folks in bed are lying snug,
About their skin I crawl and creep,
And feast upon them while they sleep,
In lodging-houses, where we breed,
And at this season largely feed.

When scorching suns the verdure wither,
From Town nice people come down hither:
I have at my command
The fat of all the land;
An Alderman sometimes I bite,
For weeks together, every night,
Then, oh! then, I'm in good luck;
Essence of turtle-soup I suck,
With extract of full many a haunch,
That oft has lined his worship's paunch.
And goodness of a sea of gravy,
Big enough to float a navy.
Hither a Rector sometimes comes,
Leaving his Curate in the slums,
When he's buried in repose,
I fix upon the Parson's nose,
Oh, how delightful! oh how jolly!
But I may repent my folly.
Giddiness my head doth trouble,
And in the moonlight I see double.
Too much Port I find I've taken,
From the red sonorous trunk,
Then I tumble down dead-drunk,
With a headache to awaken.

Maidens are my choicest treat;
Pretty girls are very sweet,
On those tender lids that veil
Their bright eyes, I oft regale.
Eye-lids, tasted by my lips,
Eyes of light next morn eclipse;
On their cheeks and in their dimples
Do I leave my mark in pimples,
Flowers of Beauty look right funny,
When the B. has sipped their honey.
But, at times, I do, I own,
Wish I had left the girls alone;
Washes used for the complexion
Having poisoned my refection
On their medicated features:
Charming but pernicious creatures!

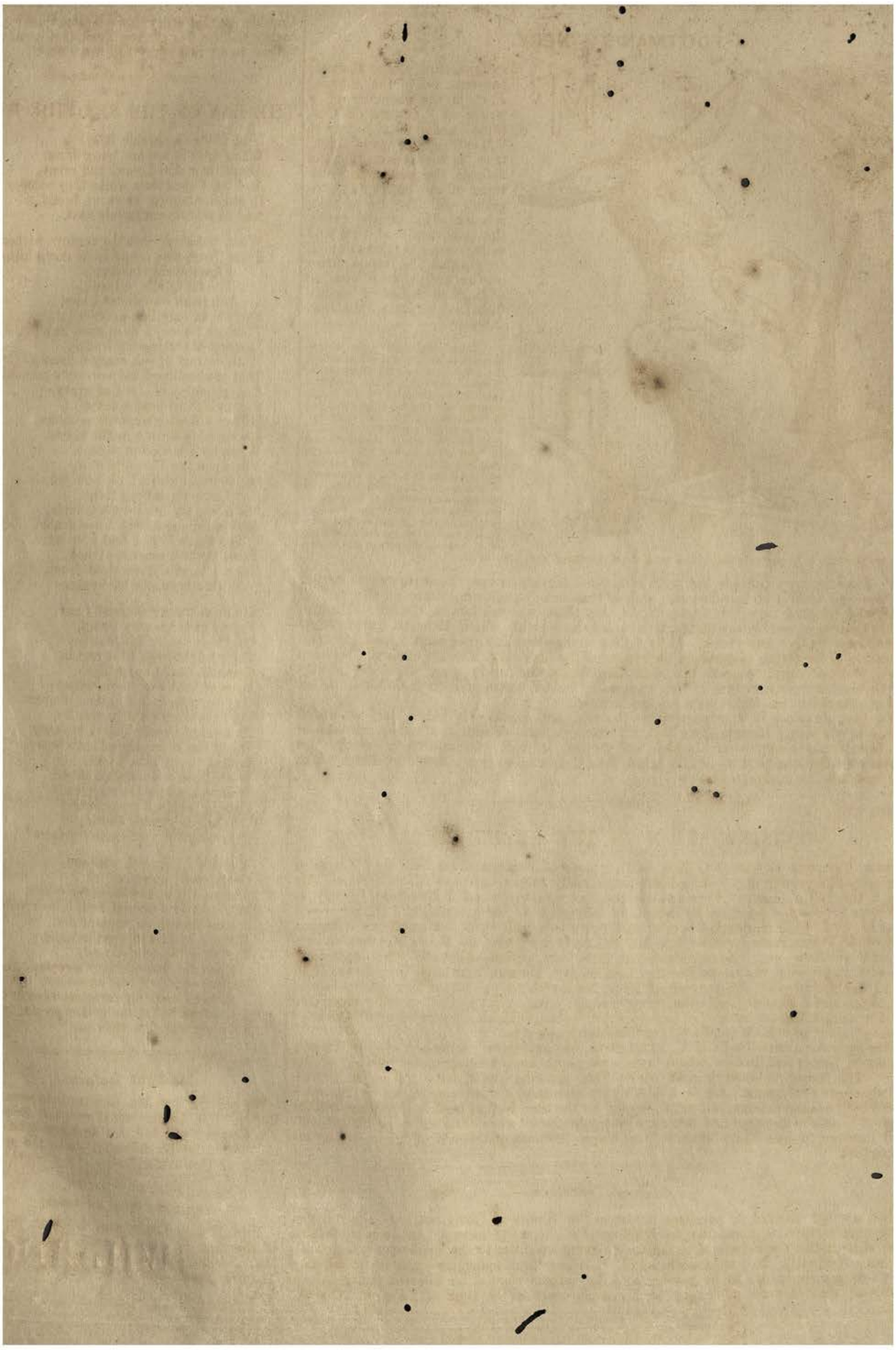
A rich old lady will, with me,
Occasionally disagree,
And so will an unwholesome fellow,
Whose hide is stained with bilious yellow.
A babe affords me pleasant diet,
When it will let me feed in quiet;
I revel, in the hour of rest,
Upon the flesh of every sleeper,
But one—and her I ne'er molest,
By her I mean my own housekeeper;
Against me whilst she makes no stir,
I'll never interfere with her!

Medical Reform.

WE observe that MR. COWPER is to prepare a Medical Bill, to be introduced next Session. MR. COWPER will find that he has undertaken a job, which, for its difficulty, merits the appellation of COWPER'S *Task*.

CONSERVE (NOT) OF ROSES.

THE Thames Conservancy Bill vests the bed of the river in a new Board. We only hope that London will be better satisfied with its Thames Board, than it is with its Thames bed.



WILLING HANDS FOR INDIA.

COCKNEY FASHIONS FOR THE MOORS.

Binks. "*Capital Costume for the 'Ighlands in 'Ot Weather; will look just like a Plaid at a little distance. Thank the Gals for the 'int.*"

RUFFIANLY ASSAULT ON A CLERGYMAN.

THE columns of a contemporary contain the following cool statement of a ferocious outrage:—

"SALE OF AN ADVOWSON.—Yesterday, at the Auction Mart, MESSRS. NORTON, HOGGART, and TRIST, offered to Public Auction, the advowson of the rectory of Cold Higham, Northamptonshire, with a glebe farm of 260 acres in lieu of tithes, of the annual value of £500, irrespective of house and gardens. The age of the incumbent, 66. Knocked down at £3000."

The idea of knocking down a man of 66 years of age, and that a clergyman, cannot be contemplated without indignation and disgust. Imprisonment should await the savage assailant, whoever he was, and whatever may be his rank or station. No fine will be any sensible punishment for the bravo—if we may apply such an expression to the perpetrator of so cowardly a deed—who has received the sum of £3000 as the hire of his brutal service to outrage the person of an aged minister. Many years, however, may yet be added to the life of the reverend gentleman, and we hope he will live long enough to disappoint the party that has speculated on his decease—notwithstanding that he has been knocked down in so barbarous a manner.

NEWS FROM THE RIVER.

THE Directors of the River Thames Steam-Fleet respectfully give notice, that in order to meet the wants of the age, and to remove cause for the bitter and sarcastic complaints made by Old Bachelors, Widowers, Men with Mothers-in-Law, and other misogynists, against the incessant matrimonial suggestions offered by the names of the River Steam-boats, alterations will be made, next season, in the names of the following boats, viz.:—

Bride,	*Matrimony,*	*Spinster,*
Bridegroom,	*Wedding Ring,*	*Bassinet,*
Bridesmaid,	*Bachelor,*	*Baby,*

and that they will be re-christened, as follows:—

Coquette,	*Extravagance,*	*Mother-in-Law,*
Nagger,	*Pout,*	*Separation,*
Latch-key,	*Sulk,*	*Divorce.*

A RESTING-PLACE FOR RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

BARON MAROCHETTI'S RICHARD CŒUR DE LION has been wandering about town ever since the Great Exhibition. It cannot find a spot on which to rest its aching bones. It is the Wandering Statue of London. At one time it took up its stand in Palace Yard, raising its sword valiantly on high, as though it were going to slash into the surrounding cabmen. But SIR CHARLES BARRY drove the horse and its royal master very quickly away. The poor beast has been trotted, we believe, into every public space in the Metropolis, and trotted out again. It must know every stone round the Houses of Parliament. If it was only paid like a common cab-horse, at the rate of sixpence a mile, BARON MAROCHETTI would have a large sum as mileage to receive. Never has a poor horse been driven so recklessly about the streets. It is very clear mere flesh and blood could never have stood it. Lately, the proposition has been raised to put it on the top of the Marble Arch. We fancy the raising will be limited to the proposition. At the other end of the park, there is already a monster horse outside an arch. That one is quite enough. We cannot believe that the public are anxious to have another horse riding through the air. London would then have, like Yorkshire, its East and West Riding! They may try to put him up, as the Duke was hoisted, by way of an experiment, but we do not want to be exposed to another trial like that. We know that statues, like the price of bread, when once they get up, are exceedingly slow in coming down again. Poor RICHARD had better turn his horse's head in the direction of Burlington House. There is a large courtyard there, in the centre of which he might be allowed to stand, though the mighty sword which "*Richard, ô mon Roi!*" is brandishing, might be a little out of place amongst the quiet implements of science by which it would be surrounded. Or, there is Buckingham Palace? In that quadrangle, there is plenty of room for the Statue to stand at livery, and the Prince might have this highly-chased work of art perpetually under his own eye. He would look on the runaway pair from the Great Exhibition with eyes of affection—for the PRINCE, should rumour for once speak true, is rather fond of riding the high horse himself, in all matters relating to High Art. In the meantime, will no one find standing-room for this fugitive king? Is there no spot, no royal mews, no academic stable where his over-driven steed can be taken in to bait?

THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND AND THEIR SLAVES.

THAT faithful disciple of the PROPHET, MR. LUTFULLAH, in his autobiography, gives the English people a splendid character—with the following sole drawback:—

"Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limit of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable."

We quote the above extract because we are sure that it will be read with emphasis in many a domestic circle by the head of the family, and master, so called, of the establishment. MR. LUTFULLAH saw a good deal of life in England, and he may perhaps, have got among a society of scientific and literary ladies. One would like to have been present at such a party, and to have heard him give utterance to the sentiments above expressed. The consequence would have been—what Heaven only knows, as the Speaker said. That MR. LUTFULLAH would have caught it in the shape of a good scolding is at least certain, and perhaps, in addition, he would have had his ears boxed, and then have been tossed in a blanket.

Nemesis in Plaster of Paris.

WHEN the French Ambassador had seen in Westminster Hall the designs for the WELLINGTON Monument, he rushed over to the Electric Telegraph Office, and, in breathless haste, forwarded to LOUIS NAPOLEON the following laconic despatch:—

"Waterloo is Avenged!!!"

THE LAPSE OF TIME.—The Boy, who was originally on the NELSON Column, is now the father of ten children!

Fast Young Lady (*to Old Gent*). "HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS A LUCIFER ABOUT YOU, FOR I'VE LEFT MY CIGAR LIGHTS AT HOME!"

COUNTS AND CRACKJAWS.

A CONTEMPORARY'S own correspondent in Hungary, in reporting the progress of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA in that country, to prove that his Imperial Majesty is not likely to be received, as his enemies anticipate, with silence and inattention by the Magyar nobles, gives a list of certain of those magnates who repaired to Oëdenburg to form a guard of honour for him: and observes:—

"There is some eloquence in this catalogue of proper names:—PRINCE ESTERHAZY, COUNT CZIRAKY, COUNT JOSEPH SOMOGGI, the four COUNTS SZECHENYI, COUNT ZICHY, COUNT VIZAY, COUNT WALKENSTEIN, the two COUNTS PEJACSEVIES, COUNT NISZKY, COUNT BURY, COUNT JOMISCH, COUNT ERDODY, COUNT CSAKY, and BARON DE TRINTS."

The eloquence, such as there is, in this nominal catalogue, is of a very simple and extremely rugged character. It can be pleasing to those only who delight in uncouth sounds attended with horrible grimaces, for the result of an attempt to enumerate the above list of names, is a frightful discord, and involves contortions of countenance which, to the spectator, present the apparent symptoms of an epileptic fit.

"PLATO, THOU REASONEST ILL!"

OLD PLATO said, "Wisdom crieth in the streets." This may have been the case with the ancients, but with us Londoners it is very different. We are sure that wisdom is about the last cry we hear in the public thoroughfares. If PLATO had lived in London at the present day, he would have said, "the Costermonger crieth in the streets," or if it had not been the Costermonger, it would have been the Manchester Weaver, or the Frozen-out Gardener, or the Professional Beggar, or the canting Psalm-Singer, or the Last-new-and-popular Ballad-Vendor, or those crocodilish gentlemen, who, with clean aprons and vitriolic voices, appeal from the middle of the street to their "Kyind Christeeans." Poor Wisdom, if it does cry, it must be at the cruel way in which it is systematically treated, individually and collectively, by the gentlemen who sit as its representatives in the House of Commons!

OBITUARY.—The Atlantic Telegraph Company (for the present) has thrown off the "mortal *coil*."

PUNCH'S LITTLE POLICE COURT.

THE SYSTEM OF ENCORES.—Six young gentlemen, of stylish appearance, were charged with the offence of encoring MADAME GASSIER in one of her songs at the Surrey Gardens.

In their defence, one of the offenders (a gentleman of military exterior, with a round collar, and "peg-top trowsers" of a pale strawberry colour) hummed and ha'ha'd to the effect, that they knew perfectly it was vulga-ar—downright snobbish, he might say—to cry out "Encaw;" but the fact is, that in this particula-ar case, flesh and blood couldn't stand it any longer. The temptation was more than they could resist, positively. The fault, so to speak it, was more with MADAME GA-ASSIER than with them, for singing the Va-aria-ations to the *Ca-arnival de Venice* so cha-armingly as she did! She should be charged, he ma-a-ainta-ained, with the offence of inciting gentlemen to break through the la-aws of good-breeding and polished society. He begged most ha-umbly to apa-ologise.

Mr. Punch, with inflexible gravity, said this was a very bad case indeed—for it was an offence against good manners—a direct violation, he regretted to say, of one of the fundamental rules of gentlemanly Etiquette. He was sorry to see gentlemen in their position of society so far forget themselves. If they had been hair-dressers—or simply shopboys—he might have made allowances for their thorough ignorance of the commonest decencies of public behaviour. As it was, their position in society only aggravated their offence, for they must unquestionably have known better. Now, supposing LORD PALMERSTON was encored in every one of his brilliant witticisms in Parliament—supposing WISCOUNT WILLIAMS was called upon to deliver a second time every one of his eloquent speeches, it was plain—as plain as the hunch upon his (*Mr. Punch's*) back—that the business of the nation could never be carried on! As with Parliament, so it should be with every other place of amusement. Encores were a nuisance—a bore—a drag—an interruption—and the sooner the system was doubled up, the better.

The gentlemen, severally and individually, promised that, let the temptation be what it would, they "never would do so again;" and the Magistrate, after reprimanding them severely on the enormity of the breach of decorum with which they stood charged, allowed them to be released from custody. Each gentleman thanked *Mr. Punch* for his liberality, and, before leaving, dropped a handsome contribution into the Poor-Box.

A TREAT FOR OXFORD'S MEMBERS.

THE POPE OF ROME, like a kind Papa, is accustomed to make occasional presents of confectionery to his children, when he considers that they have been particularly good. Considering the persevering opposition which the two members for Oxford have offered to the Divorce Bill, we wonder that PAPA PIUS has not yet given those honourable gentlemen so much as a single blessed penn'orth of lollipops between them. The sole ground of their hostility to the measure has been the Romish dogma of the indissolubility of marriage, under any circumstances; and for the homage which they have rendered their Papa in asserting that doctrine, he might have rewarded them with a case of Italian sweetstuff, if not with something better in the way of indulgence. To be sure, Papa has been absent from home lately on an excursion, but when he comes back he will perhaps recollect his dutiful children who represent Oxford and himself, and send a lot of sugar-plums to MR. GLADSTONE, with his love, and orders to give some of them to SIR WILLIAM HEATHCOTE.

"Voices of the Night."

IT was 10 o'clock. The stars were shining. HERBERT and PERCIVAL were walking arm-in-arm. All of a sudden, sounds of music were heard. They took their cigars out of their mouths, and listened. There was the drum, and the fife! They stood still. Their hearts beat in unison. A high wall was before them. Soldiers were hurrying past. Nursery-maids were saying "Good Night!" Emotion was in their voices—the big street-door key was hanging round their little fingers. The drums rubadubbed louder—the fifes shrieked shriller than before—as though to mock them. "Doubtless, the military Vespers?" timidly inquired the sagacious HERBERT. "Nay," rejoined the logical PERCIVAL, "much too loud for a *Vhisper!*" There was an approving giggle, and 'ere the words "JACK ROBINSON" could leap from the lips of a human being, they had vanished with the slickness peculiar to a flash of greased lightning!

HIGHLY ACCOMMODATING.

Stout Party (rather hot). *"Hope you don't find the breeze too much, Sir?"*
Fellow Passenger. *"Oh! not at all, Sir! I rather like it!"*

LAST FOND LOOKS.

WHEN a Lady (we are talking of a Lady in the full height and breadth of Fashion) has got her bonnet and gloves on, and is perfectly ready with her parasol in her hand, she always goes back to the looking-glass to take a last fond look. Upon our asking "a dear handsome Duchess," if this was not the truth, and the beautiful truth, she had the charming candour to state: "Yes, my dear *Punch*, it is the truth, but not *all* the truth. No woman, take my word for it, is satisfied with *one* look. At least, I know that *I* am not, for (and here our Duchess laughed, as though she was pleased with herself and all the world) I don't mind telling you, *I invariably take four—four good ones.* The first look in the glass is for myself, that's fair; the second is for my husband, that's nothing but just; the third is for my friends, that's only generous; and the last is for my rivals, that's human nature. If the last look satisfies me, then I know it is all right, and I assure you I never take any more!"

A Cordon Sanitaire.

IT is proposed to buy the unsunk portion of the Atlantic Rope, and to lay it down to India. Certainly, next to gunpowder, rope is the article most wanted in India, but it is rope of the kind mentioned in the nursery song—that which instinctively began to "Hang the Butcher."

ECONOMY IN FEMALE DRESS.

A MISERABLE stingy wretch of a husband complaining of the expense now rendered necessary by ladies' extensive dresses, was very properly reminded by his injured wife that Crinoline is a set-off.

PEN-AND-INKLE AND YARICO.

THE literary and political world is aware that there is a journal called the *Press*, a Conservative organ, more especially dedicated to the glorification of MR. DISRAELI. It has, until lately, seldom appeared without calling the attention of a negligent world to some splendid feat of patriotism or oratory, alleged to have been performed by that Right Honourable Gentleman. It is true that the paper has occasionally been snubbed by the Conservative Chiefs, and that LORD DERBY thought it necessary to repay much good service to himself and his party by making, in the House of Lords, an offensive and contemptuous allusion to the journal. In fact, it was evident that there were differences in the Conservative camp—DIOMED and THERSITES were at variance—EPHRAIM was vexing JUDAH. But it was with great pain that we perused the following evidence, last week, that the *Press* had gone right round, and was fighting LORD DERBY'S battle *ore rotundo*. The cleverness and fidelity of the following description, which we extract verbatim (except as regards compression), cannot be disputed, but the ingratitude of this kind of treatment of a personage who has worked for the Tories as hard as MR. DISRAELI has done, is equally palpable. It is a retrospective sketch, or summary of what might be said at the close of his career:—

"About the value of his writings, and upon the estimate of his character, opinions (even amongst Conservatives) are various and opposite. He was bitter and boisterous in his galling derision of an adversary; rapid and unceremonious in attack; if a rejoinder were offered, he always showed a determination to have the last word. He was more of a pamphleteer than of a public censor, and more of a debater than an orator. There was a certain malign asperity of mind and fierce propensity to energetic disparagement of individuals in him, which raised him a swarm of enemies. He had a vast stock of personal and defamatory gossip, more or less authentic; he had a prodigious command of damaging personal allusions; he had an innate propensity to sarcasm, accompanied with literary finish in forging his truculent discharges; he had fluent lips, a mordant tongue, and a front of brass. To "put him down" was out of the question; he existed in being attacked; he liked having a public quarrel on his hands; and he had justifiable confidence in his unfailing stock of vituperation, and corrosive virulence of reply. He was never a popular man at any time in his connection. He was too habitually censorious, and he did not comport himself with sufficient respect towards his rivals, or his allies. He, himself, seemed callous to ridicule and reproof. If he was knocked down in argument, he got up again with the temperament of an Irishman at a fair, who thinks that bumps and blows are only compliments to be returned. His statements must, we fear, be accepted with caution, as he was a jaundiced observer, and the gall-bladder was too active in his atrabilious composition. Although sarcasm was his favourite weapon, in its employment he was far surpassed by some of his adversaries; and it would be difficult, even for his best friends, to say in what he ever was first-rate. Yet, undoubtedly he had a mind of extraordinary activity; he was quick in acquiring knowledge, tenacious in retaining it; he was polemical by instinct, and controversial by profession; rarely profound in his views, his standard for measuring right and wrong was purely conventional, but his affectation of aristocratic prejudices, and echoing the fashionable cant of the great and high-born, was ridiculous and out of place. He did not at the close of his career enjoy much of the confidence of many of the leaders of the Conservative connection."

The conclusion reads to us as anticlimax. At least we should never make it matter of reproach to MR. DISRAELI that he did not enjoy much of the confidence of such persons as DERBY, MALMESBURY, and SPOONER.

"Their praise were censure, and their censure praise."

But if we consider this article as the effusion of a Tory journal against a man who, with all his faults, fought the Conservative battle with might and main, disputed the ground inch by inch, did succeed in damaging many of his weaker antagonists, and never flinched from the blow of the champions, and who was doing party work almost up to the day of the publication of the attack, we must say that we have seldom seen anything more despicably ungrateful. The Tories are proverbial for neglecting their best partisans, but an excuse can be found for this in the contempt which a thinking man must feel for the kind of men who can long and vociferously proclaim the nonsense called Toryism. But to neglect a used tool is one thing—to throw it away, with insult, is another. However, it is well that men who are disposed to be tools should know how they will be used by Conservative employers—let them be warned by this treatment of one of the ablest of the men who ever dragged literature and politics at the chariot of party.

Halte là! At our elbow growls a Judicious Friend, who says that we have read the article hastily, and that it does not apply to MR. DISRAELI, whose "great faculties" are lauded in another column of the same journal.

That is a relief. That is a comfort. The world is not so ungrateful. We breathe again. And yet the mistake might well be made, for does not every word help to frame a doubtless unfriendly, but still lifelike and photographic image of the Member for Bucks? But our friend is right. It cannot be. The *Press* is still DISRAELITE. Most probably it is graced by an article from the DISRAELITE steel pen. But who then, who is the person, DISRAELI'S Double, thus mercilessly daguereotyped. *What?!!*

JOHN WILSON CROKER!

What? The man who served the Conservatives before he gave them that delicate name—when they were Tories—and was serving them

from his bed of sickness and pain until within a few hours of his death? The ablest advocate with tongue and pen whom they have had during the half century in which he has worn their livery? The man who was dead, but not buried, when the attack in the *Press* was written. The man who had given MR. DISRAELI such mortal offence that he retaliated with all his elaborate fierceness (no matter how feebly as a matter of art) in a political novel? The man dies, and before he is laid in the tomb, the paper sacred to his party and to their plebeian chief, issues this spiteful and ungrateful picture? No, no! Our Judicious Friend is jesting. Let us see.

It is so. *Punch* is dumb. Only this. There is a new Dictionary in hand. The Council who are compiling it will not fail to include two definitions.

TORYISM. (*noun.*) In employers, convertible term with Base Ingratitude. In employed, (henceforth) with Abject Folly. AUTHORITIES: *Disraeli, Croker, Punch, &c.*

HOW ABOUT THE HOOPS?

S the *Times* the other day began a leading article with the dignified expression "How about the flies?" we shall hardly be accused of using flippant language if we ask our lady readers, How about the hoops? *Quousque tandem abutere, Crinolina, patientiâ nostrâ?*—or, in plain English, ladies, to confound you all under the name of your by-every-man-jack-of-us-detested Crinoline, how long, (and how wide) do you intend to try our patience? We feel impelled to put to you this most momentous question, because we see it stated by a writer on the Fashions in a fashionable paper (we wonder what salary the lucky fellow gets who fills a place demanding such intensity of intellect) that:—

"Wide skirts still continue to be worn, and there is but little apprehension of their going out: it having been decided that the *mode* is most becoming."

Now, ladies, pray by whom do you imagine this decision has been come to? Do you think it likely that the leaders of the fashion can have somewhere met in solemn conclave, and recorded their conviction, after a fair trial, that the wearing of wide skirts is a "*mode* most becoming?" or is it not more probable that the verdict has been given merely by the milliners: who, however good their judgment as to what "becomes" their customers, cannot be regarded as quite unbiassed judges? We are seriously inclined, ourselves, to believe that nearly every so-called "leader" of the fashion is in reality herself led by the nose into whatsoever ways of dressing her *Costumière* directs: and our opinion is that, as an ample skirt consumes more silk or satin than a scanty one, wide dresses keep in vogue, because of the long bills they infallibly induce.

SIDNEY SMITH has laid it down, that "the female mind does not reason:" and we are ungallant enough to share his sentiment, or perhaps we should rather say, his want of it. We are also well aware that, as a rule, the female mind has little knowledge of arithmetic: and that it would be useless to expect it to put two and two together, without at least considerable practice in the process. We are therefore not unwilling, ladies, to assume that your extravagance in dress is not aforethought malice, but is indulged in without consideration of the consequences. We dispose ourselves to take this charitable view, because we cannot fancy you would go to such lengths, and widths, in over-dressing, if you reflected on the magnitude of the folly of so doing. Your object in dress, we presume, is to please: and not to please yourselves so much as male admirers. Now you don't suppose hoop petticoats are looked upon with favour by the masculine eyesight? You surely can't imagine there is "metal more attractive" to a man in half a ton of Crinoline than in nature's flesh and blood unsurrounded by steel armour? If you wish to dissipate such fond delusion, empanel a jury of your nearest male relations, whom gallantry will not deter from giving a true verdict. Or even put the question to your partner in a ball-room, and see if he approves of the fashion which makes ladies unapproachable. Whether as waltzer or as husband, a man likes a woman he can take to his arms; and how is this possible when she is entrenched in an impregnable hoop petticoat, which when he approaches he breaks his shin against.

You will observe, if you please, ladies, that we don't mean to say a syllable about the bad morality—if not the downright vice—there is in over-dressing. We intend to draw no pictures of families impoverished by the richness of wives' wardrobes, and reduced to narrow means by their wide furbelows and flounces. We appeal to you simply on the score of eyesight: and we tell you none but a distempered vision can see beauty in a person, whereof the natural proportions are distorted and deformed by a protuberance of petticoat. Instead of vieing with each other who can dress the most becomingly, you now seem striving as to who can make the greatest figure of herself: and in the race for the fashionable championship the favourite is she who is weighted the most heavily. The style now in vogue is a style as inflated as that of a third-rate French romancist's, and ladies who have not a spark of pride about them, yet are so puffed up that there is literally no shaking hands with them. They keep even their nearest relations at arm's distance; indeed it is a painful fact that many a husband now lives separated from his wife (by at least three yards of outskirt), and is moreover haunted by a horrible misgiving lest she be suspected of belonging to the swell mob.

Now, ladies, we are not of a malignant disposition; but when we find it stated that, in spite of all our efforts, there is no abatement in the Crinoline contagion, we are in self-defence disposed to prescribe a harsher treatment than we have as yet ever ventured to propose. Were we an old bachelor, we should not shrink from the suggestion that the wide skirts be referred to the Inspector of Nuisances, with strict orders to take summary steps for their removal. When needful to resort to a surgical operation, we would have the strongest nerved practitioners appointed to the scissorship, and give them full instructions to cut and come again if requisite. As the mania for hoops is as infectious as the hooping-cough, we would have the incurable permanently confined: and considering what frights the Crinoline-afflicted look, we think the proper hospital for their reception would be Guy's!

But as we have the feelings of a married man to prompt us, we suggest in our mercy, that to work a certain cure there would be no need to have recourse to surgery. Let Crinoline be made sufficient ground for a divorce—if not for life, at least *durante petticoato*—and see how many wives would then persist in wearing it. It would surely be but justice that the use of large skirts should be confined to large establishments; for in purse, as well as person, it is found no easy matter to support a better half of some thirty yards' circumference. We therefore think a husband should be by law protected from the chance of being swamped by an overwhelming petticoat: and that when he finds his wife's wide flounces narrowing his income, he should be entitled to obtain a divorce *ab immensâ*—that is, speaking English, from the immense one.

Punch's Gentlemanly System of Cab Fares.

WE do not like cabmen any more than we like culprits, but we would treat them with the same mercy that is usually shown to culprits. In paying a fare, if you have the smallest doubt, let the cabman have, as a culprit generally has, the full benefit of the doubt, and pay him accordingly. Better overpay nine hundred and ninety-nine unjust cabmen than underpay one just one. A curiosity can rarely be seen under a shilling, and surely the rarity of a JUST CABMAN (when you see one) well deserves an extra sixpence?

Hymen Out of Town.

MIGHT we be allowed to call the benevolent attention of the aristocracy to the hard lines, if we may be pardoned the expression, under which two humble persons, employed in the service of a church, are suffering—we cannot say labouring—because their hardship, in fact, is that of having almost nothing to do. Rank and Fashion having gone out of Town, Marriages in High Life are performed in the Provinces, and not at St. George's, Hanover Square. Pity the Pew Opener and Beadle!

A CLERICAL QUADRUPED.

AMONG the horses entered for the Ecamington Stakes there was one named *Homily*. The appellation of this animal would seem to indicate that he was a good one for a steeple-chase.

A VOICE FROM WESTMINSTER HALL.

"*Si monumentum quæras, circumspice.*"
"If you want a monument, look elsewhere."

MAXIM BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.—Find enjoyment for the body, and the mind will find enjoyment for itself.—*Hog's Instructor.*

MALICIOUS.

Flora. "CAN YOU STILL SEE THE STEAMER, LUCY, DEAR?"

Lucy. "OH YES, QUITE PLAINLY!"

Flora. "AND DEAR, DEAR WILLIAM, TOO?"

Lucy. "OH, YES!"

Flora. "DOES HE SEEM UNHAPPY, NOW HE IS AWAY FROM ME?"

Lucy. "EVIDENTLY, I SHOULD SAY, DEAR; FOR HE IS SMOKING A CIGAR, AND DRINKING SOMETHING OUT OF A TUMBLER TO CHEER HIM, POOR FELLOW?"

TURKISH PIPES AND BEER.

"MR. PUNCH, ZUR,

"I ZEE a statement t' other day in one of the pecapers to the fect as how there 's a growun conzumpshun in Turkey vor articles of ourn as has never been till now used there afore. What I specially took note on was this here passidge :—

"This remark applies particularly to beer, which the Greeks and some of the wealthier Turks have learned to drink."

"I wants you to publish this here statement, cause I thinks a 'll do good by encouragun agriculterl produs. Openun up a markut for malt licker in Turkey, where they dwoan't drink no wine, must be a fine thing for we, as grows the malt, and 'tis well as Turkey merchants should be let know that a cargo o' beer med be a prawfitable specklashun vor um. What I wish you 'd instill into um, also, is that teachun of um to drink beer 'ood be the best way towards convertun of um. As to what they temperance chaps med zay to the contrairy, that 's all stuff—haven't the Turks ben teetotallers ever since they was Turks, and what 's the consequence? Why, they ruins theirselves wi hopium, and that are hash—what d' ye call 't?—that there hemp stuff. Then they drinks sherbert, I be told, and cawfy—beer 'ood do um moor good by haaf—along wi their pipes. Let um once taste good beer, and they 'll zoon begin to zee the errer o' their ways. If you knows any o' the missionaries, just you hammer that are into um. There 's that chap HANBURY, the member o' Parliament, I should think, now, he, anyhow, must zee the force o' what I sez, if none o' the rest on um dwoan't, cause there he is a gurt Zunday man on the one hand, and a gurt brewer on the t'other. Not but what I prefers home-brew'd to TRUMAN, HANBURY, and BUXTON'S Entire, or any other Entire, or half-and-half either, or any other sart o' licker under the zun. But just you git hold o' that are HANBURY and infarm un how the cat jumps in Turkey, and show un how it 's to his interst and all o' our intersts, and the interst o' the methodies into the bargun, to afford the Turks all the sistance we can towards satisfyun their thirst for beer, which is a nateral appetite, and shows um not to be sich savages as we 've took um vor, and looks as if they was comun round. Now they 've opened their mouths to beer, there 's some hopes they 'll open their ears to doctrun—but what I sez is, mind the beer you gives um is good beer; cause if you imposes on um wi a passle o' good-vor-nuthun stuff, o' coorse they 'll think that what you preaches to um can't be no better. 'Tis no use tellun of um to amend their ways, and walk in the paths of rightyusnuss if all the while they sees we a committun adulteration ourselves. Zur, I be, your obediunt umble sarvunt,

"*Baconsfield, Sept.*, 1857. "GILES JUGGINS."

"P.S. They calls the Grand Senior the Sublime Poort, dwoan't um? If so be as he teaks to beer, I spose they 'll change his title to Sublime Swipes or Sublime Stingo.

G. J."

A CASE FOR THE WHIP.

A LETTER appeared the other day in the *Morning Post*, under the heading of "Dangerous and Ruffianly Boys," the writer of which, in describing various brutalities practised by young street rascals, makes the following statement :—

"At the corner of Mornington Crescent, Hampstead Road, I have repeatedly seen disgraceful assaults committed upon a blind boy who sits there to read aloud, from the Bible for the blind, when requested by the curious or the charitable to do so. A bevy of ill-looking lads, of from 12 to 18, jostled this blind boy the other day, ran off with his cap, injured his Bible, and knocked about some coppers which he was holding in his hand. I succeeded in scaring them away; but on looking back, as I was getting out of view, I had the mortification to see that the tormentors were again gathering round their prey."

We wonder what the Magistrate of the district would charge for an assault, committed in the form of a good hiding, on the person of one of the young blackguards who amuse themselves by maltreating the blind boy at the corner of Mornington Crescent. The very smallest fine, we should think, that he could possibly inflict, supposing the assault to have been provoked by the outrage committed on the blind boy. If any gentleman could be assured on that point, he might possibly feel disposed to take a walk in the direction of Hampstead, armed with a dog-whip, and accompanied by a friend or two similarly provided. Should he catch any young scamp at the corner of Mornington Crescent, bullying the blind boy, he might seize him by the collar, and, if sufficiently strong, hold him up with one hand and whip him as hard as possible with the other for some time. His companions might follow his example, if they found several young blackguards engaged in the diversion of ill-using the blind boy, and we cannot imagine a more pleasing chorus than that which the simultaneously whipped cowards would perform by howling in concert under the lash.

"A Cruel Parient."

A STERN Papa, being dissatisfied with his little boy, set him to calculate how many speeches MR. GLADSTONE made on the Divorce Bill. The youthful martyr got as far as 2,373 speeches, exclusive of remarks and observations, and then his strength failed him. He has fallen into a deep trance, and the strongest restoratives have been applied in vain. The father's hair has since turned completely grey. It is at his request that we publish the above fact as a warning to parents not to be unduly severe in the choice of punishments they may inflict on their disobedient children.

Cock-a-doodle Doo!

THEY may talk of the cocks of the Hamlet,
So gaily saluting the morn:
But cocks in some Hamlets I know of,
Are really not to be borne.
I allude to the COX of Finsbury,
With whose crowing I'm fairly outworn!

REMARK BY A DISGUSTING OLD BACHELOR.

THERE is one art which the use of these unmanageable Crinolines is likely to teach the women of England, and that is—Petticoat Government.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

ONDAY, *August* 24. The unseemly conduct of the Speaker, who in his exultation at the close of his first Session, kicked his costly wig into the air, reminds *Mr. Punch* that MR. SPEAKER DENISON has as yet scarcely come up to Speakership mark. He has been too easy. He should take example from *Mr. Punch*, and never permit any one to presume to answer him, or to controvert his judgment. He has not been quite sufficiently mindful of the fact, that in the first assembly in the first country in the world, he, DENISON, is the First Man. We hope that during the recess he will acquire a little more sternness, and we should advise him to have all his Ossington male domestics into the stable-yard, every morning, and row them savagely (making compensation in their wages), until he finds that he has attained sufficient powers of rebuke. Or let him take some mastership of hounds for a season, and he will soon learn the art of putting down objectionable people. With these remarks, all for his good, we forgive him for kicking his wig, and we wish him a pleasant holiday.

Parliamentary proceedings during the last week of a Session are usually mere formalities, occasionally enlivened by a bit of temper on the part of people who are angry at being detained in town. On Monday, in the Lords, the highly ridiculous conduct of LORD REDESDALE on the previous Friday was brought up again. He had attempted to overthrow the Divorce Bill by a sudden and irregular trick, for which he had been soundly castigated by LORD LANSDOWNE, *apropos* of whose name, we hear (and are glad to hear, if the circumstance affords satisfaction to one whom everybody honours) that the venerable Marquis is to be made DUKE OF KERRY. It is only an act of common justice to LORD CRANWORTH, of whom we have not often been able to speak in eulogistic terms, that on occasion of REDESDALE'S trick, he put himself into the most furious and boiling rage in which an infuriated Chancellor ever seethed. *O si sic omnia!* REDESDALE was obliged to abstain from hostility that night, and this evening he had to make the best of his behaviour, and interrupted business for a long time with his explanations. The Commons' Amendments to the Divorce Bill were then brought forward, and REDESDALE moved their rejection. He was defeated. They were discussed, and all were agreed to, except two, one of which was the introduction of words giving the Quarter Sessions a jurisdiction in divorce cases. The Lords, who live a good deal among country gentleman, and know their logical habits, want of prejudice, and general fitness for the judicial office, quietly expunged this passage, winking gravely at one another. The story may as well be finished at once. Next day the Government suggested to the Commons not to stick out for these two amendments, and they did not. This, the same evening, was signified to the Lords, and the Divorce discussion closed. And now that the bill is complete, *Mr. Punch*, in fulfilment of his pledge to that effect, presents, in another column, a masterly explanation of the law of the land in regard to Divorce.

LORD PALMERSTON said that the remnant of the Atlantic Cable was not the property of Government, and he could not think of asking for money to buy it, and lay it down to India. A plan, however, for carrying it from Alexandria to Kurrachee (VISCOUNT VILLIAMS and MR. COX may like to know that this latter place is in India—in Scinde in fact, near the mouths of the Indus) has been laid before the public, and had it been carried out a few months ago, half the misery which has occurred might have been prevented.

Tuesday. LORD PANMURE presented the Report on Promotion in the Army, and begged that it might receive only half the attention it deserves, because it was signed by only half the Commission appointed to draw it up. We should regret to notice inconsistency in LORD PANMURE, and were therefore glad to see him nobly and firmly adhering to his practice of always doing things by halves.

KEATING said that BETHEL had not made up his mind whether he should or should not pitch into GLOVER, lately expelled from Beverley.

For some inconceivable reason, the QUEEN has been advised to make a Peer of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR. NAPOLEON said that he made a King of MURAT in order to bring the article, King, into contempt. This remark does not apply to LORD ROBERT, of whom, barring that he is a Sabbatarian and a Homœopathist, nothing can be said to his prejudice (to adopt an Irish lady's formula of self-defence), but why should he be made a Peer? We suspect that it is all the weather's doing, and that HER MAJESTY thought that it was too hot to make a fuss about such a trifle as a peerage, and *Mr. Punch* has the honour to agree with HER MAJESTY. When a Comet has been absorbed into the Sun (SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S theory—*vide* Things Not Generally Known) and the human race is parboiling, and can only keep itself from utterly vanishing by constant infusions of iced claret cup, who is going to be bothered about a coronet? HAYTER moved a new writ for Middlesex, and both Houses adjourned until the Friday.

Friday. Both Houses met to receive their *quietus*. While the Commons awaited the Black Rod, anybody said anything that occurred to him, just as actors, when somebody who ought to come on keeps the stage waiting, approach one another and make serious gestures. MR. MCMAHON complained that the fathers of unlawful Irish babies could not be compelled to maintain them; LORD PALMERSTON mentioned that Government would help the Kurrachee Railway Company so far as it could be done without aid from Parliament; MR. MANGLES said that the East India Company had sent out orders to give ample assistance to all persons reduced to destitution by the rebellion: and SIR DE LACY EVANS began a speech on the Purchase of Commissions, when there was a cry of "Here's the Rod."

The Commons having arrived in the House of Lords, a piece of remarkable legerdemain was performed. A heap of parchment lay on a table before a long clerk. He made a bow, and said *La Reine le Veut*. At the self-same moment a large part of the Ecclesiastical Court came down with a crash, and disclosed a beautiful new COURT OF MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE, and blazing in Hymeneal saffron-coloured letters the words, QUIS SEPARABIT.

The applause having ceased, LORD CRANWORTH read a speech to the following effect:—

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"The QUEEN says, she is much obliged to you, and you may go.

"Europe seems as likely to keep the peace as not, and we hope that some of these days the Danubian questions will be settled.

"The Bengalese have broken into rebellion, and barbarities have been committed. Please Providence, the 'powerful means at the QUEEN'S disposal' will enable her to give a good account of the miscreants. 'NO MEASURE CALCULATED TO QUELL THESE DISORDERS SHALL BE OMITTED.'

"*Gentlemen of the House of Commons,*

"Thanks for Supplies and Promises.

"Glad you redeemed the Sound Dues without adding to the debt.

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"Very much obliged indeed for your kindness to dear VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARY LOUISA.

"You have really done a good deal in a short Session.

"The Wills Act was much wanted.

"The Divorce Act was particularly desired.

"The Fraudulent Trustees Act was earnestly asked.

"The Transportation Act was loudly called for.

"The Joint Stock Banks Acts was peremptorily demanded.

"The Irish Bankruptcy Act was terribly needed.

"The Scotch Lunatics Act was clamorously required.

"The Scotch Police Act was literally bellowed for.

"And all the other Acts which you have passed were just the things necessary to save the Country until February.

"Hope you 'll find the birds plentiful, and just wild enough for good sport.

"Heaven bless you!"

LORD CRANWORTH then declared Parliament prorogued until November. He had mentioned the Fifth, but overhearing a young lady who was looking at him say, "'There 's a Guy," he laughed and looked down to his paper, and so found that, as usual, he had made a mistake. So he amended his declaration and fixed the day for Friday, November the Sixth, when Parliament will not meet. And now universal space is left to the Dictator to use as he will—to—

> "Hang all the sky with his prodigious signs,
> Fill Earth with monsters, drop the Scorpion down
> Out of the Zodiac, or the fiercer Lion;
> Shake off the loosened globe from her long hinge,
> Roll all the world in darkness, and let loose
> The enraged winds to tear up groves and towns."

No, MR. BEN JONSON; no. PALMERSTON is doubtless eager to do all this and more, for the Russian Papers, and the American Papers, and the Penny Papers avouch it, but—*vigilans in ædc*—is, as ever,

MR. PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH UPON PURCHASE.

H.R.H., F.M. PUNCH, never shrinking from any duty, however disagreeable, has read through the Blue Book of the Commissioners charged to report on Purchase in the Army. He has done more,—he has digested it.

F.M. Punch need scarcely say that purchase—except of his own periodical—is abhorrent to his nature—that he detests *à priori*, *à posteriori*, *à fortiori*, and *ex abundanti*, a system by which a fool, with the requisite sum lodged at his agents, vaults over the head of an embryo WELLINGTON, who does not happen to have the price of a step in his pocket. *F.M. Punch* is glad to learn from the report, that the practice of purchase began in the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND. The system savours of its origin. When the King himself was bought and sold, no wonder commissions in the army were made matters of traffic.

But there the system is. Nobody approves of it in principle; but it will cost £7,000,000 to get rid of it. And nineteen holders of commissions out of twenty—purchasers and non-purchasers alike—are dead against any change. If we get rid of purchase, it must be either for seniority or selection. But seniority will give us captains as grey and gouty as our generals used to be, till the warrant of 1854 set seniority aside in that rank. And selection means, as things go, not the "right man in the right place," but that general predominance of DOWBS, of which a strong illustration is afforded by a JAMIE SIMPSON in the chief command, with a COLIN CAMPBELL at the head of a division under him.

If you promote by seniority, officers will club among themselves to buy out an old boy, who dams the current of promotion—as they do in India. If you promote by selection, either DOWB will be taken care of, and everybody else neglected; or the Minister, in his anxiety to show that he is not taking care of DOWB, will fall back in practice on seniority, and appoint the oldest, because nobody will give him credit for appointing the worthiest.

The system of Army Promotion is in fact—as *F.M. Punch's* common sense tells him—a choice of difficulties. Now, when JOHN BULL has a choice of difficulties before him, his way is rather to make the best of any accomplished fact he can lay hold of, than to rush into the manufacture of new facts. He wisely prefers cobbling his old shoes, to flinging them away, on the strength of the first advertiser, who promises him first rate stuff and a splendid fit for next to nothing. After all, JOHN BULL'S concern is less about the price paid, than the article purchased. What the Army is depends upon what officers are, not upon how they get their commissions.

What *is* a Commission?

A licence to live in barracks, with the liberty of a latch-key, the luxury of a mess, the free and easiness of a barrack-room, constant idle companions in quarters, the run of the best society in the neighbourhood out of quarters, the prestige of a uniform, and the facility of unlimited tick. All this, remember, at an age when most lads are still at school, under the check of bolts, bars, and bounds, with a diet of legs of mutton and stick-jaw, the work of the school-room, the tyranny of the sixth form, the surveillance of the dormitory, and a weekly allowance of pocket-money. *Per contra*, it means drill to learn, parades to attend, guards to mount, court martials to sit upon, and inspections to go through. But the drill-sergeant is so good-tempered! The adjutant and commanding officer are such bricks—such uncommonly pleasant fellows—and as for inspections, the general of the district is a trump and a jolly old cock—and prefers making things pleasant, and spending a cosy evening at the mess to wigging and reporting fellows, and making a row. Then there's the variety and excitement of travel and change of quarters. In short, a Commission now-a-days—we speak of a time of peace—is the passport to one of the pleasantest and idlest lives a young fellow can cut out for himself—if he has three hundred a year above his pay. No wonder the article fetches more than regulation price. It is a bad investment if you look at the pay—but think of the pleasure, and where *can* you get as much for the money. It is unique, in this decorous and common-place country.

But what *might* a Commission be? What has JOHN BULL a right to insist on its being? The admission—after proof of good sound health, average strength and brains—to a hard-working profession, in which, every man,—besides being able to ride shoot, and speak the truth—should be made to learn the working and details of one of the most minute and complicated of machines—a regimental company: should, be compelled to master his duties on parade, and in the barrack-room—in a word, all of the art of war that can be taught in peace: in which every depôt should be a school: every commanding officer an instructor and controller, as well as a friend and companion: every Inspecting General, a rigid examiner and faithful reporter, as well as a good fellow at the mess-table. In short, we might make our youngsters, when they buy a commission, buy discipline, instead of licence: hard-work, instead of idleness: pride in the studies of their profession, instead of contempt for them. All this is compatible with purchase. But it is incompatible with taking care of DOWB; with favouritism at the Horse Guards; with the privileges of Household Troops, who are exempted from most of the hardships of service, and absorb an undue proportion of its rewards; with the paying more attention to the lacing of a jacket, or the hang of a feather, than to the lodging of your soldiers, or the quality of their weapons; with lax Colonels, and easy-going Inspecting Generals.

These things are facts just as much as purchase: if we can't get rid of purchase, let us see how much of the mischief of purchase remains when these things are got rid of. Suppose DOWB—*quâ* DOWB—no longer cared for; suppose high commands well bestowed; suppose the privileges of the Guards done away with; suppose the wings of that predominant bird (the military tailor's goose) clipped; suppose Colonels taught that they must not fear unpopularity, in the cause of duty, and Inspecting Generals made to feel that speaking the truth is better for them than making things pleasant.

Perhaps you will say, suppose the moon made of green cheese.

But JOHN BULL *may* insist on these suppositions being converted into realities. If he can accomplish that, he may leave purchase to take care of itself.

Can it be denied that these things might continue, if purchase were abolished to-morrow? Can it be denied, that so long as these continue, the article—the Commission—continues the same? You have only altered the way to get it. What you want to alter is the thing. If you can't find buyers for it when transformed as *F.M. Punch* would have it, purchase has come to an end of itself. If you can find buyers, why, it is worth the money!

HOW TO CALCULATE THE HEIGHT OF THE SEASON AT THE SEASIDE.

WHEN you have to wait an hour for a bathing-machine; when the last new Novel is bespoken ten deep; when donkeys are scarce, and City clerks plentiful; when you have to walk your soles off to get a London Morning Paper; when you meet with an organ-grinder, or a German band, in almost every street; when the Dispensary Ball is given; when chairs are fought for on the sands; when you see more buff slippers in the corridors outside the bed-room doors of hotels than Wellington boots; when one is obliged to send up to town for a piece of salmon; when ice commands a fabulous price; when HERR JONESI, "from the Nobilities' Concerts," gives a Grand Musical Festival at the Town Hall; when landladies sleep in the kitchen; when "One Bed to Let" in a dirty bye-lane is run after with avidity; when the Sally-lun man makes his tintinnabular perambulations regularly every evening, and wakes up dozing papas with the jingle of his muffin-bell and doggerel rhymes; when the "Third Robber" from Sadler's Wells shines at the little barn of a theatre with all the effulgence of a Star from Drury Lane; when GUSS FLOUNDERS, the comic singer from EVANS'S (more euphoniously christened "the Son of MOMUS"), and MRS. SALLY FLOUNDERS ("the Daughter of MOMUS") "*Keep a little Farm*" every night at SACKER AND FULLETT'S Library, on the Grand Parade; and, lastly, when prices get so high that they cannot possibly get any higher, then you may be sure that it is the HEIGHT of the SEASON at the SEASIDE!

Israelite Movement.

IN the City Article of a daily contemporary, the absence of business in the fund-market is accounted for "by the very general exodus of the moneyed public from town." When we remember by what nation the original exodus was performed, and consider of what nation also the moneyed public is largely constituted, we discern a peculiar significance in the description of their departure from Town as an *exodus*.

TOO BAD!

Bertha. "NOW, REALLY CHARLES, YOU ARE VERY PROVOKING. I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MY HAT EVERYWHERE—AND I DECLARE YOU ARE SITTING UPON IT!"

A BAD ACCOUNT OF A GOOD MUSICIAN.

EVERY friend of M. JULLIEN will regret with us to hear that the poor MONS. has been again in labour—labouring, that is, under severe indisposition. In answer to a vote of sympathy which was passed "with acclamation" at a recent meeting of the Surrey Gardens Company, M. JULLIEN is reported to have made this touching statement:

"For himself, he had been called to the bosom of his family to rest, but he could not; he had commenced with this and he would sink with it as the last man of a ship should do. (*Cheers.*) He had many times gone into the orchestra when told by his doctor that he would die, but he said it would be an honour to die in his orchestra. (*Cheers.*)"

Now, we say emphatically [italics please, and capitals] *THIS WON'T DO.* We cannot have our MONS. look forward thus lugubriously to the, as he fancies, not far distant playing of his own dead march. However great the honour of his dying in his orchestra, it would be but small consolation for his loss. London cannot spare its JULLIEN at present. How dark would be November without the shine of his white waistcoat!

We are unaware precisely what complaint it is that our poor MONS. is suffering; but from words he has let fall, we incline to fear that he is not so strong as we could wish him in his pocket. It would appear that he is much reduced by his connection with the Gardens, which have proved to him the reverse, it seems, of Edens. We also fear that his economy, however much we may, and do, commend it, has been carried to excess. When he tells us that "the cost of himself and family at home is not £2 a-week," we almost apprehend that he has tried too low a diet. We should prescribe him better living, and to try a change of air, if he finds he can afford it. Being a composer, he must do his best in trying to compose himself, and not give way to such excitement as his words appear to indicate. Perhaps a draught for his last six months' salary would, if duly honoured, prove the best composing draught, and we sincerely hope to hear that this has been made up for him. Eminent as a conductor, M. JULLIEN is excelled by no one in the art of conducting himself: and if he has not won success, he has "done more—deserved it." Rich as she may be in musical celebrities, England can't afford to lose her MONS. if she can help it; and there are few but would be sad to have to join with other mourners in singing as a dirge their "*Farewell to the Mountain.*" We have little doubt ourselves the Maestro's health would soon improve with the improvement of his prospects, and that when in better plight he would be restored to better spirits. Wishing him well—both in person and in purse—it distresses us to hear him speak so ill as he has done lately of himself; and at all hazard we beg of him, Never to say Die—even in his orchestra—however swan-like it might seem to do it.

THE MIDDLESEX PEER.

ABOUT the elevation of LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR to the House of Lords, there appears to be but one opinion. Everybody seems to consider that the honour of a peerage has been very well bestowed upon the noble late member for Middlesex; but some of his lordship's former constituents would have been better pleased than they are if the noble lord had been called to the Upper House by a title somewhat suggestive of his local connection with themselves. EARL OF BRENTFORD, DUKE OF ACTON, VISCOUNT HAMMERSMITH, are some of the titles by which it has been suggested that LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR should have been created a Peer; and there are those who think that he might have been gracefully and appropriately styled MARQUIS OF BROOK GREEN; whilst others wish that he had been called LORD WORMWOOD SCRUBBS. To this last title, however, there is an objection. Wormwood is suggestive of bitterness, which has never existed between LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR and his constituents, except for a brief period, when a rather bitter beer question divided the Middlesex electors from their representative.

DIRT CHEAP.—It is computed that the effective drainage of London would cost five millions. What are five millions, to be expended on drainage purposes, to the many millionnaires of London who have drained the world of millions?

"THE ORDER OF RELEASE."

(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Millais.)

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS EARLY CLOSING ASSOCIATION.

TEMPORARY OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

PROSPECTUS.

ATTENTION having been directed to the over-worked condition of our Members of Parliament, and the merciless protraction of their hours, and weeks, of business, the humane idea has been conceived of starting an Association, with the object of procuring them an earlier release. It is considered this may be effected without in any way impairing the efficiency of Parliament, or causing any diminution in the annual amount of work transacted by the House. On the contrary, indeed, there is sufficient reason to believe that the legislative body has been weakened by confinement, and that by enjoying greater relaxation it will gain more vigour to discharge its business duties. In confirmation of this view, a collection of statistics is now in course of making, by which it will be shown that (with but one or two exceptions, which may serve to prove the rule) the shorter Sessions have been far more useful than the longer: and the detention of the House to a protracted period, has rarely been attended with much legislative benefit.

It will therefore be the aim of the proposed Association, to devise the means of shortening the sittings of the House without interfering with the standing orders, or curtailing in the least the freedom of debate. By the plan they have in view, every Member will be still allowed to speak as much and as often as he pleases; with this advantage to the nation, that, whatever his prolixity, he will not impede the course of business by so doing. The most Gladstonian of orators will be suffered unrestrained expression of his sentiments; only instead of his delivering his speeches "in his place," he will be provided with a private room until his spouting fit is over. This, it is considered, can in no way be regarded in the light of a privation: for if he were to speak in presence of the Speaker, it is more than probable that he would either waste his eloquence upon deserted benches, or address his arguments to those who, even if they listened, would in no one whit be biassed by them. Moreover, any Member who desires it, will be supplied with a reporter, so as not to be debarred the privilege of reading his prolixities in print. Such luxuries, however, like children in an omnibus, must be personally paid for; and to afford relief to constant readers of the Newspapers, the insertion of such speeches will be strictly confined to the advertising columns, and be subject to a duty of certainly not less than fifty pounds a foot.

The Association will discard the Utopian idea that it can ever serve completely to stop the stream of prosy verbiage which, so long as Parliament exists,

"Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis Hansard."

But although it would be futile to endeavour to dam up this Niagara of talk, the means above proposed may at least divert the current; and by providing proper outlets, save the House from being swamped by the nightly flood of eloquence which hitherto has overwhelmed it. Members known as fluent speakers will be placed throughout the Session under strict surveillance, and their flow of words will be confined to private channels, so as not to run athwart the course of public business. Thus, instead of the few measures which now yearly escape drowning, there will be in future plenty of survivors, and abundant crops of legislation will be annually housed, without such floods of speech delaying them as heretofore while they are being carried.

Regarding it merely as a humane institution, there is little doubt that the Association will command a fair support. But when it is considered what a saving it will cause to the national Exchequer—for it is assumed that "time is money" as well in Parliament as out of it—of course every economist, political or not, will recognise at once a strong additional incentive for promoting its success. In the event, however, of its becoming ever needful to appeal to the public, there is little question that the call will meet with a most liberal response; and *fêtes* may be given at the Crystal Palace, after the manner of those which, in aid of other Early Closing Funds have been lately held there. By consenting once a-year or so to play at politics at Sydenham, Members may rely upon obtaining a good audience; and the "Sports and Pastimes of St. Stephens," if properly placarded, will be pretty sure to prove attractive to the public. The announcement of a Wrangling Match will doubtless draw as largely as a Jingling ditto; and instead of the amusement caused by Jumping in Sacks, a hearty laugh may be got up at the way some speakers have, of jumping to conclusions. The sport of Drawing the Long Bow may also be announced, in which the Leadenhall Street champions will distance most competitors; while doubtless crowds will flock to see an Irish Members' Row, or such sparring as the late set-to between the gladiator GLADSTONE and the bruiser BETHEL. As regards the musical arrangements, there will be no need to have professional assistance. The anti-Palmerstonians have not yet left off singing small, and MR. DISRAELI as well as SIR CHARLES NAPIER still keep up their practice in the blowing their own trumpets.

The success of the Association being placed beyond a doubt, there can be no question of its proving of advantage. By shutting up those gifted with the gab who now obstruct the public business, the House may put its shutters up much earlier than formerly: and by attending to the maxim "Acts, not Words," it will get through its work in less than half the time now wasted on it. Domestic Members thus, instead of daily choking with their hasty chop in BELLAMY'S, may leisurely enjoy their wives' three courses and dessert, and spend their evenings, as they should do, in the bosom of their families: while the sporting ones in future need be under no anxiety, lest they be forced to spend the twelfth of August in Committee, and be on their legs in Westminster when their hearts are in the Highlands.

To those who know the benefits induced by early rising, it need not be explained how much the House will be advantaged by it. If the Association prosper, early hours will be secured: and there will be an end to those complaints of working over-time which weakly Members have of late been almost daily breathing. Their health will be no more impaired by their too sedentary habits, and thus their lives may be prolonged by shortening their sittings.

CONSIDERATION FOR DOCTORS' COMMONS.

THE sum of £100,000 a-year is to be divided among the proctors, by way of compensation for the business of which they will be deprived by the Probates and Letters of Administration Bill. This information will perhaps occasion some imaginative foreigners to conceive a great idea of the usefulness of proctors, and of the benefits which they have conferred upon the British public. Finding that the parties to whom compensation is awarded deserve it about as much as spiders do when walls are whitewashed, or as rats when sewers are flushed or repaired, or when a granary upon stone pillars is substituted for a barn, what an immense notion the foreigners of imagination must form of English generosity! What enormous superannuation allowances they must suppose granted to clerks worn out in public service; to officers and men disabled in fighting their country's battles, and to their widows and orphans! If those English make such ample provision for ecclesiastical lawyers thrown out of practice, no doubt their charity is very open-handed towards frozen-out gardeners. If they subsidise their proctors at so enormous a rate, at what incalculable sums they must pension their poets! Such must be the reflections of imaginative foreigners, if they are endowed with logic as well as imagination, and know not with how little reason and common-sense the affairs of the British nation are conducted.

The Order of Release.

"WHAT a shame that so many millions should be spent every year upon those NAPOLEON *fêtes!*" "Yes—but then you must take into consideration the number of persons that are pardoned on those occasions. At the last NAPOLEON *fête* no less than 1,142 prisoners and exiles received their pardons!" "Ah! I see, you would have me consider the extravagance as a *pardonable* offence!"

[*The above was overheard, between two cups of coffee, at the Café Rotonde, in the Palais Royal.*

Domestic Poultry.

"ALLOW me," said ARTHUR, looking pleadingly at ANGELICA, the other morning at breakfast; "allow me to send you a little duck. Unless," he timidly added in a half whisper, "that is like sending coals to Newcastle." The little duck answered that he was a great goose, but did not altogether look as if she thought so.

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THE STREAMS OF MODERN ENGLAND.

A COLLOQUY AFTER WALTON.

PISCATOR. VENATOR.

Ven. Sir, well met. Since our last talk, I have bethought me of yet one more thing to say in commendation of Hunting, wherein it doth excel Angling.

Pisc. Ay, indeed, have you, Sir? I beseech you, tell it me. I would be glad to hear it with all my heart. Pray you, what is it?

Ven. Marry, Sir, this. The sport of your foxhunter lieth mostly on the uplands; and when he gallopeth over the open fields, he doth breathe a sweeter and more wholesome air than the fisherman who pursueth his game in the water-meadows and fens.

Pisc. Yea, Sir, but the angler chooseth for his purpose a day whereon there bloweth a fair fresh breeze, to make a ripple on the water; and, as he walketh, he treadeth upon fragrant herbs, as mint and sweet-flag, to say nothing of cuckoo-flower or lady's smock, which, with colt's-foot and marsh-marigold, doth abound in most of our English meadows. Whereas, your foxhunter, in his course over the arable fields, albeit he lack not for perfume, yet is it of quite another sort. For now-a-days, by reason of covetousness, farmers and husbandmen have taken to force the earth, and do so overdress the surface of their land with liquid compost, that you shall nose an acre thereof a mile off. Which system of tillage a merry fellow of my acquaintance doth use to say may well in sooth be called high farming.

Ven. A mad wag, truly. But, Sir, I shall make so bold as to bid you note the truth of an old saying, which I have heard my grandmother repeat—"That nobody snuffeth the savour of his own shop." To the proof whereof you have just now spoken. For not so many farmers do so overdress their lands as to distribute thereon even a small part of the sewage of our cities and towns. This, therefore, being, by the new Health of Towns Act, required to be got rid of and removed out of the way, there is nothing else for it than to discharge the greater portion thereof into the rivers, which is accordingly done; whence all our streams are now polluted to such a pitch that, but for the truth of the proverb I spoke of, your own nose should, in angling, be in as great indignation as you suppose mine is, whenever I ride over a newly-drest field.

Pisc. Sir, I confess there is reason in what you say; and I wish with all my heart that the drainage of our towns were spread upon our fields, to the end that it might increase the bread, instead of being cast into streams and rivers to poison the drink of Christians, besides injuring all the fish, except the stickle-backs, which are of no use, and the eels, which albeit they live and thrive in foul waters, are yet by far more choice and delicate when they be bred in fresh clear streams, such as the Test and Itchen in Hampshire were wont to be in my young days. But see, here comes a milkmaid. Let us have a syllabub.

Ven. Marry, and so be it; well thought on, A most excellent thing on a summer's day: yea. forsooth, Sir, willingly, and with all my heart.

POKING UP THE SEA-COLE FIRE.

IN accordance with the announcement in the *Times'* City Article, "some persons," among whom was *Mr. Punch*, "waited upon LORD PALMERSTON, upon the subject of MRS. SEACOLE'S claim on the Surrey Gardens Company." So introduced, the party found immediate access to his lordship, who received them with much affability. The following conversation took place.

Lord P. Well, *Mr. Punch*, how are you? Very glad to see you. I've just come from the Palace with the Speech. Would you just glance over it, and see whether it reads all right.

Mr. Punch. Not if I know it, you artful dodge. So you'd like to commit me to approval of it, would you? You'd like to be able to say to HER M——— that *Punch* has revised it, eh? No, Siree.

Lord P. (*laughing*). There's no having you. Well, what *can* I do for you?

Mr. Punch. It will be in the recollection of your lordship that a series of *fêtes* were recently given at the Surrey Gardens in honour of MOTHER SEACOLE, and for her benefit.

Lord P. I know. Very brilliant, very successful, weren't they? Didn't LORD ROKEBY take the old girl to her stall, and didn't lots of Crimeans go. I heard it was a great hit.

Mr. Punch. It was so, my lord, and a large sum of money was obtained.

Lord P. Very glad of it. Most deserving old soul, and it will help to keep her deserving old body in comfort, She was a treasure to the army, and I wish there were more old women like her, and fewer like PANMURE.

Mr. Punch. Then, my dear lord, you will regret to hear, that the poor old lady has never been able to obtain a farthing of the money.

Lord P. By Jove! O, but I say, that's an infamous shame. She ought to have had the money weeks and weeks ago. It's a case for the police.

Mr. Punch. It may be hereafter, my lord. But we think that you could help us to get justice for MRS. SEACOLE.

Lord P. Anything I can do—by the way, the Gardens are gone to the deuce, I believe?

Mr. Punch. My lord, the Gardens were in the hands of a Company which, a little more than a year ago, sacked £32,560, all of which is lost, and £26,000 of additional debts have been contracted. Yet a £10 per cent. dividend was declared in October, apparently in order to delude the public into taking up at par 744 unissued shares.

Lord P. What a splendid figure-head you have!

Mr. Punch (*modestly*). The ladies have been pleased to say so, in my time. Well, my lord, M. JULLIEN, the MONS., and a most worthy fellow, at whose little eccentricities I have made good fun in his days of glory, but whom I have always recognised as a true artist, and a true friend to art,—he had the superintendence of their music, and he declares that he has been defrauded and ruined. He says that they owe him £6000, and that he never got anything for it but a bill and a cheque, both of which were dishonoured.

Lord P. But where's the money gone?

Mr. Punch. That, my dear lord, MR. COMMISSIONER FANE, aided by the very clever MR. LINKLATER, and others, proposes to endeavour to ascertain in the Bankruptcy Court.

Lord P. By George, in the old days Seacole Lane was too near St. Sepulchre's to be exactly a pleasant name to a bankrupt who couldn't give a good account of himself. However, I hope M. JULLIEN will get something out of the fire.

Mr. Punch. So do we. But at present we only come in the SEACOLE interest.

Lord P. I fancy it's the SEACOLE principal you want.

Mr. Punch. Very good, indeed, my lord, and very new, like all jokes by Members of Parliament. And we want you to put on the screw in a certain quarter, and then we think we shall get this money.

Lord P. And the quarter?

Mr. Punch whispers to his Lordship.

Lord P. (*whispers to Mr. Punch*). What! JIMMY?

Mr. Punch nods.

Lord P. But—hang it—*he* wouldn't collar the tin.

Mr. Punch. I don't say so for a moment. I believe him to be a very good fellow. He wouldn't go into Parliament though he returned half of it—that's in his favour.

Lord P. You be blowed!

Mr. Punch. He, personally, is all right, I've no doubt, but he has been a great man in the Company, and, according to JULLIEN, "they were all like mouses in his presence." Now, if he were to speak, some mouse would probably remember in what hole MOTHER SEACOLE'S money has been accidentally laid away, and would very likely fetch it out.

Lord P. We'll see. (*Writes.*) Will that do?

Mr. Punch (*reads*). "My dear COPPOCK,

"See MOTHER SEACOLE righted.

"*Thursday.*" "Always yours, P."

That will do. I'll leave it in Cleveland Row as I go by. We are much obliged to you, and so will the old lady be. We will not trespass longer upon your valuable time. [*The deputation rises.*

Lord P. (*aside to Mr. Punch*). Don't *you* go. I'll make MONCK or DUNCAN run with the note. I want to talk to you.

[*Exit deputation, and curtain closes as* LORD PALMERSTON *respectfully asks Mr. Punch's views as to the New Reform Bill.*

MORAL.

"MR. COPPOCK *said, that the Secretary had been directed to furnish* MRS. SEACOLE *with every information she desired, and that her claim would be satisfied.*"—*Times' Report, Aug.* 28*th.*

THE DIVORCE-BILL DISSECTED.

THE Divorce Bill 's an Act, the Divorce Bill is Law,
Old PAM has established a clerical raw,
Though GLADSTONE protests, and SAM WILBERFORCE groans
That what 's good for a Duke is not good for a JONES.

The battle of tangled amendments is past,
The Royal assent is accorded at last;
So, that DARBY and JOAN may be trapped by no fallacies,
Punch begs to offer this little analysis.

The Licence (you 'd better have banns) is still bought
Where with greedy-eyed touters your battle is fought:
They state they know single from married men, thus,
He who, seeing them, scowls, hath said "better or wus."

As regards divorce questions, *Punch* gladly reports
We 've abolished the Ecclesiastical Courts:
All complaints matrimonial, for kill or for cure,
Are tried in LORD CUPID-PAM'S new *Cour d'Amour.*

Its Judge (with £5000 a-year) is a cretur
Whose title's true accent is hostile to metre:
But turn to your Litany—notice whose tongue
May command "other times" when that prayer shall be sung.

Before him may practise a herd of Inquisitors,
Barristers, proctors, attorneys, solicitors.
He takes Separations, and small things of course,
But a Full Court (three judges) must sit for Divorce.

Now DARBY, perpend. Should your JOAN go astray,—
Well, you 're right to look fierce—but some other JOAN may.
Her DARBY petitions this Judge (or my Lord
Of Assize) to estrange her from bed and from board.

And if DARBY goes wrong, or he wops his poor JOAN,
Or for more than two years from her household has flown,
The law has decreed, in its wisdom, to fence her
With the same Release-Order, *à thoro et mensâ.*

And while she 's deserted, if DARBY (the beast)
Interferes with her poor little goods in the least,
She may go to a Beak, whose proceedings are quick,
And Policeman Z 1 will administer Stick.

There ends, we must say, JOAN, as far as we see,
Any special relief that 's allowed to the She,
For the Men make the law, and so please to observe
How it stands if you, Madam, from duty should swerve.

He may get a Divorce—that 's a grave, solemn thing,
Annulling the marriage and melting the ring:
And though actions like those which disgrace us are barred,
He may claim from LOTHARIO what juries award.

But you have no right for Divorce, JOAN, to stir,
(Save in cases so shocking they rarely occur),
Except he 's so base as from virtue to draw
One he must not espouse—say, a sister-in-law:

Or unless he 's been dreadfully cruel, so bad
That, (without other sin) a divorce should be had:
Or unless in your note of his conduct appears
"Inexcusable absence for more than two years."

[What the law calls "excuse" must remain to be seen,
It may be much Nagging, or much Crinoline,
Or a constant Piano, a Parrot's vile shriek,
Or Your Mother his guest more than three times a-week.]

That 's the pith of the bill, but it likewise provides
That no parson need marry divorced men, or brides,
Where the party divorced was the sinner—but, still,
Any church must be free to a parson who will.

Let LOTHARIO take note, ere with glances and smirk
He addresses himself to his dastardly work,
That he 's not only fined for the wrong he has done,
But is mulct in all costs—most infrequently fun.

So much for the Act—the mere naming its name
In one home of ten thousand, in England, were shame,
But while Masculine 's vicious and Feminine 's weak,
What help for the wronged but appeal to the Beak?

On one point it affirms let us chiefly lay stress,—
That Wrong, and not Gold, gives the right to redress;
And that HELEN, the Countess, no longer can buy
What to NELLY, the Laundress, tribunals deny.

Take heed whom you marry—when married, take heed
That affection 's the cue for each word and each deed,
And you 'll care just as much for this Act and its cases,
As *Punch* and his *Judy*—whom now he embraces.

[*Suits the action to the word—gives her a cheque for her milliner, mentions that he has engaged her a house at the sea-side—adds that he will take her and her dear Mother to Richmond to dinner to-day—puts a new bracelet on her white arm—salutes her—and exit dancing, and deriding all the Divorce Bills in the world.*

AN EVENTFUL SESSION.

WE think the Session of 1857 ought to be long remembered. It should for ages be treasured up in the recollection of every "Oldest Inhabitant" as a "*Sessio Mirabilis.*" It can boast of one remarkable circumstance, which, probably, never can, never will occur again. That circumstance, more than any other, redounds to the credit of the Legislature. It only proves what our legislators can do, when they are determined to do it! The great event, to which we are alluding, took place on Tuesday afternoon, August the 25th. It occurred at five o'clock, precisely. Let the reader read for himself:—

"At the end of *five minutes'* sitting, the House adjourned—"

There, the great merit of the past Session is wrapt up in those "Five Minutes." Depend upon it, it will be known hereafter, to the lover of *Hansard*, as "the Memorable Sitting of Five Minutes." Were such Minutes ever entered in the Minute-book of the House before? A still more remarkable thing is, that the Divorce Bill was passed in those same Five Minutes. A measure, that had exhausted every one's patience, and every one's eloquence—a measure, that had consumed more time even than the Maynooth Grant and the Jewish Disabilities put together—a measure, that had given rise to more angry words than were ever exchanged between the most ill-assorted couple—a measure, that, beyond all measure, was the longest in being carried, backwards and forwards, from one House to the other, to be quietly passed in a sitting that occupied less time than a lady takes to put on her bonnet! It is incredible—but still it is true!

It is needless to state that MR. GLADSTONE did not speak during those Five Minutes. The reason of his silence is very simple. The sitting took place in the House of Lords!

CURIOUS TASTE.—A Tradesman advertises for a General Servant, and says, towards the end, "A Dissenter preferred." There are persons in this world who have strange preferences!

COMMON OBJECTS AT THE SEA-SIDE.

Boy. "OH! LOOK HERE, MA! I'VE CAUGHT A FISH JUST LIKE THOSE THINGAMIES IN MY BED AT OUR LODGINGS!"

"FOREWARNED, FOREARMED."

MR. W. WILLIAMS (the incorruptible Member for Lambeth) directly he heard that there was to be a new creation of Peers, rushed out of the House, leaving word with the servant that "he had gone out of town, and it was quite uncertain when he would return." He was most particular in impressing upon JOHN (his faithful flunkey) that, if any one with LORD PALMERSTON'S livery inquired for him, he was, under no threat, or bribe, or persuasion whatever, to let him know he was probably to be found in the Exeter Change Arcade. Up to the last minute of our going to press, we have received no intimation of the honourable gentleman having been the least disturbed in his hiding-place.

Indefinite Parties.

A CURIOUS question might arise under the new Divorce Act. Suppose two divorced parties choose to be married by banns, how are they to be described? They are not bachelors and spinsters, neither are they widowers and widows; in fact they are indescribable. Practically, this difficulty is not likely to occur. Divorce is still too dear for those low people who are obliged to be married by banns.

EXTRAORDINARY LEAP.

ALL the gymnastic performances of the Circus we have ever read of are outdone by the achievement of a young lieutenant, mentioned in the Report on Purchase in the Army—who leapt over the heads of seventeen officers. His name was *not* DOWB.

THE DIVAN.—The place where the Sultan's pipe is regularly put out by the European powers.

SOAPY'S BRAVADO.

MUCH anxiety is expressed in many quarters to know what the BISHOP of OXFORD will do, now that the Divorce Bill has become the law of the land. What he said he would do is thus reported in the *Times*:—

"They would observe that the clause did not affect the Bishop; and he avowed before their lordships, that if he knew of one of these hired interlopers coming in the way he was here permitted to do to enter a church, he would meet him at the door with an inhibition, and suspend him from his office."

If the bishop is as good as his word, the public will have a fair chance of being edified with a good old mediæval row in front of some church in the diocess of Oxford. The bishop and his retainers will plant themselves before the church-door, prepared to resist the entrance of the "interloper" coming to perform a marriage-service which the incumbent has declined to celebrate. The prelate will be armed, if not with his pastoral staff, with a common walkingstick, and the attendant officers will carry similar weapons; except the beadle, who, we may suppose, will shoulder a mace. Prepared for opposition, the wedding party will perhaps have secured the services of a body of police; and the consequence will be, a collision between the constabulary staff and the crosier. Of course, the secular power will soon triumph, and the vanquished prelate and his discomfited vassals will be walked off to the nearest Magistrate's. If the justice happens to be a Low Churchman, or if his principles are opposed to spiritual tyranny, he may think himself called upon to deal summarily with the case, and, as a fine would be no punishment to the receiver of an episcopal income, to commit the right reverend SAMUEL and his myrmidons to gaol for assaulting the police, and obstructing them in the execution of their duty.

But, though Brag is a good dog, his bark is a good deal worse than his bite, and we do not much expect that the right reverend SAMUEL will verify, on any church-threshold, the warning, "*Cave Canem*," which he has addressed to anticipated interlopers. We shall be very much astonished if he even resigns his bishopric, and refuses to preside any longer over a see in which he will be unable to prevent the performance of marriages which he has declared to be contrary to Christianity. "JOHN OLDCASTLE died a martyr; but this," like FALSTAFF—if we may be excused for comparing SAMUEL to the fat Knight—"is not the man." At least if he is, SAMUEL is not the man we take him for.

PITY THE POOR SEPOYS!

A Lay of Love and Gentleness.

OH! be not too hard on the poor mutineers,
Though your women and children with torment they slew,
Though we dare but to whisper their deeds in your ears,
Don't punish them more than 'tis needful to do.

Though they slaughtered your kindred, not wholly like sheep,
Because with fell outrage and fiendish device,
Be content for their errors to sit down and weep,
If tears will to hinder such errors suffice.

If a gentle rebuke, if a tender appeal,
Will render those cruel and cowardly sons
Of Moloch sufficient examples, a deal
'Twere better than blowing them off from your guns.

Do not hang your black brothers—to woman and child
Though they did all that devils could ever invent—
If by means more affectionate, gentle, and mild,
You can others deter, and cause them to repent.

Oh! pray do not hang them, provided they dread
Any doom more than death by the gallows and rope;
If you know any such, it will fall on the head
Of each infamous wretch of a Sepoy, we hope.

Devotion to One's Doctors.

THE amiable homœopathist, LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, is made a peer. He might have been an Earl, but he stipulated that the Boluses, which are stuck on the spikes of an Earl's coronet, should be reduced to Globules. The heralds would not stand this, so he is only Baron.

THE COMPLETE INDIAN LETTER-WRITER.

Too much letter-writing has been one of the curses of the Indian Government. Nevertheless, to any rebel who can be reached, at the present crisis, we should certainly "drop a line."

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IRRESISTIBLE.

John Thomas. "GET AWAY, BOY—GET AWAY, BOY!"

Boy. "SHAN'T! AND IF YER DON'T LET ME RIDE, I'LL SEND THIS 'ERE MUD OVER YER CALVES!"

MISTRUST OF THE MILITIA.

"COME, now, my boys, who'll serve the QUEEN?"
The stout Militia Serjeant cried.
"Whoy, all on us; but how much green
Dost thee zee here, old chap?" replied
A countryman, and, like a clown,
He pulled one lower eyelid down.

"All that you says is very fine,
I dares say you believes 'tis true,
I should be glad enough to jine;
But mind, I baint a gwiun to,
Afore 'tis made quite sure to me,
That I be to be kep faith wi'.

"I've heer'd o' men as went abroad;
Promus'd they wos, I wun't say what;
But when agin this land they trod,
Ten shilluns was the most they got.
Ten shilluns only was the sum:
And then they said, 'Be off' to 'um.

"No fear but what they made it out
In black and white, all smooth and square,
So much stopped for this here, no doubt;
And so much owun for that there:
The end on't wos that they wus done:
Which I don't mane to be, for one.

Then how about the Transport Corps,
They talks of, and the Army Works,
And I forgets how many more,
As went to help they blessed Turks?
All them have been sarved, up to now,
Except the *Jarman Legion*, how?

"If I was sure 'twou'd be all right,
I'd list this moment, ees, and willun;
But otherways this cock wun't fight,
Nor never trouble thee to drill 'un.
I'll sarve my QUEEN and country true;
But not if I bain't sarved so too."

FIVE WORDS TO THE WITTY.—Never joke with stupid people.

NEWSPAPER CUTTINGS.

SESSION and season being over, the London Correspondents of the Provincial Press have, of course, left town for their estates, their yachts, or Foreign Courts; consequently the journals are "hard up" for those wonderful and instructive scraps with which a sub-editor, by plundering the "London Letter" of a contemporary, lightens and garnishes a column of heavy matter of his own. *Mr. Punch*, in the most kindly and generous manner, hastens to the assistance of his *collaborateurs*, and subjoins a quantity of "little bits," warranted new and authentic, which they may snip off and stick in whenever they please, and, as usual with most of them, without mentioning the source.

UNDER WHICH KING, BEZONIAN?—As it is nearly one hundred years since GEORGE THE THIRD came to the throne of these realms, few persons now alive have lived under more than four sovereigns, viz.:—the above venerable monarch, his son GEORGE THE FOURTH, well known for his extravagance and obesity; WILLIAM, the Sailor King, and Her present GRACIOUS MAJESTY, now on a visit to the northern part of this island. MR. WILLIAM GOMMERY, of Enfield, is an exception to this rule, having, unconsciously, lived under six English sovereigns. Thrust into the roof of his house, between the wood and the tiles, was discovered on Tuesday last, what had probably been placed there for concealment, and forgotten, namely, a purse containing the above amount.

LORD MACAULAY.—This nobleman, elevated to the peerage on account of his literary merits, is the only peer of the realm whose father's name began with the last letter of the Alphabet, we need hardly mention the letter Z. LORD MACAULAY'S father's name was ZACHARY.

YOU MAY WELL SAY THAT.—The Recess is always selected as the period for repairing London houses, for this reason. The occupants of such houses being usually out of town at that time, they are not exposed to the inconvenience which they would otherwise undergo from the presence of workmen. MR. COX, of Finsbury, walking, the other day, along a street in which several houses were fronted with scaffolding, exclaimed, "I wonder when London will be finished!"

ADVANTAGE OF PUNCTUATION.—Punctuation, that is the putting the stops in the right places, cannot be too sedulously studied. We lately read, in a country paper, the following startling account of LORD PALMERSTON'S appearance in the House of Commons. "LORD PALMERSTON then entered on his head, a white hat upon his feet, large but well polished boots on his brow, a dark cloud in his hand, his faithful walking-stick in his eye, a menacing glare saying nothing. He sat down."

HER MAJESTY'S WIT.—It is said that during his absence on the Rhine, H.R.H. is under engagement to keep a diary of his adventures, and to transmit it to his Royal parents once a fortnight. The usual packet containing it was brought in to the QUEEN the other morning by PRINCESS ALICE, who exclaimed, "Mamma, here's EDWARD'S *Dairy*." "Better take it to Papa's model farm, my dear," was the QUEEN'S prompt and laughing reply.

ANECDOTE OF C. BARRY.—"With whom, SIR CHARLES, after all, does the sin of the delay in finishing the Houses rest?" asked WISCOUNT VILLIAMS, meeting the great architect in Palace Yard. "I don't know about the sin," replied SIR CHARLES, "but," he added, pointing up to the glittering Clock Tower, "there's the gilt." The noble Wiscount has been occupied ever since in trying to understand what was meant, but had not succeeded when our Reporter came away.

YANKEE SPITE.—A variety of American drinks are now to be procured at a city tavern. Among them are liquids having the euphonious titles of Gum-ticklers, Neck-twisters, Kangaroo, Brandysmashes, and so on. The anti-English party in America avail themselves of these inventions to give utterance to their desire of wopping England. They say to one another, "Let's *lick her*."

CHANGE OF NAME.—We understand that MISS MADELINE SMITH has changed her name to MADELINE VERNON, partly in imitation of her namesake, MR. VERNON SMITH (who has dropped the SMITH in his family), and partly for fear she should be supposed connected with a gentleman who has made such a mull with India.

WONDERFUL HAUL.

FRANK went out fishing one day last week in the neighbourhood of Scarborough.

This is what our friend FRANK caught during ten hours' untiring application:—

1 Grayling,	1 Dead Cat,
2 Tench,	1 Hatful of Watercresses (*alias* "*Brook Lime*"),
25 Sticklebats,	11 Caterpillars, in *Ditto*,
1 Old Boot (*sans sole*),	3 Worms, in *Ibid.*
7 Tadpoles,	1 Cold (*in the head*).
1 Envelope to letter (*much torn—address not legible*),	

In addition to the above, there was also "1 Pint of Boiled Shrimps;" but it is strongly suspected that FRANK bought the latter as he was coming home.

THE SPEECH OF MATERFAMILIAS,

AT THE END OF THE SEASON.

AS the Season is over, MATERFAMILIAS assembled her beautiful daughters in the Drawing-room, in order to address them, previous to their going to the Sea-side.

Five young ladies, of various ages and different styles of beauty, responded to the maternal call. Their dresses were limp and faded, and looked care-worn, as though the vast amount of work they had gone through, for months past, had been too much for them. Like their exhausted wearers, they scarcely had a bit of colour left.

In answer to inquiries, "Where JULIA was?" the Lady's-Maid-in-Waiting stated that "her young Missus was not dressed yet, for as she had a sick headache, she had had her breakfast that morning in bed."

The Boys having been summoned from the stable, MATERFAMILIAS, taking her seat upon the large yellow damask ottoman, (which had had its brown-holland envelope pulled off for the occasion), proceeded, after arranging her head-dress, and giving a slight impressive cough, to address her family as follows:—

"*My dear Boys and Girls,*

"I need not tell you the Season is over. You all of you want change of air. It is not only my opinion, but the opinion, also, of that worthy man and physician, DR. KNIGHTBELL. It is my duty, therefore, as your Mother, to see that you have it.

"The struggle with your poor father has been a long and a painful one. For weeks and weeks he would not listen to the urgency of my entreaties. Ruin stared him in the face. The expense, he declared, would drive him to the workhouse. At last, my tears have prevailed. He has consented to grant you each a six weeks' absence.

"It is almost superfluous for me to state, that no efforts shall be left undone, on my part, to get those six weeks extended to eight.

"It is with profound regret that I cannot congratulate you, as I should wish, on the success of the past Season. The matrimonial negociations, however, which have been broken off by the suspension of the usual festivities, must be renewed, with additional vigour, next Spring, and prosecuted with amiable firmness, and yet dignified sweetness, until carried to a favourable termination,—which, to my mind, means St. George's, Hanover Square.

"I cannot disguise from you the exalted pride and soothing pleasure I feel in the signal triumph I have gained over MRS. GRUNDY, in having succeeded in breaking off the match between CAPTAIN ALBANY KNIGHTSBRIDGE and her youngest daughter.

"We must be fully prepared to act on the defensive against any retaliations that may be taken against us from that hostile quarter.

"In the meantime, it is my agreeable province to inform you, that the Captain remains our friend. From a *billet-doux*, couched in the most courteous of words, which I have just received from him, I am enabled to state, that he has generously consented to dine with us next Christmas Day.

"His poor respected father, LORD BARON DE BŒUF, it pains me deeply to communicate, still lies in a very dangerous condition. The large estates are fortunately entailed, and our dear friend ALBANY is the next heir in succession. Entertaining the very highest respect for his honourable parents, and expressing, as we do, our unfeigned regret for his deplorable position, still we cannot help hoping that everything may occur for the best.

"I have entered into a fresh treaty with MR. GUNTER. The terms are satisfactorily in our favour. He has agreed to provide suppers for us next season at One Shilling less per head.

"This reduction, however, is not, as might be supposed, to be purchased at the sacrifice either of quantity or quality. The number of plovers' eggs is to be undiminished. The plate to be provided is to have the same coronet's crest. There are to be prawns, when in season.

"It is with no unusual pride, also, that I announce that there is to be no change in the Brougham. It will be jobbed next year as usual.

"This pride is naturally strengthened by the fact, that stipulations have been expressly made, that the coachman is to have a new livery. This point has been amiably conceded by the Livery-stable keeper.

"*My dear Girls,*

"It is my fondest wish through life to see you comfortably settled.

"You must do all you can to accomplish that anxious end.

"It grieves me to see that you have lost your beautiful complexions during the past season. You must try all you can to regain them amid the healthy breezes of the sea-side.

"Horse-riding will be provided, when necessary.

"Donkey-riding will, also, be allowed to such of you as are not too proud to partake of it.

"Letters of introduction will be forwarded to you for the wealthy friends and desirable acquaintances you may chance to meet during your stay.

"Round hats for each of you have been placed in your respective bed-rooms. They are of the largest possible size.

"New bathing-gowns, of an elegant ultra-marine French pattern, fresh from Dieppe, have also been placed in your trunks.

"You must be careful not to get wet feet.

"Above all, let me impress upon you strongly to beware how you flirt with strangers, or younger sons.

"Your whole future depends upon your discretion in these little matters.

"I rely on your good sense. I trust principally to the good example your fond mother has always set you.

"*My dear Boys,*

"It will be your duty during your holiday to take care of your sisters.

"You must do nothing to thwart their plans.

"You must conform to the meal hours they choose to appoint.

"You must accompany them in their walks, and escort them in their donkey excursions.

"You must not, as their natural protectors, allow them to go to the Spa, or the Esplanade, or the Assembly Rooms, or the Library, by themselves. It would never do!

"I beg of you not to introduce to them any of your smoking, or billiard friends, excepting such as, from their high position in life, may be considered worthy of the favour. A Title, of course, is always its own introduction.

"I entreat of you not to add to your sisters' expenses. The cold meat, which is intended for the morrow's breakfast, must not be consumed over-night for *your* supper. Such an act of greediness, not only will reflect on your selfishness, but will materially tend, also, to swell the weekly bills.

"A pint of shrimps each will be allowed you *par jour*—not one shrimp more.

"I have terminated a negociation with your dear father successfully to the effect that, during your absence, your pocket-money is to be increased. The rate of that increase will be learnt by yourselves, when you go into the library to wish your anxious parent 'good-bye.' The smallest favour deserves a grateful recognition.

"To that negociation, there was only one stipulation laid down:—'All cigars are to be paid for out of your own money.'

"It seemed only just to *me*, that your sisters have no right to pay for your smoking.

"Before leaving, I hope you have settled all your bills, tailors' and otherwise.

"*My dear Boys and Girls,*

"Go, and enjoy yourselves, with a due regard to economy.

"Write to your dear Mother, as often as you can save the postage.

"Heaven bless you!"

Here MATERFAMILIAS rose with affecting solemnity from the ottoman, and kissed her children all round.

The ceremony was brought to an abrupt close by PLUSH BREECHES appearing at the door, and announcing gravely that "luncheon was on the table!"

We must not omit to mention, that the above speech was delivered in a clear, firm, sound, musical voice, in which the authority of the Matron was not less audible than the affection of the Mother.

It was listened to attentively by all, excepting by the youngest boy (MASTER JOE), who amused himself, during its delivery, by wiping his dirty boots on the cat's (a genuine Angola) furry back.

The House broke up the next day, by taking the Steamer from London to Scarborough.

THE HARP OF THE HEBREW MINSTREL.

A Romance.

F a little man with a large hooked nose
Chance made me the beholder;
And he bore a bag of cast-off clothes:
He had slung it o'er his shoulder.
And he sang: "The Divorce Bill 's law at last,
That is something like progression!
But the Oaths Bill overboard was cast:
We are slaves until next Session!"

He shook his head, and he heaved a sigh,
Then another mood came o'er him:
And he winked one bright black almond eye
At the world that passed before him.

There was a curl upon that lip,
Where scorn for ever lingers,
And he put his thumb to his nose's tip,
And he vibrated his fingers.

Thus he took a sight at the thoughtless crowd,
Then he felt in his waistcoat pocket.
His spirit, though his head was bowed,
Soared loftier than a rocket.
And his little harp from his vest he drew,
And between his teeth he stuck it;
And the street boys all cried, "Go it, Jew!"
When the Hebrew Minstrel struck it.

A FINGER IN A SLING.

Do you know who *Bessy Bodkin* is? Ask the first young lady under five years of age, whom you may meet. She will tell you that *Bessy* is the sister of *Billy Wilkin*, *Long Hester*, and two others, and will point her out to you as the third finger of your hand. Well, somebody has discovered that when *Bessy* was made, nature utterly forgot the noblest use to which the human hand can be applied, namely, the playing on the pianoforte, and in her negligence, so tied up *Bessy* with ligaments and tendons, that she cannot come down on the keys with the *aplomb* of her brothers and sisters. And somebody, aforesaid, has contrived a thing called the Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast, which is to be affixed to *Bessy*, and is to enable her to acquit herself better than nature intended. The profound ingenuity displayed in the title of the invention is as preternatural as the thing itself. What Tritons, Dactyls, or Gymnastics have to do with pianoforte-playing we do not affect to know, but we are just as much delighted as if we did. What a wonderful age we live in!

What miracles of perfection our artists ought to be! What a great creature MENDELSSOHN would have been, had he only had a Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast! We always felt that there was something wanting, even in his most exquisite compositions. It was the want of Trito-dactylo-gymnastic treatment. We are intoxicated to hear, however, that MR. ELLA has patriotically undertaken to go through all MENDELSSOHN'S works, with a Trito-Dactylo-Gymnast on both hands, and write up the music to the mark the composer would have attained, had he known of this unutterably important invention. A new era in music is at hand—or at least at third finger. Moreover, we observe that "medical testimony" to the merits of the machine is proffered. To be sure the name of the proposed medical witness is one that would not infallibly insure the insertion of his advertisements in a respectable paper, but that is a trifle. Trito-Dactylo-Gymnastics. We linger over—dally with such a poluphloisboyothalassesetic name, and mildly recal the deep wisdom of the venerable J. P. HARLEY, who quaintly remarked with a grimace of disfavour directed at some polysyllabic puff: "the more Greek the more Quack."

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S INTOLERANT ENQUIRY ON THE OATHS ADMINISTRATION BILL.

"IT 's all nonsense and affectation, Sir! Don't tell me. Why can't BARON ROTHSCHILD take the Oath like a Christian, Sir, and so put an end to this stupid business? It 's enough to make a Quaker swear, Sir!"

MORE PLUSH AND BUCKLES.

CONTINENTAL intelligence has for some time consisted of chronicles of mere flunkeyism. Kissing feet, kissing hands, *vivats*, triumphal arches, flags, uniforms, and livery in all its forms, cockades, gold lace, shoulder-knots, and shoebuckles—these have been the principal facts and phenomena that our own correspondents have lately been exhibiting to the British public. Flunkeyism is generally rampant, but particularly so in Hungary of all places in Europe, where it actually boils up and over, and runs out into acts of enthusiastic extravagance; such, for instance, as the exploit thus recorded by our fashionable contemporary:—

"A very wealthy gentleman of the department of Neograd, in Bloscovicz, solicited the favour of the EMPEROR that he might drive him himself, and harness his own horses in the carriage. This was granted, and accordingly the Magyar gentleman mounted the Imperial box, and did the office of 'whip,' from the station of Ypolyssag, as far as the town of Balassa-Gyarmath, which he entered amidst the shouts of delight—not simply amusement—of crowds of the inhabitants."

This glorious act of coachmanship will doubtless excite emulation; and sundry Hungarian flunkeys will try if they cannot exceed the servility evinced in it. Some other Magyar gentleman, glowing with the fervour of baseness which inspired the gentleman's-gentleman-like gentleman of Neograd, will probably implore the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA to allow him to brush his MAJESTY'S clothes, or may supplicate for the honour of blacking the Imperial boots. For which last-mentioned act of loyal homage the SOVEREIGN will peradventure reward his vassal with permission to change his ancestral motto for that of "Honour Bright." The method of worshipping the POPE, also, by cleaning his shoes, might be added to the self-abasement of kissing his feet, above referred to. In that case, the menial service should always precede that of the lip, for an obvious reason. The polishing, preliminary to the prostration, would, by the way, have to be performed, not by the application of Day-and-Martin, but by friction with bread crumb, that, according to "*Things that everybody should know*," being the proper way to clean white satin slippers, which his HOLINESS the POPE wears in addition to his pontifical petticoats.

A WORD TO THE AVENGER.

SOLDIER! when thou, beneath thy bayonet,
Shalt get a devilish Sepoy, save the wretch,
Safe if thou canst but make him, for JACK KETCH;
His howls, which none who heard them should forget,
Were lost amid war's uproar; rather let
The miscreant swing in exemplary throes
Upon the gallows; but if thou suppose
That show uncertain, then exact our debt,
And there; in full: but be not thou defiled
By imitation of the accursed beast,
Who babes and women slew with lingering pain.
Upon the wretched slave thy vengeance feast;
There stop; nor let his guilt thy manhood stain,
But spare the Indian mother and her child.

RIGHTS AND CEREMONIES.

PUNCH cannot understand how the opponents of the Jews hold out against that persecuted race. The latter do everything which their consciences will permit in imitation of the Christians. Even in their marriages we observe they are now copying the fashionable practice of their oppressors. In the *Times* one day last week, we read (names only altered):—

"At the residence of the bride's father, by the REVEREND MOSES AARON, *assisted by the* REVEREND SAMUEL ISAACS, REUBEN MOSS, ESQ., to REBECCA, daughter of SOLOMON MALACHI, ESQ."

What more can the Hebrews do to prove that they are Englishmen, than to adopt our ceremonial follies. Surely, after this touching proof of their regard for us, even Puseyite bishops will cease to be obdurate.

LODGING-HOUSE SAYINGS.

(Mostly in use amongst the lodging-house keepers at Watering Places.)

EVERY key has its double.
A slice off a cut joint is not missed.
An open tea-caddy is good for an old soul.
Meat and bread make the cheeks red.
Half a Leg is better than no Leg.
A trip to the sea-side makes one acquainted with strange bed-fellows.
You may take the gin-bottle to the Pump, until it gets broken.
Five fingers hold more than two forks.
It's the last pot of marmalade that breaks the [illegible]'s back.
Lodgers find the bacon, and lodging-keepers [illegible].
Stranger's meat is the greatest treat.
Don't be like the draymen's horse, that draws beer, and drinks water.
The faster you bone the richer your flesh will be.

PATIENCE REWARDED.

Piscator. "A-HAH! GOT YOU AT LAST, HAVE I?—AND A FINE WEEK'S TROUBLE I'VE HAD TO CATCH YOU!"

LIBERAVIMUS ANIMAM.

WHO pules about mercy? The agonised wail
Of babies hewn piecemeal yet sickens the air,
And echoes still shudder that caught on the gale
The mother's—the maiden's wild scream of despair.

Who pules about mercy? That word may be said
When steel, red and sated, perforce must retire,
And for every soft hair of each dearly loved head
A cord has dispatched a foul fiend to hell-fire.

The Avengers are marching—fierce eyes in a glow:
Too vengeful for curses are lips locked like those—
But hearts hold two prayers—to come up with the foe,
And to hear the proud blast that gives signal to close.

And woe to the hell-hounds! Right well may they fear
A vengeance—ay, darker than war ever knew,
When Englishmen, charging, exchange the old cheer
For, "REMEMBER THE WOMEN AND BABES WHOM THEY SLEW."

Who slanders our brave ones? What, puling again!
You "fear for the helpless when left as a prey;
"Should the females, the innocent children, be slain,
Or outraged——" Away with your slanders, away!

Our swords come for slaughter: they come in the name
Of Justice: and sternly their work shall be done:
And a world, now indignant, behold with acclaim
That hecatomb, slain in the face of the sun.

And terrified India shall tell to all time
How Englishmen paid her for murder and lust;
And stained not their fame with one spot of the crime
That brought the rich splendour of Delhi to dust.

But woe to the hell-hounds! Their enemies know
WHO hath said to the soldier that fights in His name—
"THY FOOT SHALL BE DIPPED IN THE BLOOD OF THY FOE,
AND THE TONGUE OF THY DOGS SHALL BE RED THROUGH THE SAME."

JUSTICE TO CODRINGTON.

IT is only fair to the late Commander-in-Chief in the Crimea to let it be known, that he volunteered for command in India—and under SIR COLIN CAMPBELL. This was even more magnanimous than SIR COLIN'S serving under CODRINGTON. Nothing is so difficult as to get a little man to stoop; a tall man may bend without derogation. SIR WILLIAM CODRINGTON, very wisely, takes everything that is offered him. They offered him the chief command in the Crimea: he took it. They offer him the guardianship of the PRINCE OF WALES: he takes it. Those who appoint him ought to know what he is fit for. He wasn't fit for the one post, he may turn out admirably suited for the other.

SIR W. CODRINGTON is a Guardsman, and the beauty of Guardsmen is, that whether you are providing for use or ornament, whether you want a Commander-in-Chief or a Gold-Stick in Waiting, your Guardsman is equally fit for the place. *Tam Marte quam Mercurio* is his motto. He is warranted to keep in any climate, will pocket any amount of salary, and England expects him—as a general rule—to *do* his duty.

FIVE THOUSAND REASONS for admiring an Ex-Governor General.—LORD DALHOUSIE has handed over his Pension of £5000 to the Indian sufferers. Truly a Noble lord.

JUSTICE.

A LAMENTABLE LAY. BY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.

Oh, *Mr. Punch*, I'm nearly done,
My 'elth is broken quite;
I 've ardly strenth to old the pen,
I 've skarsly pluck to rite.
Pray listen to a short account
Of my long sad kareer,
And for an injur'd hinnocent
You 'll shed an 'oly teer.

As hinnocent a man as you
In eighteen forty-three
They found me guilty of a charge,
And sent me oor the sea.
Ten ears the sentens was that time,
The charge was burglaree;
That 's cracking of a crib, yer no:
Tho, Sir, it wasn't me.

I served that fust time long enuf,
I think 'twas neer thre ear,
And then they let me out because
My hinnocens was clear.
They found me such a quiet cove,
So pius, good, and mild;
I hadn't half the vice they said,
Of many a little child.

But I was nabbed in fifty-one
For a cimilar offence,
And sent abroad a 2nd time
At guverments expens.
This time they guv me seven ears,
A ear I think I staid;
They let me out because I work'd
So 'dustrus at my trade.

And onestly enuf I worked
Till once, unlucki—ly,
A chap as look'd like me was cotched
A faking some uns cly.
"He know'd 'twas me," the peeler said,
"He know'd my karakteer—"
And so o' cours the sentens was,
Another seven ear.

That kame to pass in 54,
And what was rather odd,
I wasn't sent abroad this time,
But kep at ome in quod.
But soon my constitution show'd
I couldn't stand a jail,
And so they let me out, because
My elth began to fail.

They mite as well a kep me in,
And let me die in peace;
For wats the use o' going about
Well known to the poleece.
I wasn't out 3 month that time,
When I was took once more;
And tried and sentenced to the same
As I 'd not served before.

Another 7 ear, and now
(This was in fifty 5)
My elth was braking very quick,
I ardly kep alive.
That time I thort I shud a died,
I shud if I 'd staid there,
And so they let me out to try
And get some change of air.

The present ear in Febury
They nailed me once agin,
For what the lawyers seems to call
Felonious breaking in.
But I 'd a breaking out in March,
A habsis in my side;
And as I was to ill to plede,
O' cours I wasn't tried.

So this ere 'sizes I cum on
Afore a pune juge,
Who treated me just like as if
My sufferins was fudge.
I told my story then as now,
In most unhappy mood;
The only answer as I got
Was ten ears servitude.

The law like this was never ment
To punish any one,
For now the ears I shud a serv'd
Mounts up to 41.
The strongest man can't stand it, Sir;
A helefant would fail,
If he were kep for 40 ears
In ostermunger jail.

So, *Mr. Punch*, just show yer pluck,
Come forad like a man,
And get the "Ticket Bill" repealed
Next session, if yer can.
It 's no use bothering like this,
And giving of us leave;
Why not save all expens at once,
And GRANT US A REPRIEVE.

LAND BRUTES AND SEA BIRDS.

Two darlings of *Mr. Punch's* acquaintance, whose dear faces under mushroom hats (also tolerably dear) are at this moment embellishing the beach at Bridlington, write to *Mr. Punch* in passionate lament over the disappearance of sea-birds from Flamborough Head. "The idle cruel visitors," LEILA writes, with most pardonable severity, "have exterminated them by their incessant firing. Not a bird is to be seen on the rocks—one or two may occasionally—very rarely though—be seen, over the sea, as far away as possible, flapping slowly past in a reproachful sad manner. Pretty innocents! it does seem shameful, that after they have inhabited the rocky ledges at Flambro' for so many hundred years unmolested—even when England was peopled by the most uncivilised tribes—now in these modern, enlightened times" (LEILA does not even underline these words of bitterest satire, and we applaud her for resisting the temptation), "they should be completely extirpated. LUY and I do wish some law could be passed to prevent this shooting." A law, you green darlings! How the women believe in legislation! They think the law can prevent everything objectionable, from wife-beating downwards. "Why not Gull-laws as well as Game-laws?"—Only that no gentleman preserves gulls, my darlings, and that it is gentlemen who have made Game-laws, to protect and perpetuate certain gentlemanly sports; whereas, gull-shooting is pre-eminently a sport for snobs—for hard-hearted, bloodthirsty, beer-swilling, lazy snobs, who think it fine fun to loll in a boat, or on a cliff, in the sunshine, and blaze away into a snowy cloud of happy harmless gulls. It requires no skill, and the snob has no skill. The bird when shot is useless, but the snob kills for killing's sake. He is depriving the coast of one of its most lovely and graceful living things: but the snob has no perception of beauty, or grace, or purity of plumage, or gracefulness of motion. There may be a callow brood in the rock cleft, that will wail and wail to-night and to-morrow for the parents that lie stiff and stark—their snowy breasts, and violet wings, all rumpled and dashed with blood—at the base of the cliff, or float, wild and wandering corpses, at rest on the unresting sea.

And the wail of the abandoned nestlings will wax fainter and fainter, till it rings no longer through the rock caverns, and the whole brood lies dead and cold—to hang with the murdered parents, let us hope, in another and a better world, round the neck of the snob-murderer, as the Albatross round the neck of the Ancient Mariner. "LUY" writes in the same strain as "LEILA." "Besides the extreme dulness and disfigurement of it," she says, "it made us sad to think of the cause. It is so barbarous and wanton, and stupid"—("LUY" is evidently of an impetuous turn, and piles up her epithets much more freely than the gentler "LEILA")—"always to be shooting the pretty, foolish, harmless birds. . . What cleverness is there in it? and it is so cruel. We found two left upon the cliff-tops—oh, horrible! it made us quite sick, and so angry." No wonder;—would we had been by when the snob perpetrated these murders—and had found him not too big to bully, or even to thrash, if he had resented an interference. But, had he been as big as GOLIATH, we might have tackled him, for it is certain he was coward as well as snob.

In the name of all that is manly and gentle, *Mr. Punch* protests against this cruel and useless slaughter of these bright and harmless winged things, who float like bird-angels between the blue above and the blue below, and whose wailing music makes so fine a treble to the rolling organ basses of the great sea. Only let the darlings in mushroom hats make a point of rating every snob they see at the work, and telling him what *they* think of it, as eloquently and naturally as our dear "LEILA" and "LUY" have done in their letters. The snob is human; he is not incapable of shame, especially when the scorn he merits is poured out upon him from rosy lips and flashed from bright eyes. And let every true sportsman denounce, by act and word, by theory and practice, this odious and cruel abuse of the gun.

So, let us hope, these gentle visitants of the shore and sea-cliff may be wooed back to their old homes and haunts, and the white wings may once more reflect the sun above the angry German Ocean, and the sad-voiced scream be heard as of old through the raving of the waters about the rocky foot of Flambro.'

What a Shame!

THE rudeness of the lower orders, especially of Members of Pall Mall Clubs, is perfectly odious. Now that Tavistock has handed over its representative to the Metropolitan County, as colleague to MR. HANBURY (the eminent brewer) the vulgar creatures say that the Members for Middlesex are BYNG and BUNG.

THE LONDON COOK'S COMPLAINT (*Of this time of the year*) TO HER FAITHFUL Z I.—The rolling-pin gathers no crust.

Knobbler, Jun. hears that the later you fish in an evening, the more likely you are to catch something. He never tries it again.

THE HEAT OF THE WEATHER.

WE hope the following fact will be fully credited, for it is far too wonderful to be poohpoohishly doubted. The Heat of the Sun was, on Thursday last, so powerful at Filey, in Yorkshire, that a Negro, who went to bathe in the Sea, was discovered, upon emerging, to have changed colour from a deep black to a beautiful bright red! From head to toe, *he was as red as a boiled lobster!* This singular change of cuticle has been attributed entirely to the extraordinary warmth of the water. The poor fellow, who was footman in a rich lawyer's family, upon losing his natural colour, immediately lost his situation; but we are glad to state that he has since been engaged, at a liberal salary, by a humane Doctor, for the purpose of trying experiments upon his skin. It will be, also, his business to stand outside the Doctor's street-door during the night, so as to act in the double capacity of Watchman and Red Lamp.—*Abridged from the Yorkshire Dumpling.*

A Wise Doctor.

A DOCTOR in large practice was in the habit of sending out some wonderful lozenges to his patients—but his patients never received them. At last, it struck the Doctor that the lozenges were of the exact size of a sovereign. For the future, he took the precaution of writing on the envelope, "*No Money Inside;*" and, strange to say, every one of his lozenge-letters, so directed, arrived safely at its destination!

THE DIVORCE DRAMA.—"Half-price has begun."

THE CAPTIVE.

After STERNE.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I took a single clerk in the Circumlocution Office, towards the close of August; and having first shut him up in his room, I peeped through the key-hole to take his picture. I beheld his body limp with the heat of London, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from being low down in the office, and not getting away till everybody else has had his six weeks of vacation.

Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: from ten to four daily for ten months, he had pined in that apartment; he had had no lark, no outing in all that time. As for amusement——

But here my heart began to bleed, and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait. He was sitting on his chair in the further corner of the room, before the table which was alternately his desk and footstool—a pad of blotting paper lay before him scored all over with the vague scrawls which had occupied so many of the dismal days he had spent there—he had one of these sheets before *him*, and with a steel pen he was adding another aimless flourish to the melancholy maze.

As my presence at the key-hole diminished the small stock of fresh air he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the ARNOTT's ventilator—then cast it down—shook his head—and—went on with his work of affliction.

I observed his patent leather boots, as he wearily threw up his legs upon the table—he laid down his pen, and took up the second edition of the *Times*—he gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron of the Civil Service enter his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn—I started up from my chair, and calling the servant, bade her order me a cab for the Dover Station, and have it ready at the door by nine in the morning.

I'll go directly, said I, and have six weeks' fresh air somewhere. Let my publishers say what they will.

"THE POPE'S PROGRESS."

PIUS paused long before returning to the Vatican. Was he pondering over the Dutch proverb, "*Hoe verder van Rome, hoe nader bij God*," which means, "The farther from Rome, the nearer to God?"

THE JUNIOR IRISH BRIGADE.

A NEW Irish Brigade is about to be formed under the auspices of the Brotherhood of ST. VINCENT DE PAUL. This Brigade, however, is to be established, not for the purpose of impeding legislation, in the interest of Popery, but for that of cleaning boots. It is to be denominated the "Catholic Shoeblack Brigade," and is to consist of poor Irish boys, many of whom at present, instead of picking pockets, go and enrol themselves in the Protestant, or, at least, the Promiscuous Shoeblack Brigade—to the great peril, as their priests consider, of their souls. How Catholic shoeblacks are to endanger their souls in combining with Protestant shoeblacks to scrub upper leathers, is a mystery which we will not shock those who believe in it by attempting to fathom—we will only suggest, that the establishment of a Catholic Brigade of Shoeblacks is drawing the principle of exclusiveness rather fine. Indeed, the idea of the thing is so ridiculous that most people will probably ascribe it to the imagination of *Punch*. Not so; we should have been proud of the notion; but we are indebted for it to the *Weekly Register*, a Roman Catholic paper, and not, on the whole, a rabid one. That journal appeals to its readers for the support of this scheme for the admixtion of theology with blacking.

The project is not likely to be self-supporting. Catholic boots are a small minority, which is made yet smaller than it might be by some friars who dispense with everything of the kind. To be sure, that, perhaps, is no reason why, particularly if they are Irish friars, they should not employ shoeblacks. "BRIAN O'LYNN," as we all know, "had no shoe to his fut." Accordingly, as is also well known to everybody, "he tuk and he blackened it over with sut," &c. &c. It might not be against the laws of the barefoot Hibernian fraternity to extemporize apparent brogues by the simple help of the Catholic Shoeblack Brigade. Whatever amount of success that force may obtain, we shall be agreeably disappointed to hear of. We do not at all object to the Brigade, although we consider it an absurdity. It is, at all events, not a mischievous and quasi-treasonable confederacy, and the work which it will do, if it does any work at all, will be far less dirty than what has been done by that other Brigade which was organized by the Irish Priesthood.

A CAPITAL OFFENCE.

LONDON, with its Trafalgar Square, its National Gallery, its contemptible fountains, its ugly monuments, its architectural deformities, is decidedly, as measured by Paris, or other capitals, a CAPITAL OFFENCE!

HOW MEN OF BUSINESS DO BUSINESS.

Being a Sketch of the Proceedings at a Railway Meeting, and an example to "the Classes whom City men affect to despise."

THE General Meeting of the Grand Centrifugal and Centripetal Railway took place at Freemason's Hall, on Thursday last, pursuant to notice. An unusual crowd was observed round the shop of a respectable toyman nearly opposite the hall, some time before the opening of the doors, and it was ascertained that disaffected shareholders were making large investments in peashooters and hard peas. In a few minutes from the opening, every spot from which a bombardment of the platform was possible had been occupied.

At twelve o'clock the Chairman, MR. BENISON, entered with other directors, and a tremendous volley of peas instantly rattled across the hall. The Chairman, with a calm smile, put up his umbrella, and under its cover proceeded to his place, and took his seat. The assailants, unwilling to exhaust their ammunition early in the campaign, ceased firing, and began yelling. At the expiration of half an hour of this kind of remonstrance, MR. BENISON was permitted to speak, with occasional interruption by a few personal criticisms, and illustrative notes.

The CHAIRMAN said that there was no doubt the Railway Company had been shamefully robbed. (*Yells, and cries of, "All your fault," "How's your friend in gaol," &c.*) It might be said, that it was a disgrace to the managers of the company not to have selected worthier servants, and to have exercised more vigilance, ("*So it is!*") but he treated such remarks with scorn and contempt. ("*Yah! Yah!*") They were the kind of remarks a ribald press conducted by anonymous scribblers in garrets, would make ("*Yah! Yah!*") and he felt that commercial men, men of business, ought not to heed such censures.

A VOICE. (*ironically*) *Vexat censura Columbas.*

The CHAIRMAN. What has Columbus to do with railways? he didn't discover them, he discovered America, and you ought to know it, Sir, though no amount of ignorance in such a meeting would astonish me.

Here the meeting hastily passed an unanimous resolution to give the Chairman another volley of peas, and did; and a preference shareholder having dexterously purloined the umbrella, MR. BENISON was exposed to the rude pelting of the pitiless storm. He bore it manfully, and took advantage of a lull to exclaim: "Boil your peas, gentlemen, next time, if you please." Order being at length restored,

The CHAIRMAN said, that the next point was to decide, who should bear the loss caused by the villany of their official. ("*You! you!*") That was simply infernal nonsense, and he would call the police if they made such asses of themselves. (*Immense uproar.*) Would they hear him now? (*Yells.*) O, very well. Take your time, MISS LUCY.

A SHAREHOLDER from the body of the hall here roared, that if the Chairman dared to call him MISS LUCY, he would come round and darken his daylights.

The CHAIRMAN would like to see the honourable shareholder at it. (*A shower of peas.*) He thought that the meeting was a great ass to waste its money in peashooting, instead of keeping the money to help to pay their losses. (*Uproar*). You know you must pay them, you foolish idiots, continued the Chairman, and I can make you, and I will. (*Shame!*) No, the shame is with a set of fellows who hesitate to pay what they ought to pay. (*A shower of peas.*)

A VOICE. The law decides that the preference shareholders are not liable.

The CHAIRMAN. I decide that they are, and I am law here, my dear friends.

A VOICE. *Lex non scripta.*

The CHAIRMAN. Don't talk about Scripture in that profane way, Sir, or I'll have you dragged out by the collar, I will, by Jupiter. Now, gentlemen, I propose that we pass a resolution declaring the liability of all of you to pay these losses. (*A roar of indignation, and the meeting, too much occupied in shouting to be able to blow through the tin tubes, flings its hats at the* CHAIRMAN.)

The CHAIRMAN. Gentlemen, your hats may be felt, but I'm hanged if your remonstrances are. (*Frantic with rage, the meeting gesticulates, and shakes its fists at the Chair. The* CHAIRMAN *smiles, but his cousin, seated near him, takes a double sight at the meeting, on which the yells are redoubled, with cries of Shame! Chair, chair!*)

The CHAIRMAN (*blandly*). What is your pleasure?

The MEETING. Put down your cousin for his insolence.

The CHAIRMAN. I shall do nothing of the kind. He would not be my cousin if he did not take a sight at anybody who annoyed him. (*Here a preference shareholder's walking-stick alighted in the pit of the honourable* CHAIRMAN'S *stomach.*) If the fellow who flung that will claim it after the meeting, I'll tan his objectionable hide for him until he asks me to leave off (*confusion*). Now, then, for the resolution I have suggested. (*Roars of indignation, catcalls, and yells.*)

The CHAIRMAN. Gentlemen, we are practical men of business, men with counting-houses, and ledgers, and MILNER'S safes, and bankers' books, and all that distinguishes the prudent British capitalist from men of straw, and therefore it behoves us to act as such. We have blundered frightfully, and we have been done dreadfully, and now we must wriggle out of the mess as best we may. I've got lots of proxies in my pocket, and I shall do the thing my own way; and as you won't agree to my plan, I shall adjourn the meeting. Get out with you. (*Tremendous sensation*).

A SHAREHOLDER. I say, old fellow, I want to put a case to you. Answer this, now. Suppose that——

The CHAIRMAN. I'm not such a DAM fool as to answer a suppositious question.

Here the meeting became utterly ungovernable; chairs were hurled at the directors, and twenty stalwart shareholders calling to clear a lane, seized a form, that they might bring it to bear on the Chairman in the light of a battering-ram, while others flung their useless peashooters, hats, and the legs of chairs. The Chairman, unable to be heard, held up a large sheet of paper on which he had written "GO TO BLAZES," and amid the increased fury, rushed out with his colleagues. The other men of business, having smashed the chandeliers, masonic pictures, and windows, then separated without doing further damage.

THE BLACK BROTHERS.

To neither of the parties mentioned in the following dialogue is *Mr. Punch* in the habit of making frequent allusion. He hopes, indeed, that the time will come when it will be deemed as indecorous to name one of them in polite society as it now is to name the other. But as a Devil and an Attorney are seldom brought into such fitting juxtaposition as in the following Magisterial *dictum*, *Mr. Punch* may be pardoned for calling attention to it.

A vicious painter was charged, the other morning, at the Thames Police Office, with assaulting a dock officer. The latter seems to have borne a good deal of insolence from the prisoner, but finally to have referred him to the spiritual enemy of mankind. On the hearing,

"The prisoner persisted that a pawnbroker's duplicate was taken from him, and said MR. SHEPPARD was a pretty kind of a superior officer to tell him to go to the Devil.

"MR. YARDLEY. But not until you made a disturbance, and threatened *him* with the Attorney."

The excellent Magistrate's estimate of an Attorney, and his regarding the bringing up the other bad personage as a mere case of equitable "quits" will probably be approved by all well-informed readers. It occurs to us to add, as utterly irrelevant, that MR. YARDLEY'S heart is in the right place, and is a heart of oak, probably the Yardley Oak immortalised by the poet COWPER.

VIVAT "VICTORIA REGIA."

A WARM little corner has been built for the Great Water Lily, the *Victoria Regia*, at an expense of £3000, in Kew Gardens. It is evidently flourishing, and looks remarkably well. This gives us an admirable opportunity of repeating rather a clever thing that is attributed to *Mrs. Judy's* esteemed friend, DR. LOCOCK. Being asked by a lady of rank why the plant was called *Victoria Regia*, he gallantly replied, "Doubtlessly out of compliment to MRS. LILLIE, Madam." The connection of ideas is not perfectly established, but still we maintain that this pretty little "flower of speech" is exceedingly clever for a Doctor.

THE GREAT SOCIAL EVIL.

TIME:—Midnight. A Sketch not a Hundred Miles from the Haymarket.

Bella. "AH! FANNY! HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN *GAY?*"

CHUPATTIES AND LOTUS-FLOWERS.

A Ghazul.

MR. DISRAELI, in his Indian oration, talked mysteriously of certain chupatties and lotus-flowers, which passed from regiment to regiment of Sepoys, before the mutiny, and which were supposed to be, some way or other, connected with the plot. The chupatties were *constaté* and officially verified. But nobody had heard of the lotus-flowers till MR. DISRAELI transplanted them into his harangue. LORD PALMERSTON, MR. SMITH of Cannon Row, the Chairman of the East India Company, were equally flabbergasted at this new Asian Mystery. The Indian Correspondence was ransacked, but no lotus-flower. MR. DAVID URQUHART even, that great medicine-man and mystery-monger, was applied to, but like other oracles, he contented himself with looking wise—and shaking his head, in the manner of SHERIDAN'S *Lord Burghley*.

Last week there appeared in a contemporary, an elaborately erudite and scientific article, *àpropos* of the lotus-flower, as a Sepoy symbol of mutiny—very pleasant to read, carrying us back to HERODOTUS and STRABO, whisking us from Egypt to Cashmeer, and horrent with barbarous mythology—Astarte and Isis, Ormuzd and Osiris,—Horus the sun-god, and Kouan-Yin, the Bouddhist Goddess of Mercy. The article, after a pleasant scientific and mythologic ramble, winds up with the conclusion that cakes and lotus-flowers are the symbols of the Queen of Heaven, the Hindoo Goddess of Mercy, and Mother of God. "Such," adds the writer, "is the meaning of the symbols, and, in as far as they were circulated, such is the purport of the conspiracy."

Mr. Punch can't say that he exactly understands how symbols of heaven and mercy can be appropriate to a conspiracy, signalised chiefly by assassination and robbery, and the outrage and massacre of unresisting women and innocent children. So he bowed his head over the lotus-flower of the Great Asian Mystery, in meek ignorance, and cried in his heart:—"Great is DISRAELI!" and waited patiently—like a priest of Tentyra, on the borders of Old Nile—for the unfolding of the lotus.

And then there perched at his elbow a little bird from Leadenhall Street, skilled in the things of the East, and sang this *Ghazul*:—

"Lift up thy head, oh *Punch*, and let thy soul be comforted within thee.

"The lotus is a mystery after the manner of the mysteries of BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN—

"Its roots are in the abyss: its head is in the clouds: its seeds are emptiness, and its stalk is *bosh*—nothing—

"Behold, is there not a brass-pot, carried by the Brahmins—

"And on this brass-pot—filled with the water of the sacred river—the Brahmin is wont to swear his great oaths—

"And the name of the brass-pot is *lotah*—

"And when BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN, heard that the Brahmins had sworn upon their *lotahs* to rise and slay the Feringhee—

"Then BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN, made a mess, after the manner of BENJAMIN'S messes—exceeding large—

"And in this mess he dropped the *lotahs* of the Brahmin Sipahees, and, behold, they blossomed into the *lotus*—

"And this is the manner of the mysteries of BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN.

"What are an 'A' and 'H' in the sight of BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN, that they should not change into a 'U' at his bidding?—

"Is not one vowel as good as another vowel—and do not flowers grow out of pots?

"Why not the *lotus* out of the *lotahs?*"

So the little bird, skilled in the things of the East, having sung his Ghazul, flew away, and *Mr. Punch* arose, and wrote this Ghazul, and said:

"Wonderful are the facts of BENJAMIN, the son of BENJAMIN—

"And as his facts, even so also are his figures."

REMINDERS

To Fine Young English Gentlemen about to travel on the Continent.

MIND you take as the pattern of your costume the absurd caricatures that the French Charivarists are in the habit of drawing of the English. The more ridiculous the better.

Mind you insult everybody in their native language, if you can; but if you cannot, then in your own nervous Saxon. A dash of Billingsgate will rather improve the mixture.

Mind you leave your name behind you, in letters as big as your conceit, on every monument you visit.

Mind, upon the slightest dispute or prevarication, you threaten to write to LORD PALMERSTON.

Mind, if you are fond of tuft-hunting, that you do not mistake the Tutor for the young Lord he is taking charge of.

Mind you keep your hat on when you go into a Church.

Mind you assert the national privilege of grumbling, and finding fault, justly or not, with everything, and everybody, wheresoever you go.

Mind you abuse, to your heart's discontent, the Government of the country through which you are travelling, more especially, if you have any reason to suspect there are Secret Police about.

Mind you call for ale, porter, Harvey's sauce, soda-water, seidlitz powders, port, pickles, Cockle's pills, or penny postage stamps, in the most out-of-the-way places, where such things have never been heard of before.

Mind the best insult to throw at a Frenchman is to call him "French Frog," and no sarcasm stings a German more than to throw into his teeth "Sourkrout."

Mind you cultivate the notion that you may do everything you like, as long as you pay for it. Rest assured you may ring the bells of the hotel all night, if it is only charged in the bill.

Finally, and distinctly, Mind you do everything that is nonsensical, whimsical, outrageous, mad, ungentlemanly, or extravagant, so that it is likely to bring into disrepute the credit and character of an Englishman. It is by such means that the honourable reputation of an Englishman is best sustained abroad.

EMIGRATION.—MR. VERNON SMITH is to be allowed, in one of the Government ships, a free passage out to India, so that he may acquire some little knowledge of the country.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. [illegible] Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, September 12, 1857.

HOW TITUS MANLIUS MACAULEIUS WAS MADE A PATRICIAN.

A Lay of Ancient Rome.

THE Consul PALMERSTONIUS
Hath ta'en down his DEBRETT,
And o'er its storied pages
His anxious brow is set.
Those are not age's wrinkles
The Consul's cheek that plough,
It is not time that sprinkles
That snow upon his brow.

The wrinkles are such wrinkles
As a Consul should display:
"Up to a wrinkle" meaning
Up to the time of day.
And if the grey hairs mattered,
Their presence 'twould explain
To call them snow-flakes scattered
To cool that hot young brain.

The Consul closed the volume—
He closed it with a bang!
And he seized his slate and pencil
From the wall where they did hang;
And straight he set to ciphering,
And out a sum he brought;
And his sum was of six figures,
And it ended with a nought.

Then gaily tripped the Consul
To the Ærarium straight,
And before CORNELIUS LEVIUS
He thrust the scribbled slate.
"Check thou, CORNELIUS LEVIUS
These figures all and each;
All figures at thy finger-ends,
Hast thou, save those of speech."

Dry and a-dust, sat LEVIUS,
Scanty of words and slack:
And he proved the Consul's figures,
And the slate he gave him back.
"Now, read off the sum total,"
And LEVIUS read it through—
From left to right, not right to left—
Nought, two, eight, six, and two!

So the united ages
Of the Patricians stood,
When Consul PALMERSTONIUS
Vowed they must have new blood.
"What though your *novi homines*
Do not always wax in wit:
Oft *Patricius*, like *Poëta*,
Proves "*nascitur non fit.*"

"Besides, as after physic
The matron gives her child
A crust of blandest honey,
To make the bitter mild;
So I, for the Patricians,
A pleasant peer must find,
To take away the savour
WENS'DALIUS left behind.

"*Patres majorum gentium*,
Patres minorum, too,
Your seats upon those benches
To sources strange are due:
The fruit of royal bye-blows,
The growths of courtier-slime,
The brawny sons of rapine,
The heirs of reckless crime.

"The sword hath dibbled often
Holes for patrician seed;
And many a lawyer's tongue hath licked
All shoes, and oft unfee'd,
No stooping found too lowly,
No crawling thought too mean,
If but a Conscript Father
He might at last be seen.

"The Sword, the Tongue, the Purse have there
Their representing men—
Remains one tool of greatness
Unhonoured there—the Pen.
The consulship of PLANCUS
An era still we see:
Why should not PALMERSTONIUS
Be notable as he?

"I'll raise to the Patricians,
One who ne'er wore steel, nor lied,
Whose weapon was his goose-quill,
Whose pleadings were world-wide;
Whose foes were Falsehood, Prejudice,
Fraud, Sophistry, and Wrong—
With which he held wit-combat,
Wit-combat, brave and long!

"So, when that PALMERSTONIUS
Hath gone where all must go—
E'en those whose brains glow fiery
'Neath coronals of snow:
Write by the Appian way-side,
On the tomb where he is laid,
'Of MANLIUS MACAULEIUS
He a Patrician made.'"

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR MUGGINS.

"LARK! I SAY! WHAT'LL MY OLD MAN THINK WHEN HE SEES ME IN THIS 'ERE 'AT?"

AN OPENING FOR AN INDOLENT PARSON.

A CURIOUS question is suggested by an impudent advertisement, quoted by the *Times*, which offers for sale—

"A sinecure rectory in the Isle of Wight, the annual amount of the tithe rent-charge for the last five years being £350, with 3½ acres of glebe, with two cottages producing £20 per annum; the present incumbent in his 58th year."

As this rectory is a sinecure of souls, there is certainly some reason to doubt that it is a spiritual benefice, and if it is not, ought the sale of it, even if it were sold outright, to be considered simony?

Shorwell, near Newport, is the benefice referred to—a material benefice decidedly we should say, not at all a spiritual one; therefore purchasable by any idle parson, who wishes to continue eating the bread of idleness, richly buttered, without incurring the condemnation of SIMON MAGUS.

The patron-ess of this jolly fat living, all rights included, was LADY ST. JOHN MILDMAY, and the incumbent is a ST. JOHN MILDMAY also, the REV. C. A. This ST. JOHN, the evangelist of Shorwell sinecure, is also evangelist or vicar of Burnham, in Essex, worth £700 a-year; and is moreover supposed to preach the gospel at Chelmsford at £800 a-year as rector, besides perambulating the highways and hedges for the capture of souls in the capacity of Rural Dean of Rochester. Notwithstanding this evangelical man is only fifty-eight, the purchaser of Shorwell may reasonably count on early succession to that paradise of laziness; for although ST. JOHN has nothing whatever to do there, the highly plural nature of his employments elsewhere renders it tolerably certain that he must very soon be worked to death.

A HEAD AND A BLOCK.

BLACKSMITHS may be interested by the following advertisement, extracted from the *Scotsman*:—

FRENCH.

WANTED, A PERSON who would endeavour to hammer into a Middle-Aged Man as much FRENCH as would carry him through Railways and Hotels in France. Hours of Teaching say from Half-past Nine to Half-past Ten, A.M., for Two Months. State terms.—Address, A. B. C., &c. &c.

A correspondent, who has sent us the above cutting, suggests, indeed, that to hammer anything into the head of a middle-aged Scotchman, a NASMYTH'S patent hammer would be necessary; and a NASMYTH is equal to some thousands of blacksmiths. No doubt the sons of Caledonia are from birth hardheaded, and by the time they have reached middle age, their heads have in general arrived at an equality with adamant in hardness, although inferior to it in density. The heads of these iron men for the most part may require a blacksmith at least to hammer an idea into them—especially the idea of a joke: but probably the head of A.B.C. (into which it perhaps took some beating to force the rudiments of learning expressed by those characters) may be of a softer material than iron—of a substance which would more naturally be operated on by the carpenter.

WARNING TO WINE-BIBBERS.—Before you buy "Port from the Wood," endeavour if possible to ascertain that the wood whence the wine is derived is not log-wood.

EFFECT OF NOT TAKING NOTICE.

RACY LITERATURE.

IN the "Sporting Intelligence" of a contemporary we find it stated that—

"Ireland has presented attractions powerful enough to draw from England many of the leading book-makers."

A little farther on is mentioned the circumstance, rather remarkable in connection with the above statement, that—

"2 to 1 was laid against *Ignoramus*, who was backed in the aggregate for about £700."

We should like to know who are those leaders in the world of literature that Ireland has been able to attract from this part of the United Kingdom. Still more do we desire to be informed of the real name of the individual stigmatised as "Ignoramus:" and we wonder what extremely enterprising publishers can have ventured to back that author, against whom, if he deserves his name, the chances of success with an enlightened British Public must be more than 2 to 1.

The Tax of Letter-Writing.

Jones (*busy scribbling*). I say, how do *you* escape so easily from the bore of correspondence?

Brown (*busy smoking*). Why, you see, I am a very lucky fellow. I have the gift of a confoundedly bad hand-writing. My friends, when they get one of my letters, don't forget it in a hurry, I can tell you. They have so much difficulty in reading it, that they never think of asking me for a second.

OUR OVER-CROWDED THOROUGHFARES.

IT has been for years a national conviction, that if there be one quality more than any other for which the British nation is egregiously famous, it is that we are so pre-eminently practical and time-saving a people. Of this our public orators are constantly reminding us, and after-dinner auditors rejoice to clink their glasses in approval of the sentiment. *Placuit semel et decies repetita placebit.*

Now, as we have no fear of lessening our popularity (for out of our innumerable myriads of readers we can spare without missing them some few hundred thousands), we do not shrink from openly avowing our persuasion, that in believing itself practical and time-saving, the nation pins its faith to a complete and utter fallacy. However individually we may merit those two epithets, when taken in the aggregate we deserve the reverse of them. Of this we have a score of proofs at our pen's tip, but as in point of space our liability is limited, we must be content with bringing forward only one. The instance we adduce, then, is the way we waste our time through the overcrowding of our streets, to which our notice is directed by a recent correspondent, with whom (except in the slight matter of his spelling the word "ocular" with two c's instead of one) we may state that we entirely and cordially agree.

Putting aside the question of its inconvenience, and viewing it solely from a business point of view, a thoroughfare so crowded that its name is a misnomer must cause a loss of time which, being money, our economists ought certainly to take more heed of. To say nothing of its influence in fostering bad passions, and tending to the increase of that national malignity for which we are by foreigners so ridiculed and censured, we should like to know the cost, per minute, of a "block," such as in the City is so constantly occurring. The Statistical Society would do the State some service, if they collected some statistics of these stoppages of traffic, and apprised us of their average recurrence and duration. We are convinced that were they closely to investigate the matter, many City firms would find these street obstructions occasion no slight increase of their yearly trade expenses. By reason of the frequent detention of their clerks, they have of course to keep a larger staff than they would find sufficient were the streets more passable: and the same cause also operates where business vehicles are kept, in which case too the cost of wear and tear is much increased by the collisions which the "blocks" are each attended with.

As an additional incentive to its struggles for street clearance, the nation should reflect upon the wear and tear of mind and body, which these street blockades cause daily to its *Punch*. We calculate we lose a daily average of twelve minutes and three-quarters through the stoppage of our Hansom in its progress to and from our office. Indeed, not long ago we seriously inclined our mind to the necessity of walking, and in spite of the hot weather and the melting by the exercise of our not a bit too solid flesh, we should probably have been confirmed in our pedestrianism, had we not discovered that the pavements were almost as crowded as the roadways; and that we had to elbow our way through, in a manner that we feared would soon wear our elbows out. On one occasion too (which was our first and final experiment in walking) we were requested by a lady to escort her across the street; and the street being Cheapside, we could see by Bow Church Clock that our gallantry cost us precisely seven minutes, and even then we narrowly escaped being driven over.

We think we have sufficiently shown cause why, for our own relief as well as that of the public, the choking up of streets must not be suffered to continue. Were we in Parliament (which for our ears' sake we are thankful we are not) we should be disposed next session to introduce a Bill for the Prevention of Over-Crowded Thoroughfares, by which all street obstructives should be summarily dealt with. Within four-and-twenty hours from the passing of our Act, any railway van or brewers' dray or coal wagon found in any thoroughfare after eight o'clock A.M. should be sold by the police, and the proceeds given to the hospitals, to which these London Juggernauts have sent so many victims. All omnibus races we would likewise put a stop to, and it should be penal for these vehicles of abuse to stop at certain corners as they now do, not so much to pick up passengers as quarrels with their rivals. Correspondents write to *Punch* complaining of these nuisances, and in their warmth they coolly look to us for instant measures of relief. Now, really, we should need the manual appliances of half-a-score of Briarei were we to take in hand the work which is thus daily handed over to us: and until we *have* cleared away the Leadenhall Street Obstructives we cannot undertake to rid the City of the Van Demons. Besides, the nation can't expect its *Punch* to be Reformer General without investing him with absolute authority over even the "authorities." Were 85 Fleet Street to supplant the Mansion house, the supervision of the City streets would rightly be a part of *Mr. Punch's* office; but until he supersedes the LORD MAYOR and Corporation (which at no far distant date will probably be asked of him) he cannot undertake to discharge their proper functions.

Nevertheless, as a prescription in our letter-box assures us it would do the civic magnates good to "have their heads Punched," in our benevolence we pardon the offence of this mild jokelet, and if we do not quite believe the efficacy of the suggested treatment (for even *Punch's bâton* sometimes fails to make impression on the thick heads of the City) we admit at least that there is wisdom in prescribing a corrective which we have exclusively the right of making up. It is, we think, vitally essential to the City that its arteries no longer be impassably choked up, and if any dose of ours can give a freer circulation, we shall once a week be ready to supply it, every Wednesday, price only threepence, or fourpence if impressed with the Government Stamp.

THE LEADER OF A SEA-SIDE PAPER.

"AT this happy time of the year, it is most delicious to walk by the seashore, and if we do meet with freckles on our cheeks, at all events we have the consolation of knowing that there is ROWLAND'S Kalydor that will remove them; we saunter along gaily, and pick up pebbles, as plentiful as bargains at NOSES and SONS' Emporium, where Lyons' ribbons are actually being given away at 1½*d.* a yard. The majestic sea may roll in tones of thunder not less deep, not less enthralling than those of FATHER GAVAZZI, who is still giving his lectures to enlightened millions twice, and sometimes three times a week, at the Town Hall. But the voice of Nature is ever sweet, and, unlike the *vox humana*, does not require, to mollify it, such soothing restoratives as DR. STOLBERG'S Voice Lozenges, which are 'so strongly recommended by the faculty.' Such joys are lasting as the Giessen Blue, a large quantity of which has just arrived at PERKINS', the extensive tallow-chandler, who lives at the corner of Huntriss Row; and not only lasting, we may say, but effervescing too, partaking in that respect of the admirable qualities of WALKER'S British Champagne. Anon, the white orb of the moon leaps gaily as MADEMOISELLE PETIT 'OZE from the surface of the waters that are curling of their own accord, without the aid in the slightest degree of IRON'S Magic Curling Fluid. Not unaptly may the silvery moon be called 'the lamp of the night,' for she shines with an effulgence fully equal to PRICE'S far-famed Patent Candles, all sizes of which, from two to six wicks, may be had at the 'Glowworm,' on the South Cliff, next door to the 'Cow and Snuffers,' the landlord of which, we are glad to state, has just broached a fresh cask of his 'Stunning Fine Ale,' which, by amateurs, has been pronounced quite as good, if not better than ALLSLOPP'S. The stars above are shining with redoubled brilliancy, as though they were anxiously endeavouring to eclipse the Stars that are visible every night, from half-past seven to eleven, at the Theatre Royal, so admirably conducted by MESSRS. ROXBY and BEVERLY, and crowded nightly by the most fashionable audiences. The wind soughs and sighs, as with the wail of an Infant, reminding us involuntarily that the best Soojie is to be had, in large and small packages, at the Chemist's, SAMPSON HUGILL'S, whose new stock of toothbrushes is well worth inspection. The sea-gull must not be forgotten. It flashes in the moonlight, and mews melodiously, charming the eye, and pleasing the ear, not less agreeably than the dulcet voice and manly form of the REV. J. W. HONEYDEW, the celebrated preacher from Allswells', London, who holds forth, we see, from the card he has just left us, at the "Jerusalem Artichoke," at half-past ten, next Sunday. But we must away from this too fascinating scene. The evening air somewhat chills one, and we will recall to our 'mind's eye' (the best spectacles, out-and-out, are SOLOMON'S, just round the market-place) the beauties of this glorious globe, as we sit at home pensively in one of 'GRAHAM'S easy-elastic-double-embracing arm-chairs for invalids,' with a glass before us of BRETT'S very best British Brandy, which at the 'Ladies' Reticule,' in Paradise Row, can be had for one half the price of the foreign. Truly the face of nature changes as many times in an hour as MR. WOODIN, the celebrated costume-snatcher, who has condescended to visit our humble town 'for one night only.' Encouraging the hope that the news from Genoa will be as favourable as the last, we will conclude by stating that the Box-Office is open from ten till four. Tickets may be had at any of the bathing-machines, brought recently to such a high degree of perfection by our talented townsman, JOHN LIVESEY. For further particulars, the visitor is referred to our Advertising Columns."

NURSERY NOMENCLATURE.

"SIR,—I have lately, in the course of reading the periodicals and papers, met rather frequently with the word *bassinette*. A short time ago I think I heard an individual of the female sex use this expression in such a connection as to indicate the thing signified to be some kind of appurtenance to the nursery. But I do not find the word in French. There is *bassinet*, a fire-pan; the pan of a flint gun; a helmet or basnet; a portion of the renal anatomy; a name for the ranunculus or buttercup. *Bassinette*, I suppose, is merely *bassinet* as pronounced by British nursemaids. Well, then, but what has a baby to do with a fire-pan, or with the other things just enumerated as denoted by the term *bassinet?* Babies, I believe, are, or ought to be, soused in a pan of water every morning, and well scrubbed; but if *bassinet* or *bassinette* means a water-pan, what is the meaning of certain people who advertise 'BASSINETTES, 14*s.* 6*d.*, trimmed'? It is very true that babies' caps and clothes are decorated with trimming, which may gratify the eyes of their parents, though superfluous to mine, but for the rim of an infant's bathing-pan I should think that a border of fringe can be neither useful nor ornamental. I fancy one of your clever artists might illustrate this subject by a little sketch entitled 'Baby and Bassinette'—the baby, crying, of course, as babies always are when not asleep or feeding, would constitute a humorous figure: and the cut would prove instructive to many students of advanced years, who seldom find themselves in those domestic circles where conversation generally turns upon grey powder, vaccination, tops and bottoms, and all that sort of thing, which no doubt includes *bassinettes*.

"I am, Sir, your constant reader,

"CŒLEBS."

"P.S. Of course PATERFAMILIAS knows what *bassinettes* are—to his cost."

THE LAST MAN.

THE last of the Londoners lagging behind,
At this ruralising season,
Retorts on the Tourists or rest of mankind,
And boasts he has excellent reason.

While they 're on the strain in buss, steamer, and train,
Through the land of JEAN PAUL or BÉRANGER,
And are losing their luggage and temper in vain,
He 's not at such pains *se déranger*.

While they 're on a hunt for a bed-room to spare,
Or for sheets—to be had for the spinning—
He can have every bedroom in Bloomsbury Square,
And acres of family linen.

If coastwards they go, why the Coast has its woes—
Its landladies, artful old dodgers,
With other unnameable pests of repose,
Who break their long fasts upon lodgers.

There "Uglies" abound—a reproach to the scene,
And babes and their nursemaids—a greater;
While he meets from Highgate to Camberwell Green
Not a babe or a perambulator.

Here the streets are so empty, the alleys expand,
To be circumspect here would be silly;
You can waltz up and down and across the Strand,
Or play skittles in Piccadilly.

The organ-men mostly are gone to the coast,
The sweepers seek other employments;
The bagpipes and Niggers, we thankfully boast,
Have now become rural enjoyments.

And as for the beggars, that horrible bore
Is transferred from the town population,
While the swell mob consider their season is o'er,
And they too have earned a vacation.

The burglar exhausted, in want of a change,
Has deserted the suburb of Notting;
And while he 's inspecting some castle or grange,
We go without dread of garotting.

The poleaxes doze, and an air of repose
Steals over the beadle's grim features,
And the flunkeys have doffed their plush and their hose,
And look like the rest of God's creatures.

In short, if for quiet and comfort you pant
At breakfast, tea, dinner, and supper;
Cut the country and come up to Town, if you want
To throw off dark care from your crupper.

Thus the last Londoner lagging behind
At this ruralising season,
Retorts on the Tourists or rest of mankind,
And boasts he has excellent reason.

Musical Intelligence.

(*From our Own Piano-Forte Tuner.*)

THE waste ground in Farringdon Street has just been taken by a large company, for the purpose of erecting in London a third Italian Opera House!!!

A JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.

Bathing Guide. "BLESS 'IS 'ART! I KNOW'D HE'D TAKE TO IT KINDLY—BY THE WERRY LOOKS ON 'IM!"

ENUNCIATION OF MIND.

AT Guildhall, the other day, a man, named WILLIAM BAXTER, was pulled up upon the charge of being in St. Sepulchre's Church with intent to commit a felony. He had been found in the pulpit repeating the Litany aloud. SIR PETER LAURIE asked him, what he wanted in the Church?

"PRISONER. I found it open, and I always understood a Church was free to every one. I am subject to religious enunciations, and this was one of them, which came upon me, and directed me to go to the first Church I found open, and I accordingly went into St. Sepulchre's, because I found the door open.

"SIR P. LAURIE. What do you mean by a 'religious enunciation?'

"PRISONER. It was a religious feeling, which induced me to go in and pray and preach a sermon."

This fellow turned out to be a fool, and the Magistrate told a policeman to take him home. What a pity it is that certain other persons afflicted with religious enunciations could not have been some time ago sent home too! If the preaching Colonels who irritated the native troops with their enunciations had been sent home from India as soon as their ranting mania betrayed itself, one cause, at least, of the mutiny would have been removed. When a man gets a sword in one hand and a psalm-book in the other, like BALFOUR OF BURLEY, he generally does mischief with both, and should have the sword at least taken away from him, and be conveyed to an asylum as soon as possible. When an officer mistakes himself for a parson, he mistakes his commission, and resembles poor WILLIAM BAXTER, who seems to have mistaken himself for his great namesake, RICHARD. The preaching officer is evidently labouring under an enunciation, arising, probably, from the influence of a sun-stroke on a brain naturally weak and an excitable temperament.

Brilliant Work.

A NOVEL has just been published under the title of *Shining after Rain*. This tale will often occur to our recollection during our rambles in the Great Metropolis, when, immediately on the cessation of a clearing-up shower, we observe the Blacking-Brigade Boys polishing up the pedestrians' Wellingtons.

"WHAT'S THIS DULL TOWN TO ME?"

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Holyhead, complains of the want of enlightenment, mental and material, by which that populous and rapidly rising town is disgraced. The lack of intellectual brightness appears to be the cause of the deficiency of physical illumination; in other words, a majority of the Holyhead rate-payers are such stupid fellows, that they will not consent to have their place properly lighted. Their spokesman, at a recent vestry meeting, whereat was debated the question whether the streets should be lighted with gas or not, assigned, as an argument for the negative, the consideration that dulness was better than light, simply because it cost nothing. Accordingly, we must suppose that the dulness of Holyhead, at night, is such as to amount to total darkness, since if the town were lighted only with a single farthing rushlight, it could not be lighted for nothing. Dulness, however, sometimes costs a great deal, which would have been saved by sufficient light. If the economist of the Holyhead vestry should, some dark night, get hustled and robbed of his watch and his purse, or should tumble over a large stone and break his leg, he will experience the possible expense of dulness. He will then have less than nothing to show for his economy of light, except a "game" limb, and will find that, in the supposition that dulness would cost nothing, he has made a very lamentable mistake, and shown himself a deplorable dullard.

The Cellar above the Library.

A SCHOLAR in great need was about to apply for a Secretary's situation. The terms offered are £50 a-year. On entering the house, he hears that the Butler's post is also vacant. The wages of the latter are £120 a-year, besides endless perquisites. He suddenly changes his mind, applies for the Butler's situation, and gets it. It is true, he loses somewhat of his own self-respect; but then his salary is more than twice the amount, and he will be treated with greater respect, and have more indulgences, as well as more time to himself, as the Butler than he would as the Secretary. Besides—and this is his chief consolation—he will not be compelled to associate with the gentleman of the establishment!

THE EMPERORS AT STUTTGARDT.

EMP. RUSSIA. "ALLONS, MON COUSIN. SUPPOSE WE GET TO BUSINESS."

EMP. FRANCE. "O, BOTHER BUSINESS! I WANT TO TELL YOU HOW JOLLY WE WERE AT OSBORNE!"

KINREEN O' THE DEE;

A FIOBRACH HEARD WAILING DOWN GLENTANNER ON THE EXILE OF THREE GENERATIONS.

Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!

I'll blaw up my chanter,
I 've rounded fu' weel,
To mony a ranter,
In mony a reel,
An' pour'd a' my heart i' the win' bag wi' glee:
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
For licht wis the laughter in bonny Kinreen,
An' licht wis the footfa' that glanced o'er the green,
An' licht ware the hearts a' an' lichtsome the eyne,
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!

The auld hoose is bare noo,
A cauld hoose to me,
The hearth is nae mair noo,
The centre o' glee,
Nae mair for the bairnies the bield it has been,
Och hey, for bonny Kinreen!
The auld folk, the young folk, the wee anes, an' a',
A hunder years' hame birds are harried awa',
Are harried an' hameless, whatever winds blaw,
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee! &c.

Fareweel my auld pleugh lan',
I'll never mair pleugh it:
Fareweel my auld cairt an'
The auld yaud * that drew it.
Fareweel my auld kailyard, ilk bush an' ilk tree!
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
Fareweel the auld braes, that my hand keepit green,
Fareweel the auld ways where we waunder'd unseen,
Ere the star o' my hearth came to bonny Kinreen,
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee! &c.

The auld kirk looks up o'er
The dreesome auld dead,
Like a saint speakin' hope o'er
Some sorrowfu' bed.
Fareweel the auld kirk, an' fareweel the kirk green,
They tell o' a far better hame than Kinreen!
The place we wad cling to—puir simple auld fules,
O' our births an' our bridals, oor blesses an' dools,
Whare oor wee bits o' bairnies lie cauld i the mools,†
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee! &c.

I aft times hae wunder'd
If deer be as dear,
As sweet ties o' kindred,
To peasant or peer;
As the tie to the hames o' the land born be,
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
The heather that blossoms unkent o' the moor,
Wad dee in his lordship's best greenhoose, I 'm sure,
To the wunder o' mony a fairy land flure.
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee! &c.

Though little the thing be,
Oor ain we can ca';
That little we cling be,
The mair that it's sma';
Though puir wis oor hame, an' though wild wis the scene,
'Twas the hame o' oor hearts: it was bonnie Kinreen.
An yet we maun leave it, baith grey head an' bairn;
Leave it to fatten the deer o' Cock-Cairn,
O' Pannanich wuds, an' o' Morven o' Gairn.
Och hey, Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Kinreen o' the Dee!
Sae Fareweel forever Kinreen o' the Dee!

* Mare. † Earth.

A NICE YOUNG WOMAN WANTED FOR A SMALL PARTY.

IN spite of the profoundness of our penetrating powers, there are occasionally mysteries too deep for us to plumb; and such a one we meet with in the following advertisement, which has been lately sent us by a gentleman in Liverpool to endeavour to unravel for him:—

WANTED, immediately, a respectable Female, not less than 30 years of age, to take the full charge of a Dairy in a Baronet's family. Applicants must have held a similar situation, and be well recommended. Also, a respectable Young Woman to Attend upon Two Young Ladies, several Housemaids, Three Upper Ditto, Two Waitresses, several Cooks, and at least 30 Protestant Servants of All Work. Apply at the Liverpool Domestic Institution, 24, Mount Pleasant. N.B. In consequence of the great demand for Protestant Servants of All Work, the proprietress of the above-named establishment, in order to supply the increased demand, has determined to reduce the Fee of Servants of All Work to a small nominal charge. Any number of respectable Servants can obtain Situations daily by applying as above.

Passing, as a problem quite easy of solution, the said existence of "a dairy in a baronet's family," we approach, with a full consciousness of our impending bewilderment, the contemplation of the sentence which appears to us a fathomless abyss of quite inexplicable mystery. A respectable young woman is immediately wanted, to attend, not only "upon two young ladies," but also on a countless number and variety of most oddly mixed together people, including several cooks and housemaids, and "at least thirty maids of all work." The idea of these latter having advertised themselves as wanting some one to attend on them is really so preposterous that we have twice rubbed up our spectacles to see if we have read the paragraph aright; but as we cannot charge our glasses with deceiving us, we are compelled to accept the evidence of our senses that the words which so perplex us are actually in print. From the enumeration which is given, it would seem there are no less than thirty-seven persons stated for the wanted one to wait upon, and including the two "severals," the total number hardly can fall short of half a hundred. The young woman who would rashly undertake to attend upon so many must not only be "respectable," but somewhat superhuman. With so many mistresses to see to, she indeed had need of half the eyes of Argus, and the attendance which is looked for at her hands could only be performed by a female Briareus. Although the epithet is coupled with the thirty maids of all work, it is not stated whether the applicant is expected to be Protestant as well as respectable; but assuredly the work which she is "wanted" to perform is such as any single servant might reasonably protest against.

TRIBUTE TO LORD PALMERSTON.

WE believe it no secret, or even if it be, we see no cause to scruple in the slightest to divulge it, that it is intended to present some small memento to LORD PALMERSTON, in admiring recognition of the indefatigable manner in which he has sat through the late protracted session. It is rare that such activity as the noble Viscount's is combined with so excelling sedentary faculties. It is considered by good judges, that the way in which he placidly sat out the opposition, until they ceased to hinder him from passing the Divorce Bill, was really quite a masterpiece of sedentary tactics. Indeed, taking into thought the advanced time of life at which it was accomplished, the noble lord may fairly be congratulated upon his physical endurance and good state of preservation.

It is as yet undecided what the tribute shall consist of, and suggestions are requested as to what will be most suitable. A model of Patience, sitting, not upon a monument, but on a hardish seat in Parliament, has, we understand, been hinted as appropriate; and, certainly, if Patience ever be personified, LORD PALMERSTON, as PREMIER, is just the man to do it. It is reported also, that an eminent sculptor has (of course) thought of a statue, as being the most fitting gift by which the British nation can express its gratitude; and, if this idea be acted on, we shall expect to find it carried out in the conventionally dull fashion—the noble lord being made the subject of an allegory, which an appended "explanation" only serves to make more fathomless.

For ourselves, were we consulted (as of course we shall be), we should consider that his lordship has a mind more practical than most, and we should therefore recommend a gift of rather use than ornament. We think an easy chair, now, would be an aptly suited present to one who has displayed such sedentary prowess: and an inscription might be carved on it, stating that the gift had nationally been made to one of the most powerful of public sitters, with the classic motto, (in proper keeping with his lordship's scholarship)—

"O si SIC perpetua!"

EPISTOLARY RULE.—Never cross your letters. Cross-writing only causes cross reading.

THE BEARD MOVEMENT.

"HOLLO, 'ENERY! IS THAT YOU? WHY, I HARDLY KNOW'D YER WITH THAT GREAT BEARD!"

SMITH THE POET.

ALL readers of poetry must be deeply indebted to the *Athenæum* for its elaborate exposure of the plagiarisms of Mr. ALEXANDER SMITH. The noble perseverance with which every phrase of MR. SMITH's has been overhauled, and the stores of collected and recollected learning, which have been adduced to demonstrate the bard's want of originality, are unprecedented in the annals of the literary police. MR. SMITH is left without the faintest rag of reputation, and for our own part, thanks to the *Athenæum*, we do not believe that he is capable of uttering the humblest sentiment of ordinary life without borrowing both thought and words from some predecessor.

We are firmly convinced that if he had to desire a domestic to unfasten one of his—SMITH's—boots, he would steal his expression from SHAKSPEARE, and say, "Undo this button" (*K. Lear. Act V., Scene III.*). It is almost supererogation to help a case so clearly made out, but, as in the course of *Mr. Punch's* own reading, he has chanced to light upon a few passages which MR. SMITH has appropriated, and which have escaped his reviewer, *Mr. Punch* will complete the good work by subjoining them.

The plagiarisms, in the following cases, are even more apparent than the majority of those exposed by the *Athenæum*, and have the additional feature of being the fruit of plunder from books which it is rather probable MR. SMITH may have seen, and not from antiquated and forgotten rubbish, which in all likelihood he never came across, and which nobody but a bookworm, with a motive, is ever likely to come across twice. At the same time, *Mr. Punch* assures MR. SMITH that this exposure is made in all kindness of feeling, and in the earnest hope that by proving to a young poet that he is utterly without merit of any kind, he may be excited to cultivate his genius, prune his irregularities, and emulate the Immortals.

In MR. SMITH's *City Poems*, he says,
"And *bees* are *busy* in the yellow hive."
What says DR. WATTS?
"How doth the *busy, busy bee*."
MR. SMITH.
"The age *demands her hero*."
LORD BYRON.
"I *want a hero*, an uncommon want."
MR. SMITH.
"And these be my *last words*."
SIR WALTER SCOTT.
"Were the *last words* of MARMION."
MR. SMITH.
"A *sigh* and *curse* together."
SIR WALTER SCOTT.
"And draws his last *sob* by the side of his *dam*."
MR. SMITH.
"*Night*, and the *moon* above."
Latin Delectus.
"*Nox* erat, *luna*que fulgebat."
MR. SMITH.
"*Earth* gives her slow *consent*."
Old Hundredth Psalm.
"With one *consent* let all the *Earth*."
MR. SMITH.
"And *islands* in the lustrous *Grecian* seas."
LORD BYRON.
"The *Isles* of *Greece*, the *Isles* of *Greece*."
MR. SMITH.
"Be hers *long* years of *happiness* and peace,
The *Sovereign* of our heart."
National Anthem.
"Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the *Queen*."
MR. SMITH.
"The *breeze* is prosperous, mark the swelling *sail*."
MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
"The *wind* it is ready, and the *sail* it is set."
MR. SMITH.
"Each *star* that *twinkling* in the sky."
Original Poems for Infant Minds.
"*Twinkle, twinkle*, little *star*."
MR. SMITH.
"I look not forward unto *darker days*."
DR. CHARLES MACKAY.
"There's a *good time* coming, boys."
MR. SMITH.
"Now, *sound trumpets*,"
ALFRED TENNYSON.
"*Blow, bugles, blow*, set the wild echoes flying."
MR. SMITH.
"*Cradled* on yonder lofty *pine*."
Nursery Song.
"Hush-a-by baby, *on the tree top*,
When the wind blows the *cradle* will rock."
MR. SMITH.
"No *character* that servant-*woman* asked."
POPE.
"Most *women* have *no characters* at all."

But enough. The same process by which the *Athenæum* has been enabled to accumulate proofs of MR. SMITH's dishonesty would equally aid *Mr. Punch*, but the work has now been done by the Twin Critics—done, too, in kindred spirit, and the public, despite its weak admiration for MR. ALEXANDER SMITH's freshness, pathos, and vigour, may take the solemn assurance of the *Athenæum* and of *Punch*, that there is no single word in all MR. SMITH's poetry that has not been previously used by somebody else.

POISONING BY MISTAKE MADE EASY.

A CHEMIST and Druggist makes the following offer of terms for the services of an assistant:—

"Two hours allowed every morning, occasionally in on Sunday evening, in the shop at seven and out of it at ten at night, and to make yourself generally useful as a Druggist's Assistant, for which services for the three months you will receive five pounds salary and your Parliamentary fare to London if business is not sufficient to require your services for a longer period."

No doubt, if our friend the chemist and druggist can get a competent assistant at the terms above offered he has a right to do so. But suppose that the labour is not skilled—the assistant not competent. Tincture of opium is put up by mistake for black dose, or muriate of morphine for sulphate of quinine; and somebody is poisoned. In such a case, the verdict of the coroner's jury surely ought to be manslaughter against the chemist and druggist for employing an assistant whom he could not expect to be qualified for a situation accepted at beggarly terms—like those above instanced.

AN AGREEABLE CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—"I WISH to address a few words to you in your character of *pater patriæ*; you who are for ever showing up some official VERRES, or crushing some domestic CATILINE. Doubtless, inasmuch as you nobly backed up the right, you remember how, not long ago, Ye Civill Servantes of ye Crowne most uncivilly carried their point against the fatherly kindness of the Ministry, and got rid of what they blasphemously called the Superannuation Swindle. Swindle, indeed! Don't they know full well that it was all done out of love. They asked for bread, and a paternal government handed them a stone, after the most approved rule of SOLOMON'S model father. Well, and now they have got this miserable 5 per cent. (why, bless your venerable nose, what's 5 per cent. in an income of £70? why, it's only £3 10*s.* after all, a mere nothing, not worth squabbling about!) Mark, I say, what these rebellious children do when they have got their paltry pounds. I do declare I met that reckless young spendthrift, BROWN, tide-waiter at the Customs, actually taking his wife and child down to Margate, 'for a day or two on spec,' as he said, 'they've never seen the sea before;' he added, 'indeed, we have not been out of Town these seven years.' Of course, they have not! What right, I should like to know, have people like that to go gadding about, looking at the sea, just as if they were Members of Parliament, used up by the Session-work?

"I felt pained by his ingratitude, but said nothing. But, as if that was not enough, I could hardly turn round, before whom should I see but JOHN ROBINSON, of the Audit, who grasped me incontinently by the shoulder, and made my hair stand with horror, as he rolled out in his jolly way: 'I say, old fellow, what do you think I'm going to do on spec of no swindle? Don't tell anybody, but I'm going to pay my washerwoman.' Pay his washerwoman, indeed! What does he want with a washerwoman? and why do washerwomen want to be paid? 'Do you know,' he added, 'I've just been looking up that poor fellow, JONES, of our place, he's gone in for some old port, as the doctor recommended him to do long ago, I think he'll mend yet.' I was rapidly sickening, but managed to gasp out my pleasure at the news, and bolted on. But on reaching home, my horror culminated, for there, on the table lay a letter in the well-known bold hand of HORNBY of the Home. (He took a good degree at Oxford in 184—, and has now £200 a year.) It began:—

"'SMITH, my dear Boy, Congratulate me! Thanks to that brick, LORD NAAS, it's to come off next week! Her governor, you remember, said I must wait another year, as he never could be brought to regard £190 in the light of £200. But it's all right, now, and that ten pounds a-year will go well towards an assurance for LILY,' &c. &c.

"Will you, dear *Mr. Punch*, by some affectionate remonstrance, put some check upon this lavish expenditure of what ought, by rights, to be Public money? What will SIR G. CORNWALL LEWIS think? What will that much mis-represented statesman think of it all? I ask again in fear and trembling! For my own part, I mean to refund annually to the good old Chancellor, my humble six pounds, and I propose to represent it as coming from 'One who has put salt on a pheasant's tail without a licence.'

"I am, &c.,
"ALGERNON SMITH."

THE SHIP OF KNAVES.

"STRAHAN, PAUL, BATES, AGAR, ROBSON, REDPATH, and SAWARD, are among the convicts on board the *Nile*, which yesterday sailed from the river."—*Morning Paper.*
"There is no truth in the paragraph, that STRAHAN, PAUL, &c."—*Globe.*

STRAHAN, PAUL, BATES, AGAR, ROBSON, and REDPATH and SAWARD—
What a cargo of rascaldom!—shipped in the *Nile!*
To record their discourse on their sail Bot'ny-bay-ward,
Would need JEM the Penman's experience and style.

Those two dozen pilgrims of glorious DAN CHAUCER,
Beguiled their excursion o'er rough Kentish ways,
By "righte merrie gestes," though at times rather coarser
Than our high-toned morality likes now-a-days.

But what are the tales CHAUCER'S fame has been won by
Compared to the tales of that precious ship-load?
How PAUL, famed for doing in ways we'd be done by,
With his pious out-pourings had lightened the road!

What a gold-mine of thrilling adventure in AGAR—
The disguises—the dodges—the ride in the van!
What schemes for wind-raising, more vast, e'en if vaguer,
From BATES, that remarkably bus'ness-like man.

Or from REDPATH, whose *virtù* made London and Paris stir,
Till his "Crédit Mobilier" fell below par!
Then what rich legal lore, from JEM SAWARD the barrister,
Who, alas, somehow got on the wrong side the bar!

From ROBSON, what small talk of coulisse and green-room,
Where business with pleasure he used to beguile!
And I thought, as I read—if there only had been room—
What a privilege 'twere to go out by the *Nile!*

As that ship's river-eponym, yearly o'erflowing,
Leaves the slime of new harvests to fatten the shore,
I thought what a crop of life-lore would be growing
From the Nile-mud, deposited o'er we got o'er!

I had fancied the stories, had pictured their tellers,
'Nile-Eclogues' already appeared in my brain;
At two shillings all stations found buyers and sellers,
With a cut on the cover, or one-and-six plain.

But alas, as the world still knocks down all romances,
So the *Globe* dispelled mine—they'd have been such a hit!
Where I read this Nile-freight was mere penny-a-line fancies,
And found that "*Ex Nilo*"—in fact, "*nihil fit.*"

SOURCES OF HAPPINESS.

IF you would enjoy the Theatre, pay for your admission; if you would stand well with your friends, give them good dinners, and plenty of them; if you are anxious to spend a fortune, publish books at your own expense; if you want to pass a quiet day, there's the Thames Tunnel open to you; if you are fond of scandal, live in a boarding-house; if you have a taste for law, buy horses, and be sure you have a warranty with each of them; if your pleasure lies in grumbling, turn vestryman; if you would sleep soundly, keep the baby out of the room; if you would live happily with your wife, never contradict her; if you would live at peace and goodwill with all men, get the situation of toll-keeper at Southwark Bridge.

A New Line of Business.

LOLA MONTES has had a new card printed. It is embossed all over with horsewhips, pistols, revolvers, and bull-dogs. At the bottom, in the most elegant type, there is the following insinuating intimation:—

Parties Invited on, and Duels arranged on the most Reasonable Terms.

[LOLA MONTES is respectfully informed that the Editor does not hold himself responsible for this paragraph.]

THE SWIMMERS.

Georgina. "NOW, CLARA, THAT'S NOT FAIR—YOU KNOW YOU HAVE ONE FOOT ON THE GROUND."

A FATHER'S PUNISHMENT.

Scene:—A Luxurious Library in Belgravia.

Belgravian Parent (*sternly*). "My dear ROSA, FANNY, and AMELIA, I have called you together to say that I have every reason to be displeased with your conduct, which I consider most undutiful. More than that, I must say I think it most unkind. (*Recovering himself.*) You know, my dear girls, my objection to your present style of costume. You know those large Crinoline dresses seriously offend me, and you will persist in wearing them. I do not mind telling you that I had intended treating you this autumn to a trip to Biarritz, where you would have had an opportunity of mixing with Royalty, and of rambling over the Pyrenees, in the very footsteps, perhaps, of EUGÉNIE. As it is, my dear daughters, to mark my displeasure, I shall only take you down to Manchester to see the Exhibition."

[ROSA, FANNY, *and* AMELIA *burst into tears, and are carried up-stairs sobbing.*

Pedestal for Jenner's Monument.

THEY say that a statue of JENNER is about to be placed in Trafalgar Square. Good taste will of course preside at its erection; and therefore we propose a notion for a pedestal appropriate to the statue, which will give JENNER a very much funnier position than that of the DUKE by St. George's Hospital. Stick the great discoverer of Vaccination on the point of a lancet-arch!

ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

Lobster (*staking his existence on the game*). "Black, I win—Red, I lose!!!"

GAMBLING MADE EASY AND COMFORTABLE.

WE have seen a magnificent advertisement of the "BATHS OF HOMBURG," in which the *Tapis vert* is made to glow with quite a *couleur de rose*. The advertisement is all roses, whilst the thorns are carefully kept out of view. We draw the reader's attention to the danger that lurks under these beautiful flowers of speech. We accordingly take the liberty of amending the advertisement, as it has evidently issued forth blooming, *à la* GEORGE ROBINS, from the flowery pen of some poetic *croupier*:—

"HOMBURGH (IN ALL ITS STAGES), near Frankfort-the-Deuce-is-the-Maine.—SUMMER SEASON, 1857.—The Mineral Waters of Homburgh have long been celebrated for their cleansing properties, especially in their action on the breeches pocket, which they clean out in almost no time. They stimulate the monetary circulation, and are powerful remedial agents in removing buttons, bars, bolts, locks, or other causes which are known to impede the proper distribution of wealth. They expand the heart, let it be ever so close; and they, also, throw open the hand, no matter how close-fisted, making it part freely with any amount of gold that may be secreted in it. In cases of an undue repletion of coin, they act with the most beneficial results. In less than an hour, the patient is so considerably relieved, that he feels quite a different man.

"The Casino is one of the best adapted of its kind. It is surrounded with thick, impenetrable, retired forests, in which the patient who has been suffering from the oppressive heat of the room, may, perfectly unobserved, recover at his leisure his accustomed nerve and composure, so as to enable him quickly to return and lose more money. He may give audible vent to his rage and disappointment, and no one hear a word of his agonising regrets. There are delicious sparkling fountains, in which he can cool his fevered brow. There are lovely gardens, of which the perfume is more than sufficient to take captive the little sense the perturbed wanderer may have left. Summer arbours, laughing rivulets, smiling statues—all conspire to cheat the visitor into a momentary gleam of happiness. The trees whisper hope—the very zephyrs carry into the dizzy brain sweet tones of comfort. The broad terrace, with such a commanding view before it that it seems almost to look into the future, is paved with the very best intentions.

"Across the grounds, murmurs softly, most invitingly, a smooth glittering river. It is so deep that the Directors, with all their depth even, have never been able to fathom it. In its placid bosom, patients have effectually sought a refuge from the anxieties of this deceitful world. Lethe may be called its name, for one plunge into those friendly waters is indeed oblivion, but oblivion in its sweetest form. Human cares are for ever washed away in an effervescing torrent of rose-water! There is one charming, secluded, dark spot, with a weeping willow, in the finest state of preservation, bending funereally over it. It is called 'LE SANS-SOUCI DU JOUEUR.' *Ophelia* might sigh in vain for a more attractive spot.

"The mind need never despond in this Elysium of gaiety and gambling. The hand which is given to roulette in the morning, can be devoted to waltzing in the evening. There are balls, other than those which spin round the hazard-table, which take place three times a week. The losses of the afternoon can be effectually shaken off during the dances of the evening. Thus the day at Homburgh is one perpetual whirl of excitement. Should the day *malheureusement* open with *Noir*, it is the visitor's own fault if it does not roseately close with *Rouge*. The stern blackness (*Noir*) of despair is often succeeded by the hectic blush (*Rouge*) of success. It should always be borne in mind by the timid, that those who experience the greatest ill-luck at cards, are proverbially fated to be blest with the greatest success in love. '*Ce sont* (literally) *les Jeux de l'Amour et du Hasard.*'

"A capital *restaurant* is attached to the Saloon. In dining, as in playing, there is no 'charge for the table.' Restoratives always ready, American or otherwise.

"There is capital shooting in the neighbourhood. The report of a gun never alarms the experienced *habitué*. There are pistols and guns, always on sale, or hire, in the gambling saloon. Powder and shot, and ammunition of every kind can be procured, at the very lowest terms, at the Ball-room.

"On the closing day, there is always a grand battue, at twelve o'clock at night, when such is the demand for fire-arms, that it is with difficulty a gun, or even a pistol, can be procured, either for love or money. It is a scene of the grandest excitement worthy of CALLOTT, or EDGAR POE.

"There are several experienced surgeons engaged at the establishment. There is also a most commodious Hospital for the reception of the nervous, or the *maladroits*, who may meet with any accidents whilst out shooting. It is in the proximity of the *salle du jeu*, so that the patient, though stretched on a bed of suffering, may be enlivened by the agreeable cannonading of the roulette-ball, or the playful rattle of the dice. The croupier's voice can be distinctly heard by the dying, as he joyfully exclaims, '*Messieurs, le Jeu est fait.*'

"To meet the prejudices of English visitors, a Coroner, of twenty years' sitting, from one of the most criminal counties of Ireland, is engaged for the Season.

"A Band plays beautifully and loudly, all day long, and by its inspiriting strains effectually drowns the cries of the wounded, or the groans of those who are either despairing, or disabled. The '*Dead March*' is a favourite piece of their *repertoire*.

"English beer ('HASARD'S entire') always on draught.

"N.B. Funerals contracted for in the most liberal spirit."

The above is the true picture, with all the varnish rubbed off, of such places as Homburgh, Spa, Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, Ems, and the like. But we doubt if the Duke of Nassau, the Grand-duke of Baden-Baden, or other highminded potentates who derive a large rental from the letting of their gambling-rooms, would like to exhibit such a picture, truthfully as we have coloured it, to the inspection of the fools who are enticed, in their names, to be fleeced every year at their mineral-watering-places, where gambling is made as seductive as possible.

The Peto of Piano-Fortes.

"YES, Gentlemen, I mean to say that MR. BROADWOOD is indeed the Architect of his own fortune, for his whole life has been passed in building Cottages, and running up Grand Squares." (*Tremendous Cheers.*)

MARRY (AND DON'T) COME UP.

A FELLOW that 's single, a fine fellow 's he:
But a fellow that 's married 's a *felo de se*.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857.

First Coster. "WHY, JACK! WHAT 'S ALL THAT?"
Second Do. "WELL, I CAN'T SAY! UNLESS IT 'S *FIREWORKS!*"

ROBBING A MARE'S NEST.

"SIR,

"I OPE you 'll illow me to say jest one word in bearf of a Wurthy and Respectable body of Menn attacted by a hojus and onjust insinwasion. Look here, Sir, at this ear parrowgraph, as apeard won day last week in the *Times* nusepaper :—

"A SIGNIFICANT FACT.—After the bankruptcy of MESSRS. MARE AND CO., the extensive iron ship-builders at Blackwall, nearly the whole of the marine-store dealers' shops in that neighbourhood were closed. The depredations by some of the men employed at these works were immense, so much so that it was found absolutely essential to have a body of the Metropolitan Police stationed on the premises to detect the offenders. The property stolen was estimated at several thousand pounds per annum."

"Peraps, Sir, the menin of the abuv maint be quite hobveus to You and your readers at fust sight, thearfour it may be Necessary for me to ixplain for your and theer infamation the Charge intended to be Conveyed in the Same, bein as much as to say that Respectable Merchants in our Line of biznis at Blackwall under pertence of wot we calls Marine Stoars, wos in pint of fact deelers in Stoaln Goods. This is wots ment to be Signifyd by the Significant Fact which it is a liebill on as onist and eye-minded a Boddy of Menn as ar anuther in the Kimmunity; which avin thuss whiped horf the Stigmer confer'd by the *Times* on our caricature, I remain, Sir, Your Most obeegent umble Servint,

"*Mount Pleasant, Sept.*, 1857. "JOHN RAGS."
"Deler in Marine Stoars."

"*** The Full Valley Given and no Questions ast. Suspition hallways aunts the Gilty Minde."

Anglo-Saxon Sentiment.

MAY the rupture of the Electric Cable be, so long as the same language binds the two nations together, the only rupture between England and America!

EXTENSIVE DRAPERY.—AT a Concert lately given at a fashionable watering-place there were present 140 ladies, the united circumferences of whose dresses amounted to 1760 yards.

BRITISH SCULPTURE EQUALLED IN ROME.

JOHN BULL cannot make a statue, and he never could; but there are other people who could once and apparently can no more—witness the foreign, as well as the native, models for the Wellington Monument. Witness not only those failures, but witness also a *fiasco* or mull which has been made in the metropolis of Art itself, and that by a Roman artist, and more than that, by an artist appointed and commissioned by the POPE himself. This is the monument which has been erected by command of his HOLINESS on the Piazza di Spagna in commemoration of the addition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception to the Roman Catholic creed; and which is described by the correspondent of a contemporary as a—

"Colossal figure in bronze, whose diameter exceeds that of the column which supports it, to say nothing of the crescent and globe, surrounded by the emblems of the evangelists, also in bronze, on which the Madonna stands, and which add to the weight of the summit."

The author of this account goes on to describe the structure on which the statue is elevated as composed of marbles variously coloured —gilt, yellow, white, greenish with white stripes; the pedestal also consisting of coloured marbles. Thus the monument itself is an artistic conception which is quite the reverse of immaculate, and appears to typify the direct opposite of what the POPE intended it to commemorate. According to our informant, moreover, the statue on the top of the column is out of the perpendicular, and slopes so much to the westward as to look unsafe, and to cause the Romans to quicken their footsteps in passing it; whilst, raising suspicious glances at the slanting image, they mutter, "*pende*"—it leans! Now, a *terremoto* is a not very uncommon occurrence in Italy, and if the monument is top-heavy, and loaded with a statue inclining from the centre of gravity, sooner or later a catastrophe might happen which we may indicate in the following adaptation from one of the songs of infancy :—

"Hush-a-by statue, upon the pile's top,
When the earth shakes, the pillar will rock;
If the earth heaves the structure will fall:
And down will come statue, and dogma and all."

In the minds of a superstitious population the dogma will tumble with the statue. If, however, the column should stand firm after having received the benediction of the POPE, who had made arrangements to bless it on the 8th of this month, of course the *Tablet* and the *Univers* will assert that its stability in a position out of equilibrium is maintained by a miracle. At present it appears to be simply a marvel of incongruity, comicality, and misproportion, and JOHN BULL may rejoice in the knowledge that Italian genius has now at last produced a work of architecture and sculpture worthy of a place by the side of our British *chef d'œuvre* on the top of BURTON'S Arch; which it would keep in countenance, and at the same time assist in creating public merriment.

THE BEST MONUMENT TO JENNER.

A YOUNG lady was solicited to contribute towards the JENNER Statue. "Nay," she said, reverently, "I consider I have already erected a monument to his honour," and she pointed to her beautiful countenance; and true enough, thanks to JENNER'S discovery, there could not be discerned upon it the smallest disfigurement by the small pox. Acting upon this idea, we have to make the following smooth-faced proposition. We beg to suggest that every handsome lady, single or married, or widow, who, having been duly vaccinated, has succeeded in preserving her beauty from the ravages of the above fearful visitation, be requested to take her turn in standing for one hour only of her lifetime on a pedestal in Trafalgar Square. We maintain that the exhibition of her face, in its unblemished state of loveliness, would be the handsomest, at the same time the most appropriate, statue that could possibly be erected to JENNER; and a statue, too, that would be sure in every age to command the ready homage of all men.

Birds of a Feather.

THE admirers (their name is not Legion) of "Cox of Finsbury," boast that he has "sat" during the Session longer than any other member. To what result? In the absence of a reply, *Mr. Punch* may observe that the disesteem popularly entertained for Crowing Hens may be extended to Sitting Cox.

A ROMANCE OF HAMPTON COURT.

ONE of the French heroes of the Crimea, now on a visit to us, his allies, writes to "the Governor of the Château of Hampton Court," to complain of insult received by himself and a lady companion, from an official at that palace. Not only, *Mr. Punch* hopes, will the example he is about to record have been made, but the whole body of officials in that edifice will, he trusts, receive intimation that they are the servants of the public, and that their duty is civility. Moreover the exceeding good behaviour of the thousands who visit Hampton Court during the summer entitles them to the utmost respect, and even if it be necessary sometimes to be peremptory, that a crowd may not be delayed while an excited gent is harguing for his habstract right to 'ave a stick, distinction must be made in the case of a stranger, to whom hospitality dictates especial courtesy. The consideration shown on the Continent to foreigners desirous to see sights is proverbial, and *Punch* is glad to find that the French officer, now complaining, is able to testify to the general politeness of our police, which he contrasts with the behaviour of the Hampton Court Bumble.

The French gentleman's appeal to "M. the Governor of the Château," was not made in vain. No sooner had he read the charge than he summoned two vassals, and having borrowed a BOYER'S French dictionary from a British dramatist who had taken lodgings at Hampton to complete an original play, the Governor desired the offender to be brought to him in the eastern turret. The rays of the setting sun gilded bower and lattice, the lucid stream beneath the window sparkled like a valley of diamonds, while the Maze lay like an emerald in its green richness of beauty.

"Gramercy, ifackins, and by our Lady," said the Governor, as the trembling creature was dragged in, and the massy iron-bound door clashed behind him, "marry come up, sirrah. So, thou hast insulted a gentleman of France, a gallant knight, who honoured our poor château with a visit."

"So please ye ——" faltered the offender.

"But it does not please me," thundered the Governor of the Château, "and that thou shalt straightway behold. Seest that book?" he cried, dashing the work of BOYER upon the oaken table.

"I do—I do"—stuttered the culprit—adding in confused terror, like MR. HARLEY'S, "I do, most—most—audacious, preposterous, and antibilious Sir, I do."

"Seest thou that sheet of paper, dog, and that pen, and that ink?"

The unfortunate man stammered out an assent.

"Sit down then, slave, and before thou risest from yon three-legged stool, thou shalt have penned me, in the French language, an ample apology to the gallant thou hast insulted."

"In French?" gasped the culprit.

"In French. Thou did'st insult him in English, therefore shall thy reparation be in another tongue. Begin!" said the Governor, savagely. "PETER DE RACKEM, is thy engine of torment ready, in case of his contumacy."

"So please your Excellency," said PETER, "it is; and I have newly stuck therein some rusty nails with upturned points, for the better convincing of the patient."

"SIMON DE BUGGS, is thy snake and toad dungeon in order?"

"Never in better, my lord—the hissing, an ye pause at the door, is like that of a locomotive."

"Under these circumstances, begin thy letter," said the Governor.

The unhappy man flung himself on the ground, clasped the Governor's knees, and adjured him to show mercy. He could no more write a French letter than fly, he said. He implored compassion.

"There is the Dictionary, hound!" said the Governor. "The dial points to six. At seven, if the letter be unfinished, I will rack thee for an hour, and then consign thee to the toads and snakes." And the Governor lit an enormous pipe of the period.

The unhappy man sat down in an agony of despair. But catching the fiery eye of his lord, he seized the pen, and began—

"Mounseer,"

Then he looked up piteously. But there was no mercy for him. He looked wildly round, and seeing a nail at some distance from the ground, he suddenly hanged himself thereto, by his handkerchief. He was instantly cut down, and replaced at his work. In utter despair he proceeded, picking words from the book.

"Je suis très fâché que je donner vous aucun sauce mais—"

The Governor's head was averted, the vassals gossiped in whispers. He watched his opportunity, and sprang from the turret window, an awful depth. Two vigilant sentinels caught him in their arms, and brought him up-stairs. He was again placed at his paper, and wrote,

"Le fact est, que je avais prendre un verre de eau de vie à qui je suis non accoutumé et—"

A brilliant idea. He held one of GILLOTT'S enormous steel pens, as large as a dagger. He instantly and frantically stabbed himself, but the point broke on the buckle of his braces, and a goosequill was immediately thrust into his hand. He continued,

"Il avoir touché mon tête, et—"

Seizing the inkstand, the wretched man, now excited to madness, swallowed every drop of the jetty fluid, and looked round triumphantly.

"It will not hurt you," said the Governor, with a smile of triumph. "At least, not much; for it is some 40*s.* port with a little blacking in it. Replenish the bottle, PETER, and watch him."

"I can do no more," gasped the ill-fated man. "Do your worst."

"Sayest thou?" said the Governor. "We will not rack him to-night, PETER, as I have a dinner party, whom his shrieks might disturb. Throw him to the snakes, SIMON, and we will talk to what is left of him in the morning."

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the doomed man. "I could never abide black beedles, let alone snakes, and as for toads—ugh! Mercy, my lord, and I will never offend in the like sort again."

The sun was now sinking behind the majestic trees, and darting long lines of radiance through their foliage like fiery darts. Earth was bathed in stillness, and the very fountains plashed more musically than their wont. Cursed be the heart that is unmoved by the sweet influences of nature's loveliness. The Governor, a stern man, whose heart was as a sealed fountain, gave way.

"Open the door," he said, gently.

The massy door stood open.

"Take that, hound!" he said, kicking the culprit through it, and with another kick sending him from the top of the stairs to the bottom; "and that! And," he roared, "never let me catch thee insulting my visitors again. PETER and SIMON, go to the buttery and crush a flagon. Ha! the dinner gong! I must apparel me for the banquet."

MORMON INTELLIGENCE.

THE Mormons have invented a new Alphabet. They are to have a newspaper of their own, set up in type that they only can read. The Mormons are a separate type of people, and as such we see no harm in their having a separate type to themselves. On the contrary, we are rejoiced that the good honest type, which is generally used for the purposes of civilisation, will not be defiled by their foul fingers. In truth, we possessed no type that could have suited their base purposes. "Bourgeois," for a set of dissolute reprobates that have not a good *Bourgeois* amongst them, would have been far too respectable. "Minion" would have been about the most congenial representative of a minion race like them. We fervently hope that the Mormon characters are such as cannot possibly be met with in any other part of the world—characters of so base a cast that no respectable printer would think of admitting them into his establishment. It should be with Englishmen a great source of congratulation, that a people, that has not a single thought in common with us, should have adopted a distinctive medium for giving shape to their thoughts on paper. It is a safeguard, for which we should be grateful, as there will be less danger of our simple-minded cooks and housemaids being, for the future, corrupted by their dangerous doctrines.

A WORD FROM AVON TO JUMNA.—"Cry 'HAVELOCK!' and let slip the dogs of war."

THE DEPREDATORS OF DOVER.

TRAVELLERS will rejoice to learn that the authorities of Dover have made a commencement of dealing with those extortionate knaves, the porters of that port. The ringleader, otherwise master of those fellows, MR. GRIGGS, has, according to the *Times*, been suspended for three months. The offence of MR. GRIGGS was one of omission — he had thought proper to omit to enter in the report-book a complaint against one of his gang, a man named BAKER, charged with having insolently refused to carry a passenger's luggage to Waterloo Crescent. MR. BAKER, nevertheless, reaped the reward of his insolence in a suspension of one month. The MAYOR OF DOVER, who presided at the tribunal before which these worthies were cited, animadverted on the sad want of discipline and order which had been found to pervade the body of licensed porters, who appear to conduct themselves in an intolerably licentious manner, and, indeed, to take liberties which exceed the bounds of all licence. His worship also expressed a strong opinion of the necessity of setting to work in order to remedy the complaint so loudly and generally made against the Dover porters. It is remarkable that the Court which adjudicated on the offences of MESSRS. GRIGGS and BAKER was the Dover Local Board of Health; from which circumstance, it plainly appears that the inhabitants of Dover itself have come to regard the fraternity of licensed porters as a regular nuisance.

PORTRAIT OF LORD PALMERSTON.

AS IMAGINED GENERALLY BY FOREIGNERS.

HE is a monster, he is a fire-eater, he is a child-hater, he is a woman-scorner, he is a man-oppressor.

It is doubtful whether he hasn't a cloven hoof. At all events, his right foot has all the stamp of one. From the peculiar side-way in which he sits on the edge of a chair, it is not quite certain whether he has not, also, a caudal appendage! His manners would, decidedly, warrant such a diabolical belief.

It is impossible to say when LORD PALMERSTON goes to bed, or when he rises, for he scarcely ever sleeps. Certainly, there is no record of his having ever been caught asleep. Occasionally, he rests his head on a loaded cannon, and snatches a few minutes' rest. He allows himself fifty-four seconds for his breakfast. A hard crust, washed down by a glass of rum, and he is ready for an explosion in any part of the world.

A sad, austere man, he never takes any pleasure. Millions hang upon the twitch of his eyebrow. In his hand he holds the fate of empires. Can such a human being laugh? His mouth is of iron—his eyes of polished steel. His lips are rigid as the bars of a prison. A smile is never seen through those bars! His words are all monosyllables, and each of them falls as heavily as a ten-pounder. In this way, his approach is known fortunately long before he makes his dreaded appearance.

His habits of business are extraordinary. He dictates to four secretaries at the same time, opening his despatches all the while. He has telegraphs running from his room to the uttermost parts of the Globe. He works these telegraphs all by himself, after a cipher only known to himself. In five minutes, he could tell you what is going on in India. In less time than you could accept an invitation to dinner, he will let you know what the SHAH OF PERSIA has had for breakfast.

He has spies all over the world. It is believed that LOLA MONTES is one of his emissaries. SCHAMYL and SOYER are both in his pay. BARNUM sends him private information twice a week. QUEEN CHRISTINA consults him. KOSSUTH is only one of his political bagmen. MAZZINI, LEDRU ROLLIN, CHANGARNIER, NARVAEZ, &c., &c., all take orders from him.

He has minions, by millions, everywhere. His messengers darken the surface of the earth. Out of every three post-horses you may be sure that two (at least) are engaged by creatures of LORD PALMERSTON'S. At the very door of his bed-room is stationed a mounted postilion, ready at a moment's notice to fly off to execute his nefarious bidding. In this way he has been known to despatch fifty couriers in the course of one night.

His letters are 1596 *per diem*, rather more than less. He answers them all himself. As it is well known that every Englishman abroad, who has the smallest bit of an hotel grievance, writes to LORD PALMERSTON, it will be readily conceived that his house resembles a Post Office a great deal more than a nobleman's mansion. His item for sealing-wax alone amounts to not less than £1,472 a year.

During the Session LORD PALMERSTON resides at the Tower of London. When he moves out, he has always a battalion of dragoons, who accompany him with their sabres drawn, and their rifles loaded. Under his white waistcoat he has a suit of chain-armour. His brougham is bullet-proof. His favourite weapons are revolvers, one in the right pocket, and the other (of sixteen barrels) in the left. They are always full-cocked. In a handsomely-mounted malacca cane, the Disturber of the peace of the world carries a poisoned dagger.

His meals are frugal. The only thing he is fond of are *bifteks aux pommes*. These he prefers half raw. There is always one down at the fire ready for him. When excited, he will consume as many as nine in one day. He takes gunpowder in his coffee instead of sugar.

He never goes to the Opera. You never see him in the Park. He never dines at the Palace. When he speaks in the House, all but Government officials leave it. In public, no one cheers him but the paid Police.

Ladies sedulously shun his presence. Little children run away from him, and hide themselves under their nurses' aprons. Servants tremble, as with an ague, before him. The teeth of clerks chatter when they have to address him. A dog puts his tail between its legs when it is near him, and sneaks away, as if it was sure it could receive nothing but kicks from the toe of such a man! His entrance into a town has been known to turn every ha'porth of milk sour.

At home, as abroad, his name excites terror, if not hatred. It is doubtful if, through life, he has ever known one friend. His enemies you may count by tens and tens of thousands.

No wonder that the English Press supports him. An Editor is his footstool—the steam-engine his pet plaything. He has a private key to the principal newspaper offices in London, to let himself in secretly as often as he pleases. At twelve o'clock at night, he is often seen stealing away, cloaked up to the eyes, from Printing-House Square.

And this is the man who rules England! this is the monster, whose baneful influence is felt all over the Continent! Under the hoof of one so reckless, so unprincipled, as LORD PALMERSTON, he is a bold man who would venture to give two years' purchase for QUEEN VICTORIA'S throne!

SADDLE AND BRIDAL.

A NEW Romance has just been imported from America, in the following short paragraph, which must deeply interest all lovers of horseflesh, except those Parisian epicures who prefer it to beef:—

"A WEDDING ON HORSEBACK.—A Texas paper tells of a young couple who eloped on horseback, accompanied by the Clergyman who was to marry them. The lady's father gave chase, and was overtaking the party, when the maiden cried out to her clerical friend, 'Can't you marry us as we run?' The idea took, and he commenced the ritual, and just as the bride's father clutched the bridle rein, the Clergyman pronounced the lovers man and wife. The father was so pleased with the dashing action that, as the story goes, he gave them his blessing."

Some doubt may be thrown upon the authenticity of the above narrative by reason that the bride's rein is therein denominated the bridle rein, with an apparent view to a pun upon the words bridle and bridal; whence, inferring the character of the whole from that of a part, the sceptical mind may regard the entire story as a joke. Whether true or false, however, it would form a splendid subject for an equestrian drama at Astley's. The alleged adventure beats that of the "*Young Lochinvar*," who, according to WALTER SCOTT, eloped on horseback with a collateral ancestress of SIR JAMES GRAHAM'S. That gallant young horseman could not have married the "lost bride of NETHERBY" till he had got her across the border, clear of the FORSTERS, FENWICKS, and MUSGRAVES, and other bores, who were after them. The length of the English Marriage Service would not have admitted of the solemnization of matrimony on horseback, even before the Reformation, and if LOCHINVAR had had his blacksmith by his side as well as his beauty behind him, he could not have been made a happy man on this side of the Tweed. Perhaps the Texan Marriage Service resembles the Scotch; so that it could be performed almost in the twinkling of an eye, and effectually celebrated in the leaping of a fence, or the taking of a five-barred gate.

Whatever obstacle, however, ecclesiastical law may oppose to Marriage on Horseback, no cause or just impediment is offered thereto by the laws of the equestrian drama: accordingly we hope to see the *Bride of Texas* produced as soon as possible at Astley's aforesaid, where the feat of leaping through a hoop in a gallop will be surpassed by the much more extraordinary performance with the wedding-ring. The heavy father—supposed to ride fourteen stone—bestowing his blessing out of breath both with speed and emotion, would give the piece a conclusion at once affecting and ridiculous.

THE VERY THING.

Dealer. "I THINK I KNOW EXACTLY THE OSS YOU WANT, SIR—ABOUT FIFTEEN-TWO—GOOD SHOULDER, LIGHT HEAD AND NECK—WELL RIBBED UP—TAIL WELL SET ON, GOOD FLAT LEGS—PLENTY OF BONE—"

Gent. (*delighted*). "YA'AS—"

Dealer. "NO SHY ABOUT HIM. A GOOD GOER, HIGH COURAGED, BUT TEMPERATE—TO CARRY HIS OWN HEAD, NICE MOUTH, AND SWEET TEMPER—FOR ABOUT FIVE-AND-TWENTY PUND!"

Gent. (*in exstacy*). "THE VERY THING."

Dealer. "HAH! THEN DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?" (GENT *subsides.*)

A DEFENCE OF LADIES' DRESSES.

THERE are two sides to the Crinoline question; hear both—what may be said for, as well as what has been said against, ladies' present attire. Equity to everybody; but especially fairness to the fair.

The superfluity in length and circumference of dresses, so much complained of, is good for trade: and against excess in the milliner's bill a set-off is afforded by diminution in that of the laundress. Stockings may now be worn for any length of time. Moreover, they may be made of the very cheapest and coarsest material; there being, as far as they are concerned, no longer any necessity for even so much as common neatness.

It is very true that the length and expansion of the fashionable dress give its wearer the form of a bell-mouthed glass tumbler with a stem to it, turned upside down. No doubt, a lady might be a fish from the waist downwards, and stand upon a caudal fin in that dress, without looking at all the worse than she looks in it now. But this is precisely its recommendation; that of serving to conceal those perfections of form, which, when they are allowed to be perceptible, attract an amount of observation which must be unpleasant to the object of it, and which can do the observer no good. Many men, now living, are old enough to remember the time when the style of dress, in consequence of being calculated to exhibit, and not to hide, personal advantages, affected young men with very frivolous and vain impressions. Dresses were then worn so short as not quite to sweep the street, and wherever you went, if there were well-dressed girls there, you were continually catching a glimpse of a much too dainty foot and ancle, twinkling with a far too elegant little sandal. This trivial object continually attracted the attention of young men, who ought to have been thinking of other things. Now, you never see anything of the sort, and at the same time, a lady can hold her clothes at any elevation she likes, when she simply shows a passing Swell how to step out like a man, in boots the same as his own—except that they are not so interesting to him.

Every husband and father ought to approve of the fashionable dresses, for they preclude his wife from attracting unnecessary attention, and if they tend slightly to hinder him from getting his daughters off his hands, they have an exactly equal tendency to prevent his sons from marrying for mere beauty, so that if they marry at all, they will marry prudently, looking to the financial and not the bodily figure, and thus become comforts instead of burdens to their parents and friends. And sons who marry imprudently are infinitely more expensive than unmarried daughters.

Lastly, these dresses are considered very pretty by the great majority of the wearers, who think about dress, as they do about every thing else, gregariously, and have no other idea of what is pretty than what is fashionable. Shrouding their charms in excess of muslin, they indulge a harmless vanity, and flatter themselves that they are creating a great sensation, whereas they create none but what is excited in the masculine mind by a bundle of clothes.

HE 'D BE SO SAFE.

Another reason for sending GENERAL CODRINGTON *to India.*

"THE Sepoys beat and imprison people for speaking *English.*"

THE MOCK PHILANTHROPIST.—He giveth crusts to babies.—*Confucius.*

THE POPISH ORGAN NUISANCE.

MR. BULL. "GO AWAY, YOU TIRESOME PERSON—I'M BUSY ABOUT MY INDIAN AFFAIRS, AND DON'T WANT ANY OF YOUR NOISE."

THE BALLAD OF ROARING HANNA.

(RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BALLAD OF "ORIANA.")

REVEREND DREW and COOKE and ROE,
Roaring HANNA,
Preaching in the streets forego,
Roaring HANNA.
Where Orange hates and Papist, glow,
In Church 'twere wiser, if more slow,
Roaring HANNA,
To preach "the word" without "the blow,"
Roaring HANNA!

Think you seed of Christian sowing,
Roaring HANNA,
Like to thrive by blood set flowing,
Roaring HANNA?
Staves were going, stones were throwing,
The gospel trump to battle blowing,
Roaring HANNA!
And the row to *you* was owing,
Roaring HANNA!

In your sables, black as night,
Roaring HANNA,
Cheek and choker both so white,
Roaring HANNA,
Your congregation armed for fight,
With staves in carnal fists held tight,
Roaring HANNA,
"Peace and good will" how well you cite,
Roaring HANNA!

Behind the Harbour Office wall,
Roaring HANNA,
Girt by your Lisburn lads so tall,
Roaring HANNA,
What 's factions flame, or hatred's gall,
What 's riot, bloodshed, row, or brawl,
Roaring HANNA,
To one who boasts an inward call,
Roaring HANNA?

In vain the Magistrates applied,
Roaring HANNA;
Your rights were *you* to set aside,
Roaring HANNA?
Your rights were *you* to set aside,
For Papists, though with guns supplied,
Roaring HANNA?
Deemed they you lacked all Christian pride,
Roaring HANNA?

"Sermons in stones" doth SHAKSPEARE trace,
Roaring HANNA;
But "Stones in sermons" suit *your* case,
Roaring HANNA:
Soon on your True-blue babes of grace,
The Papist ruffians rushed apace,
Roaring HANNA,
And argument to staves gave place,
Roaring HANNA.

A fair sight for the Sabbath-day,
Roaring HANNA,
And one you well to heart may lay,
Roaring HANNA.
How blest must be the prayers you say,
Mid curse and cry of party-fray,
Roaring HANNA;
Nothing like oil can fire allay,
Roaring HANNA!

Vain all remonstrance from the Beak,
Roaring HANNA;
Off CLARKE and COATES were forced to sneak,
Roaring HANNA.
How I respect thy saintly cheek,
That law's protection dar'st to seek,
Roaring HANNA,
Law which thou wert the first to break,
Roaring HANNA.

Thou criest aloud; none heed thy cries,
Roaring HANNA,
The worst-used man 'neath Irish skies,
Roaring HANNA:
The bloody Papists may arise,
Break Orange heads, black Orange eyes,
Roaring HANNA,
'Cause Protestants have done likewise,
Roaring HANNA!

Oh Papist triumph, Trueblue woe!
Roaring HANNA,
Oh Orange splendours waxing low!
Roaring HANNA!
Shall Papists vile give blow for blow,
And Justice not, as long ago,
Roaring HANNA,
'Twixt them and us a diff'rence know?
Roaring HANNA!

When the Hussars charge down the quay,
Roaring HANNA,
When fire the Green Constab'lary,
Roaring HANNA,
Let grateful Belfast think of thee,
That sleeping party-hates set free
Roaring HANNA,
And bid him calm, who roused that sea,
Roaring HANNA!

TAME WILD SPORTS.

R. MONCKTON MILNES puts forth, with his usual grace of diction, a protest against field-sports. He hopes that one day they will be "superseded by geological and botanical pursuits," which he thinks will afford their votaries greater pleasure than "the staining the fair carpet of nature with the blood of her children." Whether his having put forward this amiable plea has prevented MR. MILNES from bagging his grouse and partridges this autumn, *Mr. Punch* does not know—any how, MR. MILNES has not sent *him* any. But the idea of the kind-hearted Member for Pontefract has conjured up, in *Mr. Punch's* fertile mind, a curious series of newspaper announcements, of the period when hammer and scissors shall have supplanted horse and gun. How will this read?

"The Party of Gentlemen-botanists who rent the swamp near Squashton, arrived at their box on Wednesday, and sporting commenced on Thursday. Early in the day MR. WIGGINS made a splendid right and left grab at a *Pomeranius aquaticus* that overhung a deep ditch, but it escaped, and the sportsman went into the water. MR. CHALCIDORUS SMITH bagged several prickly pears, upon which the party afterwards sat, in discussion, and various points came up. The Hon. and REV. PROF. LEE secured several noble Fungi, especially an *Agaricus pestilentis*, with which he experimented on a gamekeeper for whose widow, the result having been unfavourable, he has generously provided. Lunch was supplied by a confectioner from Squashton. The party was satisfied with the preserves.

"MR. MONCKTON MILNES is entertaining VISCOUNT PALMERSTON and a distinguished party at Frystone Hall. Tuesday was their first day on the rocks, when they had excellent sport. To the noble Viscount's hammer fell thirty-seven lumps of granite, four fine bits of feldspar, a large slice of mica, and some oolites. MR. MILNES succeeded in bagging twenty-eight pieces of granite, and in catching some quartz in a primary trap set overnight by the keeper. MR. LAYARD brought down the side of a lime quarry, and MR. HENRY DRUMMOND potted several score head of fossils. The theories were rather wild, and the *savans* were often at fault, and were also exposed to annoyance from the clergy of the district, who warned them off several fields; but on the whole the first day of the season was satisfactory, and the sportsmen pelted one another with their game all the way home."

A WELSH KISS.

BY A FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

"A GENTLEMAN named MORSE met with a curious accident lately. Riding near Cwmmyllwydd, he was so struck by the charms of a market girl that he endeavoured to salute her, but the Welsh maiden, indignant at his impertinence, stepped suddenly back, and he sustained a severe fall."—*The Cymmyrroidion* (N. Wales).

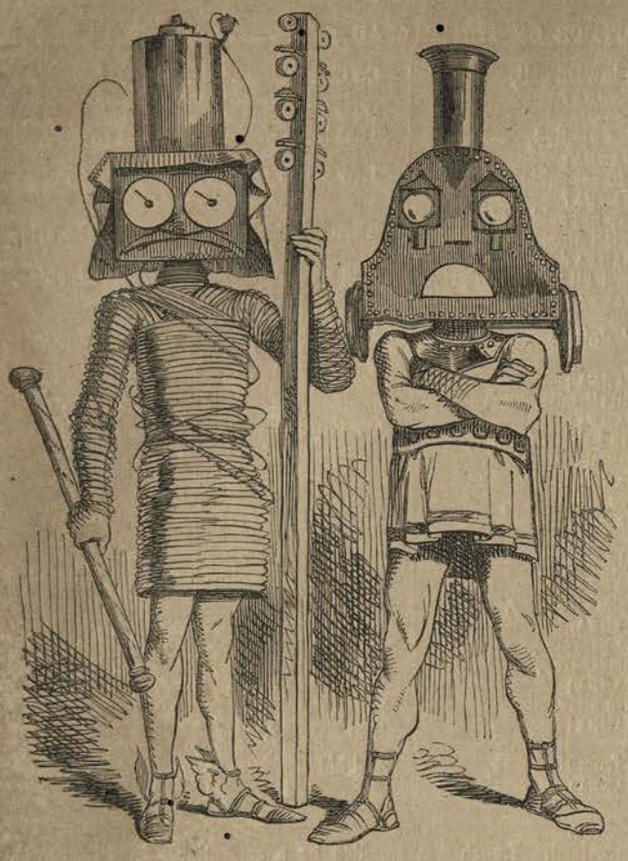
PALLIDUS MORSE
He fell off his horse,
In asking the Welsh girl to kiss him;
For a kiss, he forgot,
Isn't quite always what
Petimusque damusque vicissim.

EXTRAORDINARY LATENESS OF THE SEASON.

SUMMER seems to have returned. On the night of Friday last the Opera of *Don Giovanni* was actually performed at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre!

CHINESE SAYING.—Trust not the Flatterer. In thy days of sunshine, he will give thee pounds of butter—and in thy hour of need, deny thee a crumb of bread!

THE TWO GIANTS OF THE TIME.



"WHAT can we two great Forces do?"
Said Steam to Electricity,
"To better the case of the human race,
And promote mankind's felicity?"

Electricity said, "From far lands sped,
Through a wire, with a thought's velocity,
What tidings I bear!—of deeds that were
Never passed yet for atrocity."

"Both land and sea," said Steam, "by me,
At the rate of a bird men fly over;
But the quicker they speed to kill and bleed,
A thought to lament and sigh over."

"The world, you see," Electricity
Remarked, "thus far is our debtor,
That it faster goes; but, goodness knows,
It doesn't get on much better."

"Well, well," said Steam, with whistle and scream,
"Herein we help morality:
That means we make to overtake
Rebellion and rascality."

"Sure enough, that 's true, and so we do,"
Electricity responded.
"Through us have been caught, and to justice brought,
Many scoundrels who had absconded."

Said Steam, "I hope we shall get the rope
Round the necks of the Sepoy savages,
In double quick time, to avenge their crime,
And arrest their murders and ravages."

"We 've been overpraised," said both; "we raised
Too sanguine expectations:
But with all our might, we haven't yet quite
Regenerated the nations.

"We 're afraid we shan't—we suspect we can't
Cause people to change their courses;
Locomotive powers alone are ours:
But the world wants motive forces."

DIVIDE, AND CONQUER.

SOME foolish persons, evidently red-tapists in heart, though imagining themselves reformers, have devised an absurd "test," as they call it, of the efficiency of members of Parliament. They count the number of Divisions in which a member has been counted, and give the highest credit to the man who has gone oftenest into the lobby.

This is just the sort of test one would expect to see prescribed by prigs and shallow fellows. Nothing is so easy, and then there are little sums to be done, and figures are always right—we beg pardon, statistics such folks call them—and everybody can comprehend that the man who voted twenty times must have been in the House more frequently and longer than the man who voted five times. But, unhappily, figures will not show which of the two men did the best service.

Of course, any member who will sit in the House, or in the smoking room, during the whole of every sitting, can take high honours under this test. He can go to sleep in the library if he likes—the division bell will wake him, or a servant of the House will arouse him, if enjoined to do so. And he can run in, rubbing his eyes, and march out and be counted, and the "statistics" of the prigs will record his indefatigable attention. Or, if he is a more fidgety blockhead, he can pay a fidgety attention to every topic, whether he have the faintest idea of the real question or not, and can vote against an Aqueduct being allowed between two towns, of whose names, to say nothing of their wants, he never heard before, or divide in favour of a Viaduct on a railway that runs through a district as unknown to him as Mesopotamia. Equally, the "statistic"-mongers will give him praise and honour, while, in reality, he ought to be kicked for impertinence.

These people have published some returns of the attendance of members during the last session. And, as an example of the value of such applause, and as an illustration of the attendance of small men and of statesmen, let it be noted that "COX the Attorney" is at the head of the list, having voted in one hundred and sixty divisions, while LORD JOHN RUSSELL has voted in about fifty. Now it may reasonably be said, that for one public question on which COX the Attorney knows anything, LORD JOHN is intimate with the bearings of a hundred.

A similar result is found in the case of the best men in the House. The GLADSTONES, PAKINGTONS, WALPOLES, ELLICES, and others whose time and whose votes are valuable, squander neither in clerk-like attendance, waiting for divisions, whereas the AYRTONS, HADFIELDS, WILLIAMSES (Ld), and such like infra-mediocrities are always watching the Speaker's sand-glass, eager to write their reputation in that Parliamentary sand.

The statistic-mongers remark complacently that in "Attendances" MR. COX, of Finsbury, stands first. This, even apart from the gentleman's political status and intellect, does not exactly astonish *Mr. Punch*. Why, COX is as aforesaid, an Attorney, and to make "Attendances" is the one duty of attorney-life. The alligator's—bah—the attorney's book, in which he records the deeds of his days, for the shearing of clientry, is called the "Attendance-book." What wonder that COX should retain in Parliament his professional taste for attendances! If he is writing COX's Memoirs of Parliament, we will be bound he makes the work up, daily, after this fashion, and that of his craft.

THE ELECTORS OF FINSBURY, *To* WILLIAM COX, *Drs.*

		s.	d.
Monday.	Attending at St. Stephens, when found the House debating on the Clyde Improvement bill, and asking several persons who or what the Clyde was, and was told to hold my noise, and voting against same bill	0	0
Tuesday.	Attending again, when found the House in Committee on the Sierra Leone Embankment bill, and attending in library to consult GUTHRIE'S Geographical Grammar, and finding Sierra Leone was in Africa, attending voting against what I thought might be a black job	0	0
Wednesday.	Attending morning sitting, when the House took the second reading of the Livery and Corporation of Rochford bill, and voting against it, because a livery is an aristocratic type of domination over one's fellow-creatures .	0	0
Thursday.	Attending in Ways and Means, on the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S Bill for contracting a loan of Five Millions, and proposed amendment that the principle should be carried out by the loan being contracted to four millions, and dividing thereon	0	0
Friday.	Attending and voting against sitting in middle of next day because I am opposed to all centralization . . .	0	0
Saturday.	Attending the debate on the Police-Uniform Bill, and voting against the constable being distinguished by a letter, as, in order to identify him, a complaining person is compelled to know his alphabet, and I am conscientiously opposed to compulsory education	0	0

And this is the kind of thing which the electors of the kingdom are not told of by the pedantic promulgators of the Division Test.

"The prigs and *Punch* do upon this divide,
They choose the voting, he the thinking side."

ALLEGORIES ON THE BANKS OF THE TIBER.

WHEN the POPE returned to Rome the other day, a few of his subjects, probably his tradesmen, got up a demonstration in honour of the event. Among the various means which they resorted to, in order to celebrate the restoration of his Holiness to the bosom of his consistory, was the erection of triumphal arches, which were ornamented by allegorical paintings. The allegories in these works of art must have been particularly "headstrong," so much so as to have been impracticable to any but the most inventive artist. Their subjects were "the Austrian Concordat," "the Immaculate Conception," and "the Establishment of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in England." We will not say that we cannot conceive how these transactions could have been allegorised, because we can, whatever difficulty everybody else may experience in so doing. "The Austrian Concordat" might have been typified by a picture of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA and the POPE himself, the former kneeling to the latter, and presenting him with half-a-crown. A representation of his Holiness, exhibiting a bran-new coin from his own mint, would have served to express "the Immaculate Conception," and "the Establishment of the Ecclesiastical Hierarchy in England" might have been most accurately symbolized by a portrait of CARDINAL WISEMAN as he appeared on the 5th of November, 1850, carried about the streets of London in effigy.

REFORM YOUR LAWYER'S BILLS.

IT is no new thing to hear people discovering in men some traces of resemblance to the brute creation, but such likenesses are commonly the reverse of flattering. With very few exceptions, which may serve to prove the rule, it is for some bad quality the similarity is traced, and the comparisons, in general, are for something odious. Ladies mean to pay a compliment when they call a man a duck, but if rightly analysed the phrase is the reverse of complimentary; for there are few things more ungainly than a duck out of water, and in that no man can be considered in his element. For one use of the simile "as brave as a lion," we hear twenty of the words "as cunning as a fox," or "as silly as a goose;" and such epithets as "pigheaded," "asinine," and the like are in almost constant conversational employment. A further proof of the unkindness of these animal allusions is furnished in the widely popular belief that, rightly to do justice to his prominent feature, a lawyer ought to figure in the human menagerie as the *Ornithorynchus*, or beast with a bill. In the benevolence of our nature, we have ourselves long struggled to discredit this assertion, but we regret we are at length obliged to tender the submission of our faith. In the following advertisement, inserted lately in the *Times*, we find the piece of evidence which has completely overwhelmed us:—

LAW—Costs in Arrear.—A gentleman, well skilled in making out and settling costs (and of concocting where no entries are made), is desirous of a temporary ENGAGEMENT in that department, in town or country, at a moderate commission. Address, &c.

Referring to our dictionary, so as not to run the risk of our memory misleading us, we find the meaning of the verb to "concoct" is to "fabricate," and when coupled with accounts, its vulgar synonym is "cook." The process therefore of concocting costs amounts in plain English to the pure fabrication of them: and we may infer that more than half the items in a "concocted" lawyer's bill are as fictitious as the incidents in a third-rate French romance. Of course, the longer they are in arrear, the more scope costs afford for the talent of invention; and where the concocter has no entries to refer to, his work is not so much to "make out" bills of costs as to make them up—in the sense of making up which is synonymous with story-telling.

We are reluctant to judge harshly of the legal profession, whose good book-keeping, indeed, has passed into a proverb. But from the announcement of a supply we cannot help inferring the existence of a demand, and we may assume in the above case that the "gentleman" would not have advertised so prominently his talent for concoction, if he had not known it was a marketable quality. Still, however we may quarrel with his lax morality, we are disposed to thank him for the revelation he has made, as it will put us on our guard to see, in future, whether our lawyer's bills show any signs of cookery. We have long wondered at the length and the elaborate minuteness of these disagreeable documents, which give the history of a suit with all the carefulness of detail of the most prolix penny-a-liner. But it much lessons our surprise to know these legal histories are, in fact, mere works of fiction, such as any novel-spinner could concoct without much difficulty.

Of the mysteries of book-keeping we have always lived in ignorance, and know not which is easier, the plan of double or of single entry. But certainly the way above alluded to of making out accounts with no entries at all appears to us by far the simplest system to pursue, and one which, if unchecked, may walk into one's pockets far more deeply than the double or the single entry could do.

THE BORE OF THE BARBER'S SHOP.

"WIGGINS, I say, how can you wear
Such a prodigious lot of hair?
Go, have it cut—I wonder why
You go about so great a Guy."

"Astonished, JONES, you well may be,
These thick and bushy locks to see;
But wherefore, listen. Fear and dread
Retain this growth upon this head."

"What fear, what dread? What mystic rite
Hath sealed thee for a Nazarite?
Unless in Bedlam you'd be shut,
Go instantly and get it cut."

"'Tis very easy, saying Go;
But there's the rub. I would; but no,
I cannot stand it any more;
That step entails so vast a bore."

"What bore attends the barber's shop
That you should carry such a mop?
Which, that your reason may be saved,
Should not be merely cut, but shaved."

"That horrid bore, as sure as fate,
Annexed to cropping of the pate,
Of being importuned and dunned,
Whereby the customer is stunned."

"Your meaning, I believe, I guess;
The bear's grease which the artists press,
The 'extract' and Circassian cream;
And will not quit the tiresome theme."

"You've hit the blot with needle's point,
They pray and beg you to anoint
With their vile unguents, and are sure
To urge on you their 'fixature.'"

"Their wares I steadily refuse,
Their nasty grease I never use,
The hair it mends not—spoils the hat,
Through which exudes the fluid fat."

"O JONES! a fortune safe I see;
As hair-dressers, let you and me
In business start—and advertise
'No pressing washes, grease, or dyes.'"

French Proverbs.

*By a "Natif de Paris" from Holborn.**

VOLER un avocat n'est pas voler.
Souris qui se montre est à moitié pris.
Tel donne son avis qui ne prête pas son argent.
Le prodigue, en mangeant sa fortune, gâte ses dents à force de les remplir avec trop d'or.
Poche fermée, l'ami s'en va.
Tête de bois n'est bonne qu'à débiter des fagots.
A la Crinoline on connait la femme.
A table-d'hôte le timide mange guère.
Durant la nuit tous les Anglais sont gris.

* We know his name, as a fact, to be CHARLES KIBBLE-THWAITE.

A GOOD OMEN.—LORD PALMERSTON was observed last week reading—*It's never too late to Mend*. The Reform Bill was lying before him.

SERVANTGALISM.

Mistress. "NOT GOING TO REMAIN IN A SITUATION ANY LONGER! WHY YOU FOOLISH THINGS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, THEN?"

Eliza. "WHY, MA'AM, YOU SEE OUR *FORTUNE-TELLER* SAY THAT TWO YOUNG NOBLEMEN IS A GOING TO MARRY US—SO THERE'S NO CALL TO REMAIN IN. NO SITUATIONS NO MORE!"

MILLINERY IN EXCELSIS.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"There are so many cases of cruelty practised by what you men are pleased to call law, (which always strikes the innocent and lets the guilty escape) that we grow indifferent; but I do hope that for the sake of *humanity* the laws will not be permitted to oppress a brave and gallant soldier (at least he is a Colonel, and I am sure is brave and gallant) whose name appears in to-day's *Times*. I need not mention his name, though it would do him nothing but *honour*, for the very evidence against him shows that he must be *one of the best men that ever lived*, and a MODEL HUSBAND. And now some grasping creditors are trying to worry him, and had not even the decency to give up their ridiculous persecuting claims though they were told that he was ill, and away from his native land, poor fellow! Even MR. LINKLATER, whose admirable management in the British Bank business, made me think he must be a dear creature, sets himself against this *brave* and *kind* soldier, and pretends to think he is not so ill as he says, notwithstanding that his wife confirms the account. I am *much surprised* at MR. L.

"The case would first make any married woman's mouth water, and then her eyes. To read the list of the things, the beautiful, lovely, *costly* things, which this husband gave to his wife, and *all in three months*, and then to think that such a man is being persecuted by lawyers and creditors! Of course *my* husband had not the kindness to let me have the paper at breakfast, because he knew the matter would interest me; but after he was gone to business, I kept the paper-boy waiting half an hour scratching the door-paint, while I read the account, and copied out *a few* of the items. Now look here, *Mr. Punch*, and blush for your meanness and that of your sex, when you read what this brilliant exception to the rule gave his wife (and a happy woman she must be) *in three months*. Observe the *prices*—no *bargains*, or *cheap* things, mind, but good articles, proving that the man respected himself and his wife.

	£	s.	d.
One Pocket Handkerchief	4	4	0
Another	5	5	0
Enamelled Bracelet	4	4	0
Another	3	3	0
Point Lace Bonnet, with emerald flowers	12	12	0
White Moire Antique Dress	12	12	0
Brussels Lace Veil	15	15	0
Six richly Embroidered Collars	15	0	0
Green and White Court Dress, with blonde, pearls, and ribbons	51	5	0
Silk Dress	12	12	0
French Cambric Dress	8	18	6
Rich Black Velvet Dress	28	4	0
Ditto, trimmed with *real* Lace	9	8	6
Point Lace Parasol	10	10	0
Point Lace Cap, silver and peach	5	15	6
Spanish Mantilla	12	12	0
Another Moire Antique	18	18	0

And ever such a quantity of chemisettes, flounces, feathers, glacé jackets, bonnets, and head-dresses, besides what the ignorant reporter flippantly calls a black lace something, with mosaic fastenings and mantle to suit, £19 1*s*. In three months, from December 1855, to February 1856 (that's three months, isn't it?), the bill came to £1493 8*s*. 0¾*d*.

"Now I call that man *a husband*, and it is a perfect *sin* that he should be persecuted, just because circumstances may have prevented his paying the bills when the people asked for them. I dare say he had paid them loads of money before, and they ought to have let him off. But, I do think, and every married woman who knows what dress is will join with me in saying, that the LORD CHANCELLOR ought to sue out a *habeas corpus*, or whatever it is, that forbids innocent persons from being injured, and LORD PALMERSTON ought to find money out of the taxes (we shouldn't grudge it) or the Superannuation, or where he likes, to help a model husband out of his difficulties. I hope you will advocate this in your valuable paper, and oblige all your lady readers, including

"*Saturday.*" "AN ILL-DRESSED WIFE."

"P.S. Do you notice. *Another* bracelet, and *another* handkerchief, and *another* moire antique. O, it's scandalous to *think* of persecuting such a man!"

INCREDIBLE COCKNEYISM.

Is the following story, told by the *Inverness Courier*, possible?—

ALARMING ACCIDENT.—A gamekeeper and shepherd at Donchaly, who were out shooting along with three English sportsmen upon the 18th ult., parted company with the gentlemen to drive the game towards a certain point agreed upon. Unhappily they made their appearance in a different place, and having been mistaken for game were fired upon. Five barrels were discharged at them, and the shots took effect in the face and hands of the keeper and shepherd. A messenger was immediately dispatched to Bonar Bridge for DR. MACKAY, who repaired to Donchaly without delay, and extracted all the grains of lead. It is fortunate that the shots were at 60 yards range. The invalids are now able to continue their work.

We strongly suspect that this is a Scotch joke; one of those jokes which extend over a whole anecdote, at every two or three words of which the narrator laughs, and all other Scotchmen present laugh also, and everybody else wonders why? Related with a Scotch accent in a Scotch circle, the above tale would no doubt be received with immense laughter. But it must be a romance. See what it involves. Three English sportsmen mistake two Scotchmen's heads, at sixty yards, for a brace of grouse, and all three of them blaze away at the two heads which they imagine to be heads of game. The bodies must, at that rate, have been concealed by an intervening mound or hillock, so that the heads only were visible, and must, if they appeared like grouse, have appeared like grouse on the ground. To say that three English sportsmen fired a volley together at two grouse on the ground, is to libel the people of England, represented by the Three Tailors of Tooley Street.

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THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

A Romance.

"WHERE did the money go to?

"But you don't know where it came from?"

"Tell the story."

"Well, everybody worthy of the name of a human Londoner is now, or recently has been, out of town, and the only unhappy creatures left behind are police-magistrates, whose turn it is to remain, the judge at chambers, one or two club bores whom nobody would ask, some editors and journalists, and ——"

"Bother! one knows all that. What about the money?"

"You don't know 'all that.' Don't be rude. We were going to mention somebody else. This was Mrs. Montague Blakesby, of Gower Street, Bedford Square."

"And why was she obliged to remain in town?"

"Because her husband, Mr. Montague Blakesby, of the same address, thought that he should enjoy himself much more without Mrs. Montague, and without a child, and a nurse, and a parrot, and about seventeen boxes, which his wife deemed absolutely essential to her peace of mind in travel. So he proposed that she should go with the child, and nurse, and parrot, and seventeen boxes, to Brighton, and that he should 'take his chance of a little fresh air,' (as he heartlessly put it) and join her at Brighton in his own good time."

"Well, why didn't she go?"

"Because she was a woman of spirit, and, like a woman of spirit, as she could not get Baden, refused to have Brighton. So they had a sulk, and he left Gower Street early one morning. Being a tender husband, he would not wake his pretty wife from her morning's dream, but, leaving a cheque upon her dressing-table, stole out of the house with an enamelled *sac de nuit*."

"And he went to Baden?"

"He did."

"And gambled?"

"For shame! nobody gambles, at least no respectable English gentleman. But as everybody goes to the tables, why Mr. Montague went there too, and as everybody tries his luck, Mr. Montague tried his luck."

"And as everybody wins—at least they all come home and say so—Mr. Montague won."

"Yes, a good deal."

"And repenting of his unkindness towards his wife, he wrote her an affectionate letter, forgiving her for her petulance, and mentioning that he had made up his winnings into a packet, and that he should expend them in Paris (*en route* for England), in the purchase of something upon which he knew that her dear heart had long been set."

"You have been married, Sir, and know the tenderness which the thought of a wife inspires in a husband—at a distance from her. That was just the letter he wrote from Baden to Gower Street."

"Well, then he came home, was received in Gower Street with smiles, and all was right?"

"On second thoughts, one would say that you had *not* been married, Sir. Do you imagine that a woman of spirit would remain in Gower Street, under those circumstances, or any others? Mrs. Blakesby's pretty blue eyes had scarcely opened upon her widowed couch, and the cheque upon her toilette table, than she rose, and, giving a slight consideration to the amount mentioned on the paper (it was anything but what it ought to have been, but still it was a respectable sum) ordered her coffee, and desired that the child, nurse, parrot, and seventeen boxes might be ready for the Scarborough train at twelve o'clock."

"And they went to Scarborough?"

"And from Scarborough she wrote to Paris, where Mr. Montague received the letter. He read it on the Boulevard des Italiens, and was delighted that instead of hot and crowded Brighton, his wife was refreshing her blue eyes in the healthy breezes of the Yorkshire Coast?"

"You are a good man, Sir, but you evidently do not understand the conjugal relations. Mr. Montague Blakesby was not delighted at all; he waxed angry at his wife's presuming to think for herself, as to her place of making holiday. And he did not buy her a single present in Paris."

"How mean. How did he excuse himself?"

"He wrote her another letter, expressing his deep regret that, desiring to increase his little winnings to a sum that would enable him to buy his darling (that's what he was brute enough to write) something more worthy of her, he risked them once again, and lost them all. And to give a lively colour to his story, he appended to his letter the sketch which you may observe above engraven. It represents (he alleged) his agony when the demon of gambling had tempted him to lose the coins he had treasured for his heart's idol."

"And he had not lost the money?"

"Not a sou. Brought it safe to Paris: in fact, to London."

"And to repeat the original question, Where did the money go to?"

"It was just enough to pay Mrs. Blue-eye's bills at Scarborough for herself, child, nurse, parrot, and warehousing of seventeen boxes, for the cheque 'went before she well knew where she was;' and if he had not remitted his winnings, the blue-eyes, child, nurse, parrot, and seventeen boxes would have remained in pawn at Scarborough."

"There seem several morals to this story. One is, that a husband should always do what his wife desires. Another is——

"That one being of an anti-matrimonial character, it shall not be printed. Whatever is is right. Let's liquor."

VERBUM SAPIENTI.

THERE came a sharp cry o'er the dark heaving sea,
A cry that the beast of the jungle was free;
The beast we had petted and thought we had tamed
Was fouling his maw with the flesh he had shamed.

Our fairest, our feeblest, were tortured to sate
His merciless lust and more merciful hate,
And the wail of their agony compass'd the earth
And thrill'd every heart in the land of their birth.

Thrill'd every?—not every—No! *one* was unmoved,
The tidings he sorted, and some he improved,
He was deaf to the death-shriek that rang o'er the foam,
And yet he could hear the least whisper from Rome.

For his Sovereign was there, who his "titles" bestowed,
And there more than half his allegiance was owed,
So that country or kindred could have little part
Of the petty lay element left in his heart.

Should he mourn if our children were torn limb from limb,
Or our women—for what are our women to him?
No offspring, no tie, no sweet burden has he,
No wife clasps his neck and no child climbs his knee.

A lonely, a barren, affectionless man
(There are sermons in stones) will discourse if he can;
He will love the class only to which he belongs
And will raise their estate upon other men's wrongs.

In a want of regard for his class he will see
The source of disasters of every degree—
Would he himself trust to professional lore,
And flash his red stockings in redder Cawnpore?

Be this as it may—for ourselves, at the least,
We care more for wife or for child than for priest;
We are true to the light on our Fathers that broke,
When they honoured Veleda beneath the dark oak.

For women and children were saintly and dear
In the forests of old ere a priest had come near,
And long ere he'd plundered their boughs to repair
What *he dare not uncover*—his sham Peter's chair.

Let him vaunt his old wood, his old bones and his stuff,
Till we've relics and rosaries more than enough,
But if with our heartstrings he trades for a plea,
There never was Wise-man so simple as he.

A Fact fresh from the Minories.

A Cigar-Merchant waited upon a Tailor, and proposed to him to do business upon the "Mutual Accommodation System." The latter assented upon the understanding that the tobacconist was to find his own cloth. "Let 's be honest," he said; "Cabbage for Cabbage."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

WITH the return of the Shooting Season it is common to find paragraphs inserted in the papers, giving full statistics of the bags which have been made at the country seats and shooting-boxes of the sporting aristocracy. As these descriptions little vary in their dull and dry monotony, and can be of no great interest to the general reader, we are somewhat puzzled to account for their annual insertion; and we incline to the belief, that they are paid for as advertisements, and are intended to attract the notice of the poulterers. Noble sportsmen could not, without sacrifice of dignity, announce that they were open to supply the trade with game, and that their preserves were so well stocked that the largest orders could be executed with the promptest possible despatch: but by simply stating what they kill *per diem*, they leave the trade to draw its inference, and take down their address.

If our assumption be correct, there is some reason in thus advertising what sport has been enjoyed by owners of estates, and the concoction of such paragraphs may be looked upon as part of every steward's business. Occasionally, however, we find notices inserted which seem more the composition of the flunkey than the steward, and in which we are completely at a loss to see the use or reason. Such a one, for instance, we take to be the following, which, merely altering the name, and spelling it to suit the flunkeyish pronunciation, we quote verbatim from a country print:—

"The youthful EARL OF PHEASINKTON has been spending his September on his family estates. We understand his lordship gives early promise of becoming an excellent shot."

Now, we have no wish to speak slightingly of his lordship's sportsmanship: on the contrary, indeed, having some pretentions to that quality ourselves, we think a boy may do worse things than aim at being a good shot. As far as our acquaintance goes, a good sportsman is by no means therefore a bad fellow: and had we the teaching of his lordship's young idea, we should be pleased to find we had so promising a pupil. For the credit of the PHEASINKTONS, if for no other reason, we trust the youthful Earl will prove (at one-and-twenty) a man of his word, and that, if only for his poulterer's sake, he will keep his promise to "become a good shot."

But although we see no harm in the young Earl's early learning how to use his gun, we certainly can see no good in taking public notice in the papers of his prowess. It cannot interest the nation to know what bags he makes; while the mention of his sporting feats may lead him to forget that there are higher things to aim at than partridges and pheasants. As an Earl, his future place will be among the Lords as well as on the heaths and commons, and he will find befitting exercise in the field of politics not a whit less readily than in those of beet or turnips.

We think, therefore, that paragraphs such as we have quoted serve no end but that of filling up a paper. If it be deemed requisite that notice be directed to the talents and the prowess of the rising aristocracy, let it be reserved for other columns than the sporting ones. With all our admiration for the skill of a good shot, we would rather see a youthful Earl the subject of a leader in the *Times* than of the most flaming notice in *Bell's Life*. Besides, there is no saying, if these paragraphs continue, to what absurd misuses they may come at last. If the flunkeyism by which they are dictated be unchecked, we shall soon find the prowess of our noble sportsmen recorded in the papers from their very bib-and-tuckerhood, from their first shot with the popgun and their first trial of the tops—both the leathers and the peg-tops. Having a remarkably robust imagination, we can just conceive how it would edify the public to find inserted gravely some fine morning in the *Times*, as a pendant to the foreign or political intelligence, or whatever else might happen at the time to have chief interest, some such a paragraph as that which follows:—

"We are delighted to inform our readers that the infant heir of the most noble house of BLAZEAWAY, who still takes an airing daily in the family perambulator, was last week, for the first time in his young existence, trusted with a fly-gun. It is seldom at so tender years that the propensity for shooting is so rapidly developed; but that his youthful lordship promises to be a first-rate shot will be at once inferred, when we state that on Saturday, assisted only by his nurse, he succeeded in bagging more than twenty brace of blue-bottles."

TOAD-EATING.

As for the courtesy of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH towards the English officers who visit Chalons, it is all hollow. His Majesty loses no opportunity of insulting our authorities by offering some violent contrast to their proceedings. It was only a few days ago that we read how a French officer had invented a great improvement in the screw for propelling steamers. He calls it the Flute-screw, and its marvellous advantages were seen on an experiment. But this not being large enough, what does the EMPEROR, our pretended ally and friend, do. In common delicacy, while English officers of rank were about him, he would have conformed to their customs; would, first have snubbed the Flute man, then dawdled and dallied for months before giving him a trial; then, having reluctantly conceded a trial, would have tipped the underlings the wink, and taken care that the trial should be like that accorded the other day to MR. PRIDEAUX (of the steam boilers); namely, one in which he should be obstructed in every unfair manner by officials predetermined that he should not succeed. Finally, if the EMPEROR had any of the courtesy attributed to him, he would further have complimented English officers by taking the invention for nothing, and breaking the inventor's heart. Instead of this graceful attention to his guests, LOUIS NAPOLEON acts in diametrically opposite fashion, he commands the invention to be "at once applied to one of the largest ships in the French navy, the inventor to have every assistance in working it out, with the certainty of a reward and honour, if successful." And we call this Sovereign our ally, and praise his frank hospitality and courtesy! JOHN BULL, you are an *avaleur de couleuvres*.

THE TWO CHURCHES.

THE NEW.

'TIS Sunday at our watering-place by the broad blue German Ocean;
The streets are still, the sands are bare, the cliffs forlorn and bleak;
The fly-boys and fly-horses have a pause in their devotion,
For if to labour be to pray, they 've been praying all the week.
A Sabbath stillness reigneth over earth and sea and sky,
All Nature round has gone to Church, so wherefore should not I?

The crack Church at our watering-place is very fine and new;
Pure Gothic down to *reredos*, and *sedilia*, and *piscina;*
With poppy-heads on open seats—we scorn the cushioned pew—
And our curate he intoneth, so that nothing can be finer;
And we 've candles on the altar, and occasionally flowers—
In short, a small ST. BARNABAS is this new Church of ours.

"So primitive!" our Curate says—"so truly Apostolic!
No Protestant distinctions of private seats and free!
Each portion of the building has significance symbolic:"
Though, save the poppy-heads, nought 's significant to me.
Their soporific meaning is clearly to be seen,
Thanks to the comment furnished by the sleeping heads between.

But finer than our fine new Church—tiles, altar-cloth, and all,—
The gules, and or, and azure on nave and chancel-pane,—
And early-English lettering emblazoned on the wall,—
Are the "miserable sinners" whom these open seats contain:
Oh! the cloud of summer-muslins—oh! the flowered and beaded show
Of tiny summer bonnets, in gorgeous row on row!

Oh! cherry lips, and rosy cheeks, and glossy braided hair,
Crowned with dancing, dancing bugles, and flowers of myriad dyes!
The Curate he intoneth, but what thought have I for prayer,
'Mid the rustle of the crinolines, the flashing of the eyes?
Are these miserable sinners, come for prayer, and praise, and psalm,
Or an animated series from *Le Courrier des Dames?*

And the Rector takes his text, and is eloquent upon it—
How that "all things here are vanity, and swiftly pass away;"
And each lady scans the pattern of her neighbour's gown or bonnet,
And each gentleman 's a critic of toilettes for the day.
And out I come, much edified, 'mid the organ's solemn swells,
With a lively sense how much I owe to these "church-going belles."

THE OLD.

'Tis Sunday at the village that lies three miles away;
A pleasant morning's walk from our watering-place 'twill be:
So I'll leave our bran-new Gothic Church, and service for the day,
Our hotels and lodging-houses, with their fine views of the sea;
And for watering-place gay toilettes, and watering-place church belles,
Content myself with field-flowers—coy beauties of the dells.

The Old Church at the village is very damp and small:
And the house-leek and the moss clothe its low-pitched roof with green;
And the inside has no primitive symbolicism at all—
Nor *reredos*, nor *sedilia*, nor *piscina*'s to be seen;
And 'tis blocked up with a gallery, and desecrate with pews,
And it shrinks back, gray and shabby, behind its churchyard yews.

No painted window casteth a dim religious light:
No encaustic Minton-tiling hides the damp and broken floor:
The Creed and Ten Commandments are in modern letters quite:
On hard and narrow free-seats, sit the humble village poor:
But the "miserable sinners" those narrow seats within,
Show more misery than our watering-place M.S., if not more sin.

But through the open porch comes the sweet, sweet summer air,
And the rustle of the churchyard trees blends sweetly with the psalm,
And their ever-moving shadow chequers each pavement-square,
And all about the humble place there broods a holy calm;
And crinolines and flounces, beads and bugles are unknown:
So I sit and stilly worship, as if I were alone.

Till I hear a sigh beside me and a smothered sound of prayer—
And turning, with bowed head and clasped fingers, at my side,
Of a miserable sinner I am suddenly aware—
An old dame in poke bonnet, and scanty cloak new-dyed:
And I thought how such a spectacle, in that New Church of ours,
Would jar with bran new symbols, and bugles, beads, and flowers!

And I felt how these two Churches, and their worshippers agree;
Tiles, glass, and chanting curate, flowery altar, painted stone,
With rustling crinolines, beads and bugles flashing free,
And this poor old village church with that still and stooping crone:
And in spite of pews and gallery, low roof, and windows bare,
I was somehow nearer Heaven in that lowly house of prayer.

HUSBANDMEN AND LOVERS.

ON Tuesday last week a well-deserved testimonial was presented to our civic TRIPTOLEMUS, the worthy MR. SHERIFF MECHI, by a number of his friends and admirers, at the London Tavern. Of course the testimonial involved a dinner, after which speeches were made and toasts proposed, the latter followed by songs supposed to be appropriate. For instance, when the company had drunk the health of the PRINCE CONSORT, MISS PICCOLOMINI is reported to have sung, "*No, he never loved me.*" We should like, however, to know in what the appropriateness of the songs to the toasts consisted, taking this as affording a specimen of it. Whom did PICCOLOMINI represent. She never could have been such an impudent little puss as to sing such a ballad as that off her own hook. We can only surmise that she was, on the occasion, the representative of Agriculture, considered as a nymph of whom the PRINCE may, without impropriety, be said to be, because he notoriously is, passionately fond, and who may be imagined to express a sense of the honour of being beloved by his Royal Highness in a strain affectionately ironical. "He never loved me—oh no!—didn't he rather?—didn't he though?" PICCOLOMINI's song may be considered as the equivalent to saying; the reply suggested being similar to that conceived to be expected by a filial young vocalist when he obliges his sentimental companions and playmates with "*Oh, don't I love my Mother!*" The passion imputed, on this supposition, to the PRINCE CONSORT might be frankly avowed by him at Balmoral, on the one hand; and, on the other, need occasion not the least jealousy on the part of MR. MECHI, although that gentleman's affections are fixed on the same interesting object as those of the PRINCE.

REVERSING THE ORDER OF MEMBERS.

MR. BRIGHT has been setting an example worthy of his name, in writing, to somebody who pestered him with a request for a subscription to a bazaar in support of a Presbyterian church at Birmingham, a letter; whereof the following lines are part:—

"Since I have been in Parliament I have always abstained from subscriptions for objects connected with the constituency I represented, and I intend to continue that course. A contrary course would lead me into an expenditure which I could not consent to with any prudence, and might lead to an endeavour to secure public favour by means which I cannot practise or approve."

Hear, hear! To ask a member, as member, to subscribe for the local objects of his constituents, is to ask a public servant to remunerate the public for serving it. You might as well make the same request to a private domestic, and solicit your man JOHN, who cleans your boots, to contribute towards the papering of your rooms. If you thought fit to enlarge and stock your cellar, you might, with equal reason, and as much dignity, apply to your butler for assistance in paying your bricklayer's bill and that of your wine-merchant. It would not be a bit less cool of you to call on your maid-of-all-work for a donation to aid you in sending your son to college. That is, always supposing, of course, that your public servant is to be really your servant, and not, on the contrary, your lord and master; your proprietor who buys you with subsidies and contributions, in order that he may sell you for patronage, or may exert the power, which you give him as the consideration for his largess, in some other way to gain his private ends. Electors who expect to get money out of their members should chalk up "To Be Sold," and not adorn the walls with such mottoes as "Reform" and "Economy." Indeed, instead of importuning their political servants for gratuities and Christmas-boxes, constituents should, if they want to be well and zealously served, occasionally themselves give their representative JOHN THOMASES a "tip."

VELL, VY NOT, MY TEAR?

ONE of the organs of the English Jews bursts into a frenzy of gratitude to one of the penny papers for a curious favour. In police-case reports, where a Jew has been the culprit, the penny paper in question "is generous enough not to designate the persuasion of the offender"—to name merely ABIMELECH NEBUCHADNEZZAR, without adding "a Hebrew dealer in marine stores," or as the case may be. This is gratefully recorded as a new step in the course of liberality. Well, but if Jews wish to appear in courts of justice as Christians, why can't they come in the same character into the high court of Parliament?

DRUMMING FOR THE DRAPERS.

OVER the counter, my Skippers!
Spurn the effeminate shop,
Kick off the carpeted slippers,
And the cheating yard-measure let drop.
Sergeants are busy recruiting,
England invites volunteers;
Surely you'd better be shooting
Sepoys, than shaving our dears.

Shove on his back in the kennel
The shop-walker, bully and smirk,
Tell him you're cutting the "flennel"
For manly and masculine work.
At fighting you mean to be gluttons,
Though your faces are white as new wax;
You know that you've souls, above buttons,
To drill button-holes in the blacks.

Make shortish work with the niggers,
See how they'd scuttle and squeal,
When you "put in at very low figures,"
A foot and a half of good steel.
They never knew yet what our hate meant,
Your bayonets, by jingo, shall show 'm,
When, heroes, you "make no abatement,"
But "send every article home."

Future MACAULAYS and GIBBONS
Shall rescue your memory from loss,
And tell how the vendors of ribbons,
Won, gallantly, ribbon and cross.
How each, to yon shelves once a mounter,
Mounted breaches, regardless of height,
And never bore silks to a counter
More quick than those colours to fight.

You 'll soon lose that delicate pallor—
Exercise bronzes the cheek;
You 'll be New Patterns of valour,
Though perchance you may look "more antique."
Contrast with such work as your trade is,
(Diddles, and dodges, and bilks)
Your march, on return, and the Ladies
Adoring your noble shot silks.

Right soon will the enemies know you,
As your war-cry goes higher and higher—
"What 's the next thing we can show you?"
Then show them how Britons give fire.
Your charge (you *can* charge) be the Nemesis,
No need of Ghoorkas or Sikhs:
We 'll write upon Delhi, "THESE PREMISES
MUST BE CLEARED OUT IN THREE WEEKS."

HORSE EXERCISE.

AN Indian officer, writing from Dinapore, and complaining of the inefficiency of a certain General, who has been fifty years in the service, and whose bodily infirmities totally incapacitate him for command, says:—

"Surely it is high time for any field officer to retire when he requires help to be *put on and taken off his horse!*"

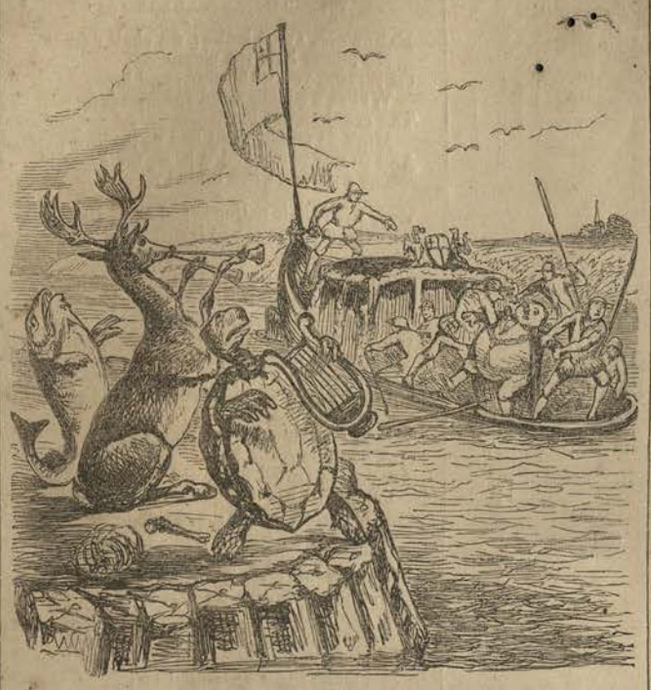
It must be a pleasantry, or a mistake, to call an invalid like that a field officer! If he belongs to one, it should be a field at the back of a hospital, where, in the event of an accident, he would be able to meet with prompt assistance. The only *Champ de Mars* for one so infirm ought be the field in front of the *Hôtel des Invalides*; for it would not be agreeable to hear of a commander taking the field at the head of an army in a perambulator! It must not be supposed we are laughing at this officer's infirmities. On the contrary, we mean to say, that so old a veteran fully deserves a lift; and, if his name was put on the pension-list; we should be extremely rejoiced, for the safety of all, to hear of it; for it would undoubtedly be the best reward for one, who, during a period of fifty years, has apparently served his country so well, "on and off."

WHO WILL SERVE THE COUNTRY?

Recruiting Sergeant.' "NOW, BRAVE BOYS, WITH THOSE WHISKERS AND SHOULDERS YOU SHOULD BE WITH US, AND——I'M SURE THE LADIES WOULD EXCUSE YOU!"

WE'LL SERVE THE SHOP.

A VISION OF SIREN SOUP.



The Alderman woke from his nightmare, howling a terrible cry:
Punched his wife's face with his elbow: at morning she had a black eye:
Started the lady in terror, giving a species of scream,
And this was old Bloggs's apology, this, the account of his dream:—

"Sally, I 'm blest if our Sammy, next time he comes home from school,
Tells them there stories at supper, I'll take and I 'll wop the young fool.
What was his call for relating things that I'll swear isn't fax,
How Mr. Whatshisname bunged up the ears of them sailors with wax.

"How them young females like mermaids had petticoats all made of scales:
The schoolmasters ought to be towelled for filling boys' heads with such tales,
And how they sang songs for seducing the crews of the ships as they passed,
And this cove kept himself from their clutches by getting tied up to a mast.

"I suppose as I mixed up together Sam's anecdotes touching them drabs
With my sausages, kidney, Welsh rabbit, Scotch ale, scolloped oysters, and crabs,
Or whatever beside I 'd for supper, a meal that no Alderman misses,
And I dreamt, Sal, as I was the party—the name I remember—Ulysses.

"I dreamt I were sailing the ocean, enjoying the motion uncommon,
(You know what I 'd soon a-been doing at sea, was I waking, old 'oman)
And what did I see on a rock (it 's as true as the sermon in church),
Why, one of the liveliest turtles as ever flapped fin at old Birch.

"But, Sal, he worn't laying discreet, like a babe with a shell for its bed,
A waiting with proper decorum till somebody cut off his head;
But with him a codfish and wenison, all balancing upon their end,
And playing on music, and calling me, just as if I was their friend.

"'Nice kind of impident critters,' says I to a sailor or two;
'I'll just take a swim to them rocks, and astonish the rascals a few;'
Just fancy me saying it, Sally, and talking of swimming so fine,
That haven't once taken a bath since the year 1809.

"And by Gog I were going to do it, regardless of wetting my togs,
The wittles kep bleating and crying: 'Come here, Mr. Alderman Bloggs!'
When the sailors they clutched at my collar, with knuckles so bony and big,
And held me as tight as policemen keep hold of a slippery prig.

"It was no use my bawling and scolding, for just at that minute again
That Sammy 's infernal description came back to bewilder my brain:
Their ears were all full of red sealing-wax—some one had dropped it in hot,
And sealed it with dominy dirrijee—what 's on the Mayor 's silver pot.

"Then all the three impident critters they plopped all at once in the sea,
And with their windictive mouths open, came swimming to get hold of me,
And making all queer kinds of noises, they swarmed up the side of the boat,
And I felt their wet flappers and noses beginning to get at my throat.

"So then I bawled out in my terror, the thing having got past a joke,
And striking out fiercely at random, I 'm happy to say as I woke."
To all which instructive narration his Lady vouchsafed no reply;
But with what she called Odour-Cologney sat sulkily dabbing her eye.

THE LATEST CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

Readers of continental intelligence are doubtless aware that an extraordinary Congress has been recently held at Vienna—a Congress of dancing-masters: which was constituted not only of the representatives of Teutonico-Terpsichorean interests, but also of plenipotentiaries from Prague and Odessa. The subject of the deliberations of this august assembly was the question, of momentous importance not only to the whole fashionable world, but also to the casinos and pleasure-gardens, of the introduction of new figures in dancing. This serious and solemn inquiry was resolved in the affirmative. The Congress, "after much anxious reflection," determined on the introduction of a new quadrille, which has been invented by Professor Eichler (Professor of Dancing), of Prague. Our own correspondent has just sent us some account of the proceedings, which, being public, he was enabled to attend. He says that a greater number of pumps certainly never met together before in any Congress than those that were assembled in this; and expresses the belief that there are not so many contained even in the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Such a getting up-stairs and playing on the fiddle, he informs us that he never did see. He states that the discussions took in a great measure the form of a ballet of action; inasmuch as it was necessary for the professors composing the Congress to support their various positions, and theses by practical demonstration.

Consequently, in the eagerness of disputation there were often a great many of them dancing all at a time, which was mighty droll; but a sight still more ludicrous was that of a Member of the Congress every now and then illustrating his views by an excursion down the middle and up again, or by a series of stationary capers and gyrations in the capacity of *cavalier seul*—an object considered by our correspondent to be the most ridiculous in creation. Bohemia was much elated by the triumph of her nationality in the adoption of the scheme of a quadrille proposed by her representative Professor. Our Correspondent thinks it rather strange that British interests were unrepresented in this Congress, and expresses his wonder that he did not see our old friend Baron Nathan among its distinguished members. No doubt, however, the British Court will, in regard to this matter, conform readily to the practice of the Continental Powers; and the new Quadrille will have only to be danced at Buckingham Palace, in order to be immediately performed at Cremorne. The tune of it will soon descend from the Palace to the Cottage-piano. A favourable contrast is to be drawn between the conduct of the heads of the Dancing Profession and that of the prelates of the Romish Church, as respectively exhibited with reference to the settlement of a moot point. The dancing-masters met in Council, according to ancient and orthodox principle, before presuming to promulgate a new quadrille. The prelates allowed Pio Nono to proclaim a new dogma on his own mere authority. A novelty in dancing, approved of by a Congress of Professors, will be universally accepted, or at least encounter no opposition but that of Exeter Hall. The millions who are interested in the decision of the dancing Congress of Vienna will await with intense eagerness the formal ratification which it will no doubt receive in the next ball at the Tuileries.

Printing in the Provinces.

A Yorkshire Newspaper, wishing to inform its readers that the *Courier of Lyons* and *The Ladies' Battle* will be performed at the Theatre on such a night, says:—"The first piece will be *The Currier of Lyons*, after which will be produced (at the special request of a patroness of the Scarborough Teetotal Society) *The Ladies' Bottle*."

The Philosophy of Plato.

Husband and wife should learn to help one another, sharing, and enjoying everything in common, with the same cheerful division of labour as a knife and fork!—*Lady Clutterbuck.*

Serious Lady. "I CANNOT POSITIVELY ALLOW YOU TO KEEP A CAT THAT *SWEARS*."

QUACKS OF ADVERTISING COLUMNS.

WE rejoice to hear that the advertising quacks, whose celebrity is the same as that of Holywell-street, are extremely annoyed by some remarks which we lately made on the equipages in which they drive about Town. These flagrant examples of signally snobbish taste, which used to render the bushy-mouthed, hooked-nosed blackguards who ride about in them conspicuous, and attractive to verdant patients, now serve only to express their infamy, and to make them as repulsive to those whom they seek to victimise—as they look. This, doubtless, is what vexes them; exposure to mere odium and ridicule would rather please them than not, if it failed to defeat their villainy: they might be hissed up Regent Street, but so long as they could chuckle and rub their hands over the fees which they take at their own snug dens, they would care little enough for popular execration. Even as sporting gents, which some of them are, their feelings are not hurt by disparagement of their horses and carriages, provided that does not tend to prevent them from cheating. What does annoy them is, that denotation of their class which causes every individual of it to be recognised for the rascal he is, without affording him occasion for that revenge which he might, if his name were published, hope to take, by the help of an attorney and a barrister of his own species, and a jury of fools.

Latterly some of these fellows have re-modelled their advertisements, so as to place them beyond the provisions of LORD CAMPBELL'S Act; but, be it known to all whom it may concern, that anybody who advertises a peculiar cure of any disease or complaint, no matter what, is either not a member of the Medical Profession, or is regarded by that profession as a disgrace to it. Whoever consults a Holywell quack will, most probably, have his ailment very much aggravated, and will either be fleeced, or, if he does not choose to submit to extortion, have his transactions with the quack, and his whole case, medical as well as legal, published in the *Nisi Prius* reports. They will not probably be published in those of the County Court, because the sum for which the quack will bring an action against his patient will, most likely, much exceed fifty pounds.

THE PIPE OF CONTROVERSY.

IN the window of a tobacconist's shop, in Prince's Street, Soho, are exhibited some gigantic pipes, to which is attached a card, with the following description thereupon:—"The Controversy Pipe, Dedicated to PROFESSOR SOLLY AND CO., INDERWICK, London." The Controversy of which this pipe appears to be a memorial, is that which was raging some time ago on the question—"Is smoking injurious?" but such is the pipe's capacity, that the name it bears might have been applied to it simply by reason of its suitableness for controversial discussions: since, once filled, it would outlast the longest argument on the subject of free-will, or even one of MR. GLADSTONE'S parliamentary speeches on behalf of canonical nonsense. When we call this pipe gigantic, we use that epithet in its applicability rather to a large man of the DANIEL LAMBERT type than to GOG; for the pipe is, in fact, of the class called short; though its bulk is vast. It would have served admirably for the use of the biggest of all the giants that JACK, the killer of them, ever slew; and might have been the very identical pipe formed expressly for the capacious mouth of *Polyphemus;* who could have sat upon a mountain, blowing thunderclouds with it, or smoking like Etna.

THE SHOPMAN'S ADIEU TO THE LADIES.

TUNE—"*The girls we left behind us.*"

FAREWELL, sweet ladies; we shall now
No longer have the pleasure
Of serving you with scrape and bow,
Whilst wielding wand and measure.
The cruel Indian mutineers
More fit employment find us;
And in our place, you 'll have, my dears,
The girls we leave behind us.

You, with their patience and their time,
Instead of ours, will trifle:
We go to India's distant clime,
To point the Enfield rifle,
Instead of plying scissors' blades,
The task till now assigned us,
Which we relinquish to the maids,
The girls we leave behind us.

Up shop-steps we must cease to crawl,
And scale the walls of Delhi,
Which do contain what statesmen call
A genuine *casus belli*.
Against the cruel Sepoys' bands
Our spirit has combined us,
Our old work left to fitter hands,
The girls we leave behind us.

We go, a full revenge to take
For every British martyr,
For which that we our thirst may slake,
We 'll give no black beast quarter.
Unless to hang him by the neck,
To make the others mind us;
But ask, for muslin, chintz, or check,
The girls we leave behind us.

Our charge we purpose and intend
To make extremely heavy,
Our bayonets we can recommend
Against the blackguards' levy;
We 'll put the goods in low or high,
As chance the means may find us;
But seek, if poplins you would buy,
The girls we leave behind us.

With "Any other article?"
Inquiry thrust succeeding,
We shall, on shopmen's principle,
Address each tiger bleeding;
Those words, wherewith our wares to press,
The Shop's traditions bind us,
None now will speak to you—unless
The girls we leave behind us.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER'S ASSISTANT.

IT is a mistake on the part of Recruiting Sergeants, if they want to enlist linendrapers' shopmen, to go about with ribbons in their caps. Those young men are, like old birds, not to be caught with chaff. They have had too much of ribbons already—are sick of them—and ribbons ought to be kept out of their sight, save and except the ribbon of the Garter—provided that courage, conduct, and military skill could possibly enable a respectable drapers' assistant to jump over the counter to glory, and then skip up to a pension and a peerage. The Recruiting Sergeant might have some chance with the shopman, if the shopman had any chance of exchanging his yard-measure for a field marshal's truncheon.

Triplet and Toast.

LORD LANSDOWNE won't be Duke of Kerry:
LORD LANSDOWNE is a wise man—very.
Punch drinks his health in Port and Sherry.

MARRIAGE BY ADVERTISEMENT.

CARBOROUGH.—MARRIED,—On the 19th September, in the columns of the *Scarborough Times*, MR. ROBERT ROXBY, the light comedian of several Lyceum farces, and at present stage-manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, to a Young Lady, whose name is unknown. The Editor of the above unintelligent paper was the only person, who witnessed the mysterious union. After the invisible ceremony, the unconscious couple repaired to the Theatre Royal, Scarborough, where they were obliging enough to perform in '*The Follies of a Night*,' and other pieces, very much to the satisfaction of a crowded audience."

To explain the above marriage, we must state that the *Scarborough Times* has been giving to MR. ROBERT ROXBY, quite unknown to him, a wife. After telling the public that "MRS. ROBERT ROXBY terminated a most successful engagement on Wednesday last," it descends into particulars by informing its "Weekly List of Visitors" that "the part of *Miami*, sustained by this lady, deserves the highest commendation."

We have heard of newspapers presenting their subscribers with portraits, medals, globes, and atlases; but for a journal to give away a wife is quite a new feature. Doubtlessly, it will next venture on the presentation of a family? Unless a full stop is put to their liberality, MR. R. R. may suddenly find himself the father of ten children, before he was even aware that he had any reason in this world to be contented with such a happy lot?

However, we are informed that MR. ROBERT ROXBY is not so very well pleased with this editorial gift. He contends—and with justice on his side, we think—that the report is likely to do him a serious injury in his matrimonial engagements. He demands an instant separation from his wife, or else threatens an action against the newspaper for giving circulation to malicious rumours. The damages are laid at £50,000.

TO A RESPECTABLE VESTRY.

YE surly Chelsea Beadles
Who want to close Cremorne,
You pincushions for needles
And pins of public scorn,
Curmudgeons dull and dreary,
Insufferable churls,
Ungentle and uncheery
To little boys and girls.

Of public entertainment
When places are so few,
Why urge your harsh arraignment
Against Cremorne, ye crew
Of bigots, to be hated,
Amusement who detest,
And humbugs animated
By private interest?

Man Proposes, Woman disposes.

IF you wish to propose, do it in person. Never make a proposal in writing. Your letter gives the lady time to "turn it over," and to look at the question you are "popping" to her on all sides. Besides, it is wrong to suppose that women can be taken, as London omnibuses are, "by correspondence."

MILITARY QUERY.—Do the Kernels wear Shell-jackets?

"WRITE ABOUT FACE."

THE soldier's face is never safe. He never can tell whether his moustaches will be his for two months together. At one time, he is ordered to shave; at another, down comes an order to trim his whiskers to a certain length, and not a hair's-breadth further. Then arrives a war, and the soldier is allowed to stalk about with a beard as big as Bushy Heath. All razors have a furlough during such time as the army is busily engaged in lathering the enemy. The brush once over, the beards are cut down, like many other things, when the Service is put on a peace establishment. Here, at present, is the last tonsorial edict from the Horse Guards:—

"The Commander-in-Chief has ordered that every soldier is to wear a Moustache."

This is all very well, and we agree with the ladies, who are generally of opinion that the moustache is a great ornament, without which no military pair of lips is complete. But how about those faces that are completely innocent of stubble? It is a painful matter of fact, that under some noses, martial or otherwise, the moustache obstinately refuses to grow. No amount of persuasion, or Kalydor, will induce the rebellious hair to sprout. In many instances, the rubbing of the cat's tail even has lost its customary powers of inducement, as though the cat was determined to prove that in no instance was it friendly to the skin of the soldier. What, then, are such soldiers to do? Will they be punished for disobeying orders, or will a mandate like the following rush from the Horse Guards to their relief?—

"All those soldiers, to whom Nature has unkindly denied the natural adornment of a Moustache, are hereby ordered by the Commander-in-Chief to wear false ones."

FRENCH SAYINGS.

*By a "Natif de Paris."**

PAUVRETÉ est vice dans le pays des riches.
À force de tomber, l'enfant apprend à marcher.
Aux gueux tous les chemins sont bons.
Fortune mangée n'a plus de goût.
Douces paroles ne garnissent pas la poche.
Homme riche n'est jamais laid.
Argent, quoique noirci, n'est pas moins argent.
L'aveugle se brûle maintefois, qui mouche chandelle avec ses doigts.
L'âme est un prisonnier, qui, en s'échappant, tue toujours son geôlier.
C'est comme au Désert—il y a tant de poussière, et si peu d'eau, qu'on n'y voit goutte.
Prendre un Cab pour attraper l'Omnibus.
Les murs sont les livres des pauvres.

* We have since ascertained that this same "Natif" was born in Newman's Rents, Blogg Court, Grays' Inn Lane.

ADVERTISEMENT.

AN ON THE MOOR.—Why the deuce don't you come up? Where are you? Bother the birds. India wants another army. I can't do everything, and V.S. is no better than a muff. The business of the department is all in a mess. I'll keep your place open for you as long as I can, but you really will be kicked out if you don't return. We can't find your keys, and you've locked up all the Commissions. Have you taken the despatches for wadding? Write immediately, and still better, come to your distracted PAM. C—mbr—dge H—e.

Had him there!

LORD ABERDEEN'S cabinet, according to MR. BERNAL OSBORNE (oratorical at Dover last week), was a failure from its over-richness—from his Lordship's having put into it "too many wise men." Perhaps so; but why needed LORD PALMERSTON put in too many—we mean, run into the opposite extreme?

HOW TO TELL A WOMAN'S AGE.

By One of Them.

IN telling the age of another woman, you multiply by 2; but if you are telling your own age, then you divide by 2.

SOUTHAMPTON WATER CURE FOR MA(I)N(E)IACS.

OBER NEAL DOW, Author of the Maine Law, actually ventured to go to Southampton the other day and deliver an oration at the Victoria Rooms, in order to persuade the Southampton people to cackle and bray for the legal prohibition of the liquor trade! We will not say that we wonder the inhabitants did not seize the Yankee Maine Law originator by British main force, and put him under a pump, or did not turn the tables by turning the main upon him; because that would have not only been very inhospitable, but also, in a sense, carrying coals from Southampton to Newcastle (U.S.): on the contrary, we would suggest, that they might have taken him to MR. FISK'S, in the High Street, and have got FISK to give him some of his good beer, which cheers but not inebriates the clergy, county magistrates, ladies of rank and fashion, and eminent solicitors, who frequent that commodious restorative establishment. The eloquence of the stump-orator of involuntary total abstinence would have been permanently stopped by the FISKIAN argument; but would have been closed for the time only, if he had been illogically pumped upon.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

LONDON is so empty that a country gentleman, who, on Tuesday last, happened to drop a few thousands in *Crédit Mobilier* shares on the Stock Exchange, found them there the next morning in precisely the same place. His joy at this discovery knew no bounds, for it was evident that the poor simple fellow had given up all hopes of ever seeing his money again. As may be readily surmised, the gentleman lost no time in whipping the amount—not one penny of which had been disturbed—into his pocket, and, unobserved by a single person, leisurely decamped. However, he did not omit, either in the excess of his honesty, or malice, to leave the original shares behind him, and there, probably, they still are, for the benefit of anyone who chooses to pick them up.

THE REGULATION HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.

THERE was a little man,
Who could use a rifle-gun,
That would knock any Sepoy o'er:
For a soldier he would go,
But, alas! he can't do so,
Because he 's but five feet four!
What signifies his height?
This little man can fight,
For his bullets are made of lead;
And he can pull a trigger
As well as one that 's bigger,
And shoot a foe through the head.

INFALLIBLE RAILWAY BRAKE.—Mismanagement: this break is so effectual that it has been known to bring the best line going to a complete stand-still.

RAZZIA ON THE RATS.

ALTHOUGH the wild sports of the season are chiefly practised in the country, persons who are unfortunately compelled to reside in London have occasionally a sporting treat, which refreshes them, and enables them the better to endure their metropolitan penance. Of this kind was a capital Rat-hunt which took place last week in Holywell Street. A party of sportsmen had determined on routing out a colony of Rats which have long infested that neighbourhood. This process has for many years been desired, but certain parochial authorities, who have control in the district, have always pretended that the thing was impossible. The Rats are of a peculiarly offensive kind; and are, in fact, the most odious vermin in the Metropolis. They are, like Rats in general, especially mischievous to the young, and wherever they locate, they poison the vicinity. Some of them are British, others are the progeny of Palestine rats, but the garbage by which they live is equally abominable and pestiferous. They are very wily, and used only to be seen at night, but the conduct of the parochials emboldened the beasts, and they have of late pursued their prey in broad day-light. A Razzia on the Rats was determined upon, and a large field of sportsmen, in blue, surrounded the neighbourhood, and ferrets of the detective species were sent in. The scene that ensued baffles description, the Rats rushed about, shrieking and squeaking, and trying to carry away their foul provender. But they were met at every turn, and mercilessly trapped. The take was very large, and the beasts were reserved to be worried in a pit kept by that excellent sportsman, MR. JARDINE. The neighbourhood is much improved, but all the vermin are not removed, and we trust their persecutors will persevere until by worrying, singeing, and otherwise, they may be driven from this part of London. There should be no mercy for such beasts.

Popular Prejudice about an Author.

A YORKSHIREMAN, on a railway platform, has BARON MACAULAY pointed out to his notice; and, upon it's being explained to him that the Baron is an Author, who was formerly known as MR. MACAULAY, he thus gives vent to his astonishment:—

"That 's Measter MICOWLEY, the Owther, is it now? We'el I awla's thowt they look'd pael and seedy loike, and ow't a' t'elbows, ye noa; but that chap's gout a hat, and he's so we'el dress'd too—Dang it, I shud ne 'er a ta'en him for a Owther!" [*Stares at him quite bewildered, until the train goes out of sight.*]

NEW CHURNING PROCESS.

AN extensive butter-monger in Bond Street, who has fresh butter sent up to him from the country every morning, saves himself now all the trouble and expense of churning. He simply puts his churns, filled with milk, on one of the trucks of the Eastern Counties' Railway, and he finds, by the time the train has arrived in London, that the milk, in consequence of the severe shaking and jolting so capitally managed on that line, is effectively turned into solid butter!

CŒLESTIBUS IRA.

TRIO.—*My Lady the Countess.*—CIMAROSA.

CUMMING. WISEMAN. PUNCH.

Cumming. MY lord the Archbishop, I humbly salute ye,
Your title becomes you, as gems the POPE'S shoe-tie:
But only permit me to laugh at the name.
Wiseman. You cunning old CUMMING, his Lordship defies ye,
You heretic humbug, I hate and despise ye,
Your censure is honour, your praise were a blame.
Cumming. You donkey!
Wiseman. You monkey!
Cumming. You flunkey!
Wiseman. You drunky!
Both. Pray bluster your boldest, don't think that I funk ye.
Mr. Punch. (*indignantly*) O Preachers, O Teachers, be silent, for shame!

FLUNKEIANA.

John Thomas. "Yes, I must leave. You see, Mary, my dear—there's too much red in the livery, and that don't suit my complexion—never did!"

THE NORTHERN BEE.

How doth the busy Russian *Bee*
Improve the darkened hour,
And kindly hope it will not see
The fall of England's power.

How skilfully it frames the "sell,"
Forgives Crimean whacks,
And owns John Bull does pretty well
Whate'er he undertakes.

So now, let Russia, with a will,
The works of peace pursue;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For soldier-States to do.

In laying down the Iron Way,
Be her next century passed,
And then, who knows, the world may say—
"She's civilised at last."

Hindoo Smythology.

We read, in one of the innumerable books recently published upon India, that the—

"Hindoo mythology contains no less than 330,000,000 deities."

We should say that, by this time, the number was increased to 330,000,001; for you may be sure that Vernon Smith, in return for the great services rendered by him to the Hindoo cause, has already been raised to the rank of a Deity.

Proverb for all Ages.—Sorrows grow less and less every time they are told, just like the age of a Woman!

THE HUMILIATION INDEMNITY FUND.

We have much pleasure in being enabled to state that a numerously attended meeting of serious persons of the superior classes was held on Tuesday last at Exeter Hall, with the truly laudable and pious object of collecting funds for affording compensation to workpeople, and other industrious persons, dependent upon wages, and compelled to lose one whole day's pay, through the appointment of Wednesday as a day of Fast and Humiliation. The Chair was taken by the Earl of Bloomsbury, and on the platform were observed the Bishop of Belgravia, and Lord Tyburn, with others of the nobility, gentry, and clergy.

The Chairman, after having briefly stated the purpose of the meeting, said that the Humiliation which would deprive the lower classes of a day's wages, would be humiliating indeed to the better orders at whose desire, Humiliation Days were appointed. Whilst it placed them in a most humiliating position, it took from their humiliation every particle of merit, or rather rendered what should be devout humiliation, hypocritical baseness.

Lord Tyburn rose to propose a resolution calculated to carry out the end in view. A national fast was a good thing for those who were in a condition to fast—namely in good condition—having plenty to eat and drink. To call upon the hungry to fast was ridiculous—it was converting a fast into a farce. Those who demanded a fast day ought to pay for it, and demonstrate their penitence and contrition at their own expense, and not at that of their indigent neighbours. The noble lord moved that a Committee be appointed to receive subscriptions for the purpose of indemnifying industrious individuals necessarily deprived of a day's wages through the suspension of business occasioned by the General Humiliation and Fast of Wednesday the 7th inst.

The Bishop of Belgravia had much pleasure in seconding the motion. Humiliation and Fasting involved sacrifice; but what sort of a sacrifice was that when the sacrificers were those who rejoiced in wealth and affluence, and the thing sacrificed was the hire of the needy labourer? Did they who were blest with independent property, and many of whom were rolling in superfluous riches, imagine that they should make an acceptable offering out of poor workmen's wages? And what would all their enemies say—especially those who hated them to the death for their opposition to the pernicious errors of Rome? Let them only consider what painful remarks the *Univers* and the *Tablet* would be sure to make on the subject. If the working classes were not compensated for the wages which they would lose by the Humiliation Day, those who inflicted that loss upon them would do something that would be very similar to devouring the houses of widows; and the pretence of making long prayers would only complete the resemblance. He hoped he need not follow out the comparison suggested.

The Right Reverend Prelate was followed by

Sir John Bullion, Bart., who said that a poor man could not afford to fast. Instead of taking away his wages, those who desired him to fast, ought to supply him with the means of purchasing salt fish and egg-sauce for that purpose. They might humiliate themselves by being guilty of shamefully mean conduct: but he did not see any religion in that. The humiliation of the rich by the impoverishment of the poor might be summarily described. Humiliation was too long a word for it—to express it properly, subtract all the letters of that word but the three first. If they could not humiliate themselves without punishing the poor, they had better let humiliation alone: for such humiliation, as they might expect to find, was worse than no humiliation at all.

Thanks were then voted to the Chairman, and the meeting separated, after £10,000 had been subscribed on the spot.

CIVIL AND MILITARY GRATUITIES.

To the Editor of Punch.

"Sir,

"I see that General Havelock has received a Good Service Pension of £100 a-year. Of course this will come out of the public money, and will tend to lessen the fund which is available for granting proper allowances to those to whom they are justly due. Officers enter the Army under certain conditions; they receive so much for their duties, and the understanding is, that for the consideration stated, they are to do their duties as well as possible. For fulfilling their agreement I see no reason why they should receive more than they bargained for. Let them have as much honour as you like, for that costs the public nothing. Honour is the proper recompense for hardships endured, wounds received, and limbs lost; pecuniary compensation should be reserved for those to whom honour is no object, but who appreciate money, and are capable of enjoying it in peace and comfort. General Havelock's pension is not a very large one in itself; but it would have formed a pleasant little addition to the compensation allotted to, Sir, your hardly-treated and poorly-requited public servant,

"*Doctors' Commons, Oct.*, 1857." "Proctor."

THE FAIRY GODMOTHER OUTDONE.

WE extract the following impudent advertisement from a Scarborough newspaper. We think it fairly puts the extinguisher upon all previous attempts at imposition:—

JUST PUBLISHED, and sent post free on receipt of 14 *Stamps*,

PERSONAL BEAUTY, by a SURGEON, Containing Simple and Concise Directions for imparting to the Skin a velvety softness; to the Teeth a pearly whiteness; to the Hair a glossy luxuriance; to the Eye a natural brilliancy; to the Breath a fragrant sweetness, and to the Hand a snowy whiteness.

There, for little more than a shilling, are more gifts promised than a fairy godmother ever dropped into the cradle of one of her pet *protégées!* We suppose there are fools who put faith in such advertisements, or else you would not have tradesmen investing their money in setting traps like the above to catch them. The trap is so open that the wonder is, that any fool can be found short-sighted enough to drop into it. Scarborough must be full of fools, for the newspapers are crowded with similar insults to common sense. It is a pity that the "Surgeon" does not endorse the lies with the authority of his name. It would have given us great pleasure to have drawn the attention of the College of Surgeons to it. Doubtlessly it is some bathing woman, who is amusing herself by laughing in her blue sleeves at the gullibility of the "Scarboroa Fawks." For ourselves we should have great doubts as to the quality of the "velvet" that could be procured for fourteenpence, though there could not be a second opinion as to the "softness" of the customer who could lend himself to the absurdity of obtaining any such cuticular raiment. As for the "pearly whiteness," we are thunderstruck with the liberality of the "Surgeon," who flings away his pearls at such an incredulously low price.

We have drunk Purl just as often as CLEOPATRA, whom we look upon in history as the original Mother-o'-Purl; we have repeatedly stopped to quench our thirst at the "purling stream;" but we cannot say that we ever found our teeth any the whiter for the refreshing draught. Such pearls are too easily seen through for our money. By the bye, what a faultless *Adonis* this same anonymous "Surgeon" must be, if he only tries the above specifics on himself! What yards of velvet must encompass his soft frame! What teeth, to light up the streets, better than gas, on a dark night! What luxuriant hair to give away in ringlets to his enamoured patients! What an eye for a fee! What fragrant breath to inquire delicately into the state of a love-sick maiden's health, and what a snowy white hand to feel her throbbing pulse! By ST. D'ORSAY, by the gold eyeglass of VERNON SMITH, by the broad-brimmed hat of BARON NATHAN, we wonder how this *Admirable Crichton* of a "Surgeon" can walk the streets, without being torn by the admiring ladies into a thousand little bits! The mystery is at once explained why the sly dog hides his name. It is the necessity of safety, alas! that compels the incognito.

A CONTRIBUTOR IN A FIX.

"MY DEAR SIR, "*Sea-side, September.*

"YOU complain that I am remiss in my duties. You say: 'For the last three weeks I have not received a line from you; I am rather surprised at this conduct, for you are paid so well that you really are in the flesh at the sea-side, whereas many of your brethren are there, as poets are in the moon; either you must change your course, or —'

"Why that fierce and cruel 'or,' my dear *Punch?* That's all I complain of; it's like a Saracen's Head on a pleasant hostelry, or a Dragon on a Chinese shield.

"The fact is, I have quartered my armies so long upon that fertile country which lies under your contributor's hat, that it is bare as an ensign's cheek, or a recruit's head—'yea, from Dan to'——but no, I will not use that saying, I am merciful.

"Now, what am I to do? I look out of window, and there is the shining sea; if I go there I shall be taken up for poaching, for that preserve belongs to those squires, the poets who strum upon the Harp of the North.

"I look upon the heavens—they are theirs also; and I must say they use their subjects up there most despotically; they have made sun, and moon, and stars cut the most ridiculous capers—in fact, lowered them so, that a blue-light begins to look upon himself as somebody. I'll let the stars pass, but I beg to protest against the treatment of the sun and moon, the latter in particular, for she is elderly, and ankles and wisdom grow bigger with years, as wineskins and aldermen grow bigger the more you pour into them; ankles, my dear Sir, aged forty and upwards should be treated like the faces of Turkish women—in fact, they should be supposed by man to be extinct, like the Dodo.

"Well as I am shut out from the sea and heavens I'll turn to earth, and woman is all the earth to me. Alas! I look out of my window, and that conquering Cæsar, the young ADOLPHUS, has conquered her. That man, Sir, is a dovecote, which all her soft sweet smiles inhabit; he is a grove, where her musical words dwell and sing; he is an isle of the Southern Ocean, where her bright glances play for ever; oh heaven! he is a Paradise, where are those kisses all, all divine; and, in short, he is a humbug. I am in a fix, *Mr. Punch*, like NAPOLEON at St. Helena—by the bye I should have begun a fresh paragraph, as I have brought in NAPOLEON, but never mind.

"I have come to the resolution of killing myself, but as I am in doubt as to the best way of doing it, I'll wait till I receive your advice on that point; though I think that if I fell upon my steel pen, as Cato fell upon his sword, it would be most in keeping; but, as I said, I'll wait for your advice, which shall be implicitly followed." "UNIT."

A WORD FROM A WIFE'S MOTHER.

MR. PUNCH has received a very elegantly written and very artful letter from a lady who states herself to be a Wife's Mother, and who complains of the sarcasms which she says *Mr. Punch* and the other Great Writers of the day occasionally discharge against the Mother-in-Law. Our correspondent wishes "a kind word" said for that individual.

Humph!

Well, what sort of a case does the complainant make out?

She says that, "when a young gentleman is making love to a young lady, he endeavours to please the other members of her family," and "may possibly have a kindly feeling towards the girl's Mamma, whose good offices he tries to enlist in his favour." He would not be often asked to a house "if he did not conciliate the mistress thereof." Then the Mamma, believing that he likes her, proceeds after the marriage to act on that conviction, and is cruelly undeceived, and so forth.

Nothing short of a Mother-in-Law's assurance could have drawn such a picture as this. When do young gentlemen make love to young ladies? When, indeed, is it necessary for a young gentleman, if he be a decently eligible party, to do so? Does he not find the love made for him? Tries to enlist the good offices of Mamma! Has a mouse to enlist the good offices of Puss to hold open the door of the trap? Not be asked unless he conciliates the mistress! Why Madam, you know perfectly well that if you want CHARLES, or AUGUSTUS, or FELIX for your son-in-law, you *won't* be offended with him, let him do what he likes. If he breaks your favourite decanter, it was only an accident (MARY ANN BROWN was turned into the street without a character for cracking its fellow in washing it); if he comes to your party in a high state of after-dinnerishness, it is only his high spirits; and if he is downright rude to your friends, it is the manly frankness of his character, which you admire more than specious and hypocritical refinement. Don't talk to us about conciliation; haven't *we* been married, Madam? We were a good match; and one day we sat down on *Judy's* Mamma's pet lap-dog, and extinguished the same; and the old lady shook the feather in her old red turban, and said, smilingly, that everything must die some time or another. She has hitherto culpably and carefully abstained from fulfilling the prediction in her own case, though; but that is neither here nor there.

And then our correspondent complains that after marriage the Mother-in-Law must not call too often; must weigh her words, lest they be misinterpreted; and must not give the "young creature" (this means the triumphant bride) advice, though other relatives may do as they like without comment.

May they? By Jove! We don't know what you call comment, Madam; but we know what *Mrs. Punch's* long-legged cousin in the Bombay Marines thought when we expounded to him that he was not to come drinking our brandy-pawnee more than four nights in a week, and never in our absence. And a comment which we imparted to *Judy's* uncle BILL, upon that respected relative's habit of calling after we had left for business, borrowing the household cash, and "advising" *Mrs. Punch* how to run up bills, threw that affectionate uncle into such a fury that we almost hoped never to see him any more; but he ultimately cried into a yellow silk handkerchief and asked us for a sovereign. So that even if we do object to our wife's Mother being Vicereine over our wife, we have equal objection to any other form of mixed government.

Our correspondent then introduces, very cunningly, a pretty picture of her own daughters. One is married, and in a distant region. Another is "a dear, good girl," with "a warm and affectionate heart," and—

It is of no use, dear Madam, We are married. So are all our young

men, except one, and he squints, and is engaged. Polly is a sweetly pretty name, and there has been a time when, on the hint in your letter, we should have mounted our gallant steed, and ridden away to have a look at her. But those days are over. You cleverly allude to one Harry Jones, as attached to her. So, you have caught Harry Jones, have you? Then be satisfied.

We have some notion that you are a very good Mother-in-Law. That you watch anxiously over your child's happiness, as you cannot and ought not to avoid doing, but don't have a permanent watch-box in her husband's house. That you recollect that your child and her husband are one, and that if he is made uncomfortable, she will suffer also. That you are rather grateful to him for having taken your angel under his care, and entered into bonds to society and the law to provide for her to the end of her days. That you always set his conduct in the best light before her, and never tell her anything that you may hear, or imagine, against him. That you give her motherly and rational advice about her children, without establishing yourself as Governess-General. That you never contrast the behaviour of one of your sons-in-law with that of an other, and make Maria sulky with her husband because Fanny has (according to you) been promised a new moire antique while Maria's husband can't see that that silk has been worn often enough. That you don't use Maria's influence upon her husband to get him to accept bills for your son by your first marriage, or to be your wine-merchanting and small-coaling brother's security to an assurance society. That, in short, you are an admirable woman, and one of whom (to say nothing of your still handsome face) a son-in-law is as proud as a man ought to be of any feminine connection.

You are all this, Madam. So are many thousands of Mothers-in-Law (we have been told), and that those who are not may reform themselves into the likeness of those who are, *Mr. Punch* occasionally administers salutary hints and advice. Are you answered, Madam? Was a Wife's Mother ever answered?

DOUBTFUL BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

O readers of the *Record* and similarly biassed prints, it is no uncommon thing to see a cook or housemaid advertise herself as being "truly pious," which epithet is classed with her commendatory qualities, her knowledge of made dishes or proficiency in needlework. This sort of kitchen stuff must be in demand with some people, or there would soon cease to be provided a supply of it. Servants, no doubt, find it answer to prefix themselves as pious, or they would most probably not pay for space to do so. Whatever be our own opinion on the subject, that adjective may prove of serious advantage to them in applying for a situation in a Serious Family.

It is only by a somewhat similar assumption that we are able to explain the following advertisement, which, merely altering the last three letters of the name, we quote in its entirety from a sea-side paper:—

CADGER.

MOTHERS AND FATHERS WHO WISH TO HAVE

PURE HOME MADE BREAD

for their families, can be confidently recommended by a Clergyman and family to

CADGER'S, 145, LOW STREET,

NEAR THE OLD POST OFFICE.

Now, with all respect and reverence for the uses of the Church, we cannot see what use it can be to the community to know what bakers' bread a Clergyman affects—and it puzzles us to think why a Clergyman's approval should be deemed of so much worth in so unclerical a matter. The Clergy, it is true, are reputed to look sharply out for loaves and fishes, but we cannot assume therefore that their judgment of "pure home-made bread" is superior to other people's: indeed we should ourselves put much more faith in the opinion of a chemist or physician. A Clergyman, we grant, may be a connoisseur of crust in port, and the crustiness of loaves may also come within his knowledge: but of their make and freedom from adulteration, he can be no better judge by virtue of his calling. It may be in his profession to examine and to analyse the purity of motives, but he can pretend to no more insight into that of bread than had he remained a member of the laity.

But however much it puzzles us to guess the reason why a Clergyman should so prominently figure in a baker's advertisement, it is a still greater bewilderment to find his family dragged in as referees also. We might almost think from this, that so little weight attaches to the Clergyman's opinion that additional testimony is deemed requisite to back it. Or are we to infer, that the family act merely as deputy respondents, and that when the Clergyman is absent one of them is always in the way to answer questions? We are much too lazy now to try to solve this problem, and indeed it would be quite a waste of idle time to do so. But without much deep reflection, we may see, however pure this home-made bread may be, so reverend a reference is quite as pure a puff: and the benefit of clergy in such a case as this, to use the mildest adjective, we must consider doubtful.

THE ULTRAMONTANE AGAINST ENGLAND.

TO HIS FÉTICHE.

A Bigot, kneeling to a doll, cut angles on his breast,
And he prayed against Old England, whom the Roman priests detest,
An object sad he was to see for any Christian souls,
With his sinister and scowling eyes, and his sallow lantern joles.

"How long," the shaven devotee the painted doll besought,
"Ere England's power and greatness shall to nothingness be brought?
Oh! when shall dogged courage her possessions fail to save?
When shall her now triumphant fleets be swept from every wave?

"Shall she survive this Indian blow, and rise again once more,
As we, alas! have seen her do so many times before,
According to her boastful strain, the Saints which should provoke,
More dreadful to her enemies for every foreign stroke.

"How long ere we shall point to her, and say: Lo! where she lies,
Who dared resist the Holy See, and Rome 's decrees despise?
Till then, except us faithful, who with flowers will deck thy shrine,
And bend the knee before thee, and acknowledge thee divine?

"How soon, were England's sun set, would the pious night return,
Which to illuminate we should our holy tapers burn!
The baleful rays of Knowledge would be soon extinguished quite,
Then Faith, once more, again on Earth would shed the only light.

"The old world's glory underwent a long and deep eclipse,
When all that any one was taught proceeded from our lips;
Why should not modern science—that to witchcraft is akin—
Decline and die like classic lore, alike the birth of sin?

"The sun will then move round the earth as it was wont of yore,
Antipodes will scandalize the faithful soul no more;
And Heaven will be above the vault of blue, o'erhanging wide,
With none but those who worship thee upon the other side.

"No longer, then, the iron horse will fly with wings of steam,
Presumption's lightning wire will then have vanished like a dream;
True miracles will these succeed; and Saints, secure from jokes,
Will shine by night and oceans cross upon their sacred cloaks.

"But, ah! while England holds her own, a beacon to mankind,
Vile heresy will rear its head, refusing to be blind
In order by our priestly aid that it may learn to see,
And tell its beads and sing its hymns, and say its prayers to thee.

"Oh! expedite the happy hour when man shall cease to think,
And all confess that thou canst nod, and own that thou canst wink,
But this will never come to pass while England 's hale and strong;
How long ere she shall perish then, adorable, how long?"

A Blue-Stocking that Wants Mending.

An elderly *Bas Bleu*, being asked for an inscription to the Jenner Monument, seized hold of a pen in a Delphic frenzy of inspiration, and, in the readiest manner, dotted down the following:—

Poco Curante!

"He repealed the small pox."

THE ARTISTIC (!) STUDIO.

A Stereoscopic Scene from Fashionable Life.

"*Love, Pride, Revenge.*"—THE GROUP REPRESENTS A YOUNG MINSTREL OF HUMBLE ORIGIN, DECLARING HIS PASSION TO A LADY OF NOBLE PARENTAGE. HER HAUGHTY BROTHER, AS MAY BE SEEN FROM HIS MENACING ATTITUDE, IS ABOUT TO AVENGE THE INSULT OFFERED TO HIS FAMILY!

THE HEROIC CRAFTS.

LETTER to the *Times*, signed E. J., gives a list of the several trades of recruits who had joined the Dépôts at Parkhurst within the preceding fortnight. The intention of the writer is to convince drapers' assistants that if they entered the ranks of the Army they would be at no loss to find respectable companions. He proves, however, something more than that. Out of 33 recruits, of various trades, there are four shoemakers, and no less than five tailors, whilst the number of shoe-makers is equalled only by that of the bakers. Here is one more fact in proof of the martial and pugnacious turn which has been lately discovered to characterize tailors and shoemakers; especially tailors: a fact in singular contradiction to the antiquated idea, which imputed peculiar meekness and pusillanimity to those craftsmen.

That bakers should form a comparatively large proportion of recruits is not surprising: they are in a measure inured to service by having to stand fire: but what it is that inflames the breast of the shoemaker and tailor, particularly, with military ardour, philosophy fails to discover. The suggestion that the shoemaker, from the material on which he operates, derives a fancy for leathering the enemies of his country, appears far fetched, and little better can be said for the supposition, that the tailor has constantly an object in view which inspires him with a desire to cook their goose.

THE FINES ON THE FAST-DAY.

MR. PUNCH has the utmost pleasure in announcing that great numbers of the higher classes, struck with the extreme injustice of the arrangement by which, in the case of the humbler orders, actors, singers, and all others who are paid Daily Wages, a Fine, amounting to a day's earnings, is imposed by a National Fast, have resolved on placing themselves on an equality with their fellow-subjects upon occasion of the Day of Humiliation. They have determined to Fine themselves, each in the sum of his day's income, (which is not affected by the order for suspension of business and pleasure) and to hand the same over to the Indian Fund in the name of some portion of the classes whose sacrifice of income is compulsory. Among the donations which have been already received are contributions from

The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY	in the name of	Canterbury Hall.
SIR T. N. BUXTON	,,	Haymarket Theatre.
BARING, Brothers	,,	Adelphi.
HANKEY, PANKEY, and Co.	,,	Wizard of the North, Bosco, &c.
WHITE'S Club	,,	Blacking Brigade.
LORD DILLON	,,	Lyceum.
The Garrick Club	,,	The Garrick Theatre
Master of the Horse	,,	ASTLEY'S.
LORD MACAULAY	,,	The Printers.
MARTIN F. TUPPER, Esq.	,,	The Paper-stainers.
EARL OF DERBY	,,	The Sweeps.
MR. DISRAELI, M.P.	,,	O Clo'!
MR. JOHN O'CONNELL	,,	The Dyers.
Royal Academy	,,	The Painters.
SIR. C. WOOD	,,	The Carpenters.
JAMES WILSON, Esq., M.P.	,,	The Tilers.
Law Amendment Society	,,	The Tinkers.
VERNON S——, Esq., M.P.	,,	The Smiths.

Other Contributions will be duly announced.

"O GOD OF BATTLES! STEEL MY SOLDIERS' HEARTS!"

Henry V., Act IV.

"LITTLE GIRLS, COME OUT TO PLAY."

"The (*Pianoforte*) play's the thing."

WE extract the following Hints from a newspaper, called *The Englishwoman's Review*:

1. When asked to play, you must comply at once; for,' says this rare specimen of an *Englishwoman*:—

"One apology such as this—'I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extremest indulgence,' is worth more than a bushel of those stereotyped excuses, which affected young ladies are always well supplied with."

The advice is good, and we admire the quiet slap in the face that is administered to "affected young ladies;" but we are not quite sure whether the young lady, who, upon being led up to the pianoforte was to say: "I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extremest indulgence," would not be rather open to the charge of affectation herself. We are afraid that some satirical Miss would call her "pretentious," and report her to her giggling young friends as "an affected upstart of a blue-stocking, that had just made her escape from some Minerva Hall in the neighbourhood of Turnham Green."

2. The second piece of advice is:—

"If you sing, do so without grimaces."

Our *Englishwoman* informs us that this is not so easy as, at the first blush of the thing, it would appear; for—

"Many of our greatest, or at any rate, most *popular* singers, pull shocking faces while charming the spell-bound audiences with their silvery tones."

It is a pity that the names of these popular singers have not been mentioned. Perhaps, it is MR. COWELL, or MR. ROSS, or MESSRS. WRIGHT and BEDFORD, when those two comic twins (those local Ἀδελφοί) are singing together in a burlesque?

3. To guard against these grimaces, young ladies, you are recommended to—

"Put a looking-glass before you, when you are singing at home, and you will scarce credit that that smiling dimpled face could ever have looked so crabbed."

We do not disapprove of this holding the mirror up to nature, if the play of the features is improved by it; though, on reflection, we think a young GASSIER, who was intent upon watching her beautiful image in the glass before her, would, as she was warbling "*Portrait Charmant*," be apt to pay more attention to the expression of the mouth than to the expression of the music or the words.

4. Here is an invaluable bit of advice:—

"Enunciate as you would in speaking, being careful to pout out the lips for *o*'s and *oo*'s, to have a mouth in a smiling position for *ah*'s, and teeth properly closed for *e*'s and all such closed tones."

Nothing is said, in the above instructions, about the management of the nose. The fair pupil is left completely in the dark as to whether she is to compress or dilate her nostrils, or, in fact, what she is to do with them. Yet the practice of singing through the nose is by no means uncommon in society. We notice, also, that the *i*'s are left out in the above list of vowels, and likewise that no recognition has been taken of *u*. Why should *u* and *i* be invidiously slighted, we should like to know?

5. We are somewhat startled out of our propriety by the subjoined:—

"Do not breathe audibly, nor imitate the duck in the storm, by turning up the white of your eyes."

This strikes us as strange language to be addressed to ladies in a ladies' newspaper.

6. However, we agree thoroughly with the good sense displayed in the following hint:—

"If you have the slightest cold, cease your daily practice."

7. But we are doomed to be shocked again the very next minute by such a startling suggestion as—

"If you wish to rid yourself of a hoarseness, take a little rum with the drippings from bacon in it (infallible), and *talk very little*."

The rum and the bacon are too much for us. We feel inclined to call out with GEORGE THE FOURTH for "HARRIS, a glass of brandy!" only our servant's name happens to be OXER, and not HARRIS. Still, the shock to our nervous system has been so great, that, though we are talking to young ladies, we must have the brandy. "Here, OXER, two glasses of brandy!" As for the precept about "talking very little," we should think it belonged to that class of things that are reputed to be much "more easily said than done."

We have reached the climax of absurdity. After the rum and bacon, all the other elaborate instructions to young ladies only taste insipid. However, we subjoin a few curiosities, by way of bonbons after the dessert.

8. When you are playing, you must

"Sit gracefully, but not stiffly: sufficiently high to allow your fore-arm to incline downwards from the elbow to the keys. Keep your hands in a rounded position from the wrist, and never let your thumbs fall below the key-board."

We are astonished that our *Englishwoman* has omitted to lay down the rule that you must not attempt to touch the notes with your elbows, or your knees, or your feet, or your nose, or your head, in vainly endeavouring to imitate the gymnastical performances of THALBERG, RUBINSTEIN, or LISTZ.

9. Young ladies are sternly admonished to

"Be careful to sit with an erect back, as round-shouldered players are by no means uncommon."

We are very sorry to hear it. In the choice of your instrument, and in the style of your playing it, young ladies, let everything be as Square as possible.

We should be very sorry to live next door to this refined *Englishwoman*, for she informs us that yesterday "she practised ten hours." Merciful powers! what a blessing a neighbour like that must be in a new lath-and-plaster house with brown-paper divisions! To her pupils, however, she is more merciful, for she is considerate enough to say:—

"Three or four hours most masters advise as the daily amount of work at the piano: but I find it an excellent plan to play till Nature tells me to stop."

We should think four hours more than ample. At all events, we should not like to be condemned to live under the same roof as the young lady who practised four hours a-day. We would as soon think of taking lodgings over DISTIN'S shop. If "all work and no play makes JACK a dull boy," we are confident that all play (at the pianoforte) and no work (at anything else) would succeed in making JENNY a remarkably stupid girl. How many a sensible girl has completely lost her head at *The Battle of Prague!*

THE ALDERMANIC SQUABBLE.

SAYS Crockery to Tallow,
"You're an impident fallow,"
Says Tallow to Crockery,
"I won't stand your mockery."
Says *Punch*; "Both on wrong keys,
Shut up, you two Donkeys."

OURSELF IN A RAGE.

WE can't stand this, and if the EMPEROR NAPOLEON can, we shall take up the quarrel on our own account. We mean, (perhaps we are in too great a rage to be coherent, but somebody shall understand us in time, we engage) we mean the behaviour of MARIA of Petersburg to our beloved EUGÉNIE of Paris. It is proper that the matter should be understood. Old NICHOLAS of Russia, now abated, made a point of insulting LOUIS NAPOLEON, and refusing to recognise him as one of the family of Sovereigns; if that indeed be an insult, or as if Corsican blood is not as good, at least, as Cossack. But Russia having been exceeding well thrashed—by the said L. N., with the aid of Q. V. and another or so, the successors to the abated NICHOLAS deemed it as well to make a sort of surly atonement for the old one's insolence. First, Grand Duke CONSTANTINE was sent to Paris, and though he is a coarse kind of Cub, whose rudeness to all whom he dared to annoy disgusted the French Court and People, still NICK'S son had made the first call on LOUIS NAPOLEON. Then, a meeting of the Emperors was arranged, and ALEXANDER was to come to Darmstadt, and take home his wife, MARIA, who had been staying with her friends, and was too unwell, she said, to come to Stuttgart.

For, it had been settled that the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE should come to Stuttgardt with her husband, and this being understood, MARIA intimated that she should not come. She did not want to meet the EMPRESS. Against this we have nothing to say—she knew how the beautiful Spanish lady would eclipse her, both in looks and fascination, and every woman has a right to protect herself. The husbands meet at Stuttgardt, but EUGÉNIE does not go. As soon as MARIA finds this out, she unexpectedly comes over, bolts into the Congress, and makes herself exceeding busy. Her excuse is, according to the *Times*, that ALEXANDER is such a muff that the sagacious L. N. would have turned him round his finger but for his wife; and this is very likely true; but she knew his folly before, and could have arranged accordingly. The fact is, that she wanted to insult the EMPRESS EUGÉNIE, who, happily for herself, is not of Royal blood, and she has done it like an ill-bred female Cossack. We own to being in a rage, and to using strong language, for EUGÉNIE is a great pet of ours (we have shown it in many beautiful pictures and otherwise), and the man or woman who insults her insults us. We are only waiting to know what LOUIS NAPOLEON means to do; because if he exacts no reparation, we shall ourself declare war upon the Court of Russia. The man who would refuse to stretch forth his hand when a lovely Empress is insulted, is unworthy of the name of

PUNCH.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

OR PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A LOCOMOTIVE.

THERE was once upon a time an old locomotive.

She had been a first-rate piece of engine-building in her day. Old GEORGE STEPHENSON, when he turned her out of his yard at Newcastle—it was before they brought out that long-bodied, herring-gutted, racing style of locomotive that now flashes its express-train along at sixty miles an hour, and occasionally jumps down an embankment, or over a viaduct, it's so light and lively—Old GEORGE clapped her on the breech of her round, cobby boiler, with his own honest hand, as the mechanics ran her down, and cried: "Thou's a bonny thing; *that* thou is!" And on the spot he christened her *The Blazer*.

Old GEORGE had an eye for a locomotive.

The Blazer was a bonny thing.

For years she did her work on the Stockton and Darlington line,—that modest mother, from whose iron loins has sprung the whole giant race of railway-lines in the Old World and the New. It was honest, regular, steady work on that line. Like its Quaker Directors, the company was never in a hurry either to do its journeys, or to raise its dividends. It began with a cool fifteen miles an hour, and a comfortable ten per cent. The fifteen miles have doubled; but the ten per cent. dividend remains as it was. On a less Quakerish line, they would have quadrupled the pace, and brought the dividend down to one per cent. by this time. Well, *The Blazer* worked between dull Darlington and ship-yardy Stockton, for many a year, till the gloss was worn off her paint, and her iron and brass-work began to look weather-beaten. But her boiler was made of right good stuff. Flaws were rare in Old GEORGE'S plates; and his rivets were good-holding ones, and well clenched. Whatever part of *The Blazer*, might want the doctor, her boiler was all sound. So she puffed, and panted, and wheezed, and snorted, and ran her quiet, happy youth out, on that primitive line, till railways had grown, and stretched their iron arms over the whole island. One day *The Blazer*, now a steady, middle-aged locomotive, was transferred, with some other part of the rolling stock which the makers could spare, and had a customer for (on highly remunerative terms), to one of the dashing, new Midland lines, got up on the Hudson high-pressure system of, "a short life and a merry one."

They took it out of their servants and stock, the better to take in the public. Every pointsman, and signal-man, and station-master, had three men's business to attend to, and every locomotive had to work double tides, on half allowances of care, oil, and overhauling. "Making things pleasant" was the motto of this Company, and everything—the comfort of servants, the interest of shareholders, the safety of passengers—was risked recklessly for the purpose of swelling dividends till they couldn't be swelled any more, and collapsed under the crushing hands of hard fact. The poor old *Blazer* suffered with the rest. Many and many a journey did the shaky old creature make, when she ought to have been in hospital at the repairing-house. Many a journey did she get through with the pleasant conviction that her water-gauge was out of order, and her safety-valve useless. But work she must, and the lower the bill her engineer had to show for repairs at the year's end the better for him. Her boiler-plates were getting remarkably thin now—oxidisation and deposits had done their work; and here and there a rivet was getting shaky. But there was no time for overhauling her; and a new boiler would have figured as a heavy item under the head "repairs of rolling stock;" so on the *Blazer* went, scaled plates, shaky rivets and all. At last it came. One fatal journey the poor old thing had to take a heavier turn of duty than had ever been laid on her before. It was on an express train, started to race the express of a rival line. By overworking every inch of man, and every ounce of metal, it was just possible to shorten the journey by a quarter of an hour. So the quarter of an hour was to be saved, of course, and when one of the Directors—a new-comer—hinted at danger, he was most caustically reprimanded by the Chairman, and contemptuously put down by the Board.

Off went the lightning express at the heels of the old *Blazer*, working at nobody knows how many pounds pressure to the square inch. As might have been expected, "smash" went one of her worn-out boiler-plates. The nearest carriages slacked their speed, the middle ones were jammed up into the air by those behind them; three compartments went over the embankment: a score of people were killed, some hundreds maimed—the reporters were busy—inquests were held—and verdicts were returned,

Against whom?

Against the *Blazer*, or against the Directors, who allowed that worn-out locomotive to be used?

What says COMMON SENSE?

Surely the poor old *Blazer* was not to blame. She had done her work well while she could, and had lasted longer than ninety-nine locomotives out of a hundred. But first, the man whose business it was to see that engine kept in proper order—*i.e.*, the engineer—had neglected his business.

And, secondly, the man whose business it was to see that the man whose business it was to see that engine kept in proper order did *his* business—*i. e.*, the superintendent of rolling stock—had neglected *his* business.

And, thirdly, the man whose business it was to see that the man whose business it was to see that the man whose business it was, &c., &c., &c.,—*i. e.*, the Directors—had neglected *their* business.

In short, everyone was to blame but the *Blazer*. She broke down in obedience to the laws of nature.

Well, will it be believed that the Directors, in solemn conclave had the impudence to propose trying the poor old locomotive?

* * * * *

There's another Company—on a much larger scale, which has met with a similar catastrophe. An old locomotive, called the GENERAL LLOYD, part of the stock of the East India Company, has lately broken down near the Dinapore Station, at a most critical moment for the safety of every passenger in charge of the Company.

There has been an awful smash; and—

The Directors talk of trying the poor, old locomotive—which it was their duty to have had overhauled every journey, and which, if they had done their duty, would have been quietly waiting in the yard to be broken up for old iron, many a year ago. . . . . !! Don't you think the British public has a right to ask

"WHO'S TO BLAME?"

PITY FOR THE POOR SEPOYS!

"MR. PUNCH,

"'SPARE while you strike.' 'Blend mercy with justice.' I wish, Sir, you would tell the twaddlers, who keep bleating these copy-book moralities, to hold their tongues. 'Hang not at all,' is a doctrine I can understand; but, if you are to hang at all, hang every Sepoy you can catch. And let us have no more idle deprecation of the public cry for vengeance. Do not hang, if you object to death punishment; but, anyhow, don't hang and cant. Let us not talk of mercy and forgiveness towards a criminal while we throttle him. Execution is vengeance, whatever we may call it. Chapter and verse are quoted against revenge. But chapter and verse must be construed reasonably. Chapter and verse, if understood literally, would oblige us to send out pale ale and preserved meat to our enemies, the Indian mutineers. Chapter and verse are to be read, not only with grammar in view, but also with rhetoric. Hyperbole is one of the figures for which allowance must be made in reading chapter and verse. Private and personal revenge are doubtless forbidden by chapter and verse, and individuals are counselled to disarm attack by concession. But the public is not required to put up with outrages upon human nature; and doubtless the burning indignation which such crimes excite arises from a sentiment implanted in man, on purpose to secure the punishment of atrocious criminals. Let us, Sir, in this, as in all other affairs, regard

"THINGS RATHER THAN WORDS.

"P.S.—Poor NENA SAHIB! If he should be captured, and our vengeful authorities cannot be prevailed on to spare him, might he not be allowed to expiate his little offences against English women and children—under the influence of chloroform!"

SACRIFICES TOO ALARMING.

WRITING from Bond-street, a dashing young haberdasher, under the signature of H. G. W., states certain obvious reasons why young men-milliners are not quite so ready to enlist for private soldiers as they are expected to be. The sum of his communication is, that if you are to get parties into the Army from behind the counter, you must render the exchange worth their while. Half-a-crown a-day, and, on passing a sufficient, but not too strict, examination, a commission guaranteed to the survivors, in a new Native Regiment, are his terms, which are certainly reasonable; and, if these are granted, he says, with characteristic spirit and in language to match:—

"I am certain that in a few weeks, from the London drapers alone, a battalion of young men eager to avenge the atrocities of NENA SAHIB AND CO. might be raised, to be called the First Battalion of Volunteer Guards, or the Royal Counterjumpers.'

To ask a young man to throw up a salary from five to twenty times as much as the pay of a soldier, in order to embrace a soldier's life, with all its hardships and dangers, and its poor look-out in the event of not being cut short; whereas, by sticking to the shop he might in time become a Lord Mayor or a Member of Parliament, is to call upon him to make a tremendous sacrifice not to be expected even of a linendraper. "Allow me to tempt you," is a phrase which the Recruiting Sergeant ought to be enabled to address to the linendraper's assistant with some prospect of success if the temptation is permitted. Superior articles—of agreement—the tempter should have to exhibit, and not such as any respectable young man of decent intelligence and education would pronounce to be decidedly inferior. Otherwise the answers which the Sergeant will generally get from behind the counter will be: "We couldn't do it, really," and "No, Sir; not at this establishment."

BLACK STRAP BERRIES.

A CERTAIN Inn of late, by chance,
I, in a ramble, passed:
When, at the portal steps, a glance
Upon a man I cast.
A basket which, upon his crown,
This individual bore,
He took therefrom, and set it down
At that same Tavern-door.

This basket being full of fruit,
Did my attention seize;
'Twas crammed with berries black as soot,
In one word, blackberries.
Now, to that Tavern if I go,
And happen there to dine,
There's one thing I won't do, I know:
I'll call for no Port wine.

TO GENTLEMEN IN SEARCH OF EXCITEMENT.

WE have seldom seen an advertisement that held out livelier prospects to the person who may succeed in gaining the post it offers than this:—

A SCHOOLMASTER, possessed of a missionary spirit, is REQUIRED for a Protestant mixed ragged school, established principally for the children of Roman Catholics. The requirement is for three months, with a possibility of permanency. Address, with references to the Committee.

The "possibility of permanency," we should suppose, will very much depend on whether the schoolmaster does or does not get his head broken in the first three months' exercise of his "missionary spirit."

One can imagine the scene in the neighbourhood of this Protestant ragged school intended for Roman Catholic children!

We beg strongly to recommend the situation to the REV. HUGH HANNA.

AN ART TREASURE.

"MR. PUNCH,

"I AM one of that interesting class of men, well born, what is called well-educated, well-dressed, good-looking, with a hatred of everything low—including work—who find it so hard to meet with a place in the world at once suited to their obvious claims, their tastes and their capacities. The time has been when I should have been easily and comfortably provided for in a Government situation. But the low and levelling spirit of middle-class agitation has reached even the administrative circles, and my way to a clerkship in the Red Tape and Sealing-Wax Department, in which my family held lucrative and dignified situations for many generations, is barred against me by those offensive Civil Service examiners, to whose vulgar pretensions, I, for one, am determined never to submit myself. In the good old times the Army might have offered me a resource. But Commissions without purchase are now given to Officers' children, forsooth,—won by competitive examination, I dare say, or reached by some such pedantic road—and I don't mean to give any Board the pleasure of prying into my style and spelling.*

"Even for diplomatic appointments, they are now beginning to insist on a knowledge of foreign languages, and I dare say there's an examination, or some similar annoyance, to be faced even for an *attaché*-ship. But I have not tried my chance in that quarter, as our connection is at present in opposition. At all events, here I am, at twenty-seven, with my birth, breeding, and accomplishments, literally not knowing where to turn for a sovereign! There's the diggings—but am I to go and associate with a set of navvies? There's the bush; cattle-hunting seems good fun enough—but only imagine smearing sheep against the scab, with the thermometer at 85°, and eating kangaroo steamed, and parakeet-pie, made by a black woman. Volunteering for India's out of the question. The Company's service is not the thing, and the heat would be too great a bore.

"Thus barred from all avenues, I will not say to fortune or distinction—perhaps I have no right to expect these—but even to comfort and independence, you may conceive with what delight my eye fell the other day on this advertisement:—

ARTISTIC STUDIO.—WANTED Young Gentlemen, as SITTERS for GROUP PICTURES, gentlemanly looking. Apply personally, in a fashionable ball-dress, to G.R., 12, J— Place, New Road, from 3 to 5 o'clock. 4*s.* for every two hours' sitting.

"I hasten to communicate the announcement to your widely circulated pages, in the hope it may meet the eye of young men, like myself, ornamental, but denied the means of usefulness by the iniquitous arrangement of Society. Two shillings an hour is twelve shillings a-day for six hours' work—nay, six hours' sitting—which cannot be very fatiguing. A man can live on that with strict economy, and a judicious use of the advantages of his club; particularly if he has a gentlemanlike knowledge of billiards, and can hold his aces at whist.

"I am this moment starting for J— Place. I haven't the remotest idea where it is. I'm afraid it is not the part of Town in which one would like to earn a living; but I have no right to be nice.—Trusting that this letter will be the means of opening up to others that avenue to employment for 'gentlemanly-looking young men,' who can command 'a fashionable ball-dress,' of which I am about to avail myself. I remain, *Mr. Punch*, Yours Faithfully,

"PERCY VERNON MONTGOMERY LAZY-TONGUE."

"P.S.: I reopen my letter! Oh gracious goodness! what *have* I gone through! I paid my last available five shillings to have the wretches photographed. *There* they are! (at page 150).

"These are the 'gentlemanly-looking young men!' These are the 'fashionable ball-dresses!' He wants us to stand for Stereoscopic slides, of 'Scenes from Life; the Upper Circles' as the Snob calls it. He actually told me that I was 'too quiet.' —That my style of dress wasn't 'spicy enough;' and asked if I hadn't such a thing as a coat with a silk lining to the lapelles, and a worked dicky! I suppose I shall have to carry a board about the streets,—but I wouldn't earn my bread among such a set of snobs, if it was to be twice as thickly buttered!

"I send my letter, with this postscript. *The bane and the antidote.*—Oblige me by inserting the picture, as a warning to persons situated like myself."

* *Note by Editor.*—We have corrected the orthography and punctuation of our distinguished correspondent.

THE TREMENDOUS SACRIFICE.

Lord Pan. "AND JUST AS THEY WERE COMING ON SO BEAUTIFULLY, TOO!"

A SONG FOR THE SHOP.

AIR—"*The Minstrel Boy.*"

THE draper's man to the war is gone,
In the foremost ranks you'll find him;
His knapsack he has buckled on,
His tape-yard left behind him.
"Hands so strong," cried the warrior, fired,
"No woman's work were made for:
Such sinew now for war 's required,
And more—will be well paid for!"

The shopman fell!—but his fame survived,
With heroes now recorded;
He served his country while he lived,
He died not unrewarded.
"Go, tell my shopmates," he exclaimed,
"To leave their silks and tapery;
In England 's need brave hearts are claimed,
And souls above all drapery!"

MINUTE DOSES.

SOME advertising grocers of Leicester advertise "Toothache cured in One Minute." After this comes an announcement of "Cough Cured in One Minute!" and this again is followed up by the statement of "A Broken Vase made whole in One Minute." The above specifics only teach us what a deal may be achieved in so small a space of time as sixty seconds! We wonder these puffing tea-dealers, who seem to sell everything, from bacon to blisters, do not prolong the list of their boasted cures. Why do they not advertise, "Bacon Cured in One Minute," "A Man's Bad Temper Cured in One Minute," or "A Woman's Broken Heart made whole in One Minute?" It would not be a bad experiment to send *La Traviata* to Leicester, to see whether her cough could be cured in the time specified, and whether her broken frame could be repaired as expeditiously as a broken vase.

THE WRITER OUGHT TO BE PIKED.—The idle man promises, the active man performs. In so far as they give evidence of inactivity, Promises are like Pike Rust.

BAGMEN FOR THE BATTLE-FIELD.

WHY should not women serve women in drapers'-shops? To suppose that there is no reason why they should not is a very great mistake. Mark what girls invariably do when they pass one another in the street. Observe their eyes. Askance, instantly glance those of each to scan the dress of the other. This ocular movement is almost involuntary. The expression which attends it may be that of contempt or vexation, but is never that of admiration—never that with which the reflection of a dress is viewed in the looking-glass. The feeling which betrays itself in this look unfits a girl behind the counter to show off drapery to one before it. It causes her to perform the task in a perfunctory manner; she cannot do it cordially: goes through it with a rather repulsive coldness. She cannot, as an imaginative shopman can, make rapturous eyes at the article, as viewed in fancy on the person of the fair customer. Moreover, she is unable to praise and recommend it heartily; nor can she assist in a choice between different goods: for ladies, as every man knows who has ever gone shopping with them, even in choosing patterns for themselves, find much more difficulty than they have in deciding between rival suitors. Besides, they generally prefer the masculine opinion as to what most becomes them, to that of their own sex.

No: but there is a department in the drapery line, and other lines, wherein men might very well be replaced by women—that of Commercial Traveller. In this, girls would have to do not with other girls, but with men; and their winning ways in regard to mankind might thus be exercised to advantage. A T.L., or Travelling Lady, would be worth a dozen T.G's, or Travelling Gents, to any house that would commission her to procure orders. The only objection to the substitution of bagwomen for bagmen that can be imagined is that which might be made by innkeepers; for if Travelling Gents were superseded by Travelling Ladies, the commercial-room would not pay so well as it does: since few, if any, cigars would be smoked in it, and much more tea would be drunk than brandy-and-water. The female travellers could easily learn to ride across country, or drive a gig: and the displaced bagmen might transfer themselves to the Light Cavalry.

RAMPANT RIBBONISM.

THE appeal of the *Times* to the Ribbonmen of England, that they should for once not mind their business, and should turn their hands to serve the country rather than the counter, has elicited a glow of anything but patriotism, and more fire of indignation than of martial spirit.

We grant it is the tendency of feminine pursuits in some measure to unsex the masculine pursuer: but it is a libel on our countrywomen to say the want of pluck the drapers have exhibited is in any way feminine, although it be unmanly. There are few women just now who have not wished that they were men, that they might act as the avengers of their outraged sisterhood. But the "respectable young men" who have been writing to the papers are clearly uninfected by such vulgar spirit. As business-men they take a mere commercial view of matters, and regard enlistment only as a trading speculation, from which they are deterred by their doubts if it will pay them.

But we have more than half, indeed we have at least nine-tenths of a suspicion, that the letters which incline us to the foregoing expressions, although signed by the shopmen, have been written by their masters. It is said that drapers would lose custom by losing their young men, and it is inferred that they are therefore anxious to dissuade them from enlistment. The appeal, then, should be turned from the counter to the counting-house. Drapers are accustomed to "Alarming Sacrifices," let them, if it prove so, now prepare to make one. Let every haberdashing hero beat recruits from his assistants, and put down his loss as a debt against his country. But we dispute the jumped conclusion that he would thereby be a loser. At any rate, we think we can prescribe him a preventive. If he fear that ladies will desert his shop when only served by women, let him but post a placard that his men have "GONE TO INDIA," and our word for it, his trade will not fall off in consequence.

MUNIFICENCE OF THE AGE!—A Manchester gentleman advertises "for a penny paper, the day after publication, at half-price."

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex. Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857.

A TRIFLE FROM SPITHEAD.

HERE was a good hit in our friend DR. CUMMING'S Fast-Day sermon. He reminded his hearers that he had always protested against the assumption of Titles by the Popish hierarchy, and that now we found the very priests whom we had permitted to violate the law, gratefully hindering enlistment, and preventing charity. However, we are not for violent measures with these foreigners. If, to be in keeping with their contemptible conduct, a vulgar illustration be permitted, we would merely remark, that the more these Italian irons are stuck into the fire, the more inclined are decent folk, Catholic and Protestant, to perform on the priests the operation by which laundresses ascertain whether their irons are hot enough.

BRITISH BRAHMINS AND BRITISH MERCHANTS.

MR. GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE, M.A. (Readers are requested to observe the "M.A." with proper reverence) has returned prematurely to his chambers in the Temple, in consequence of the complicated aspect of public affairs. The very first morning after his return he was unfortunate enough to cut his distinguished chin from incautiously meditating an article for the *Saturday Review*, while he was in the act of shaving that elevated feature; and this accident, added to the bile remaining in his system in consequence of the abridgment of his continental tour, is sufficient to account for his not being in the best of tempers.

As he crunches his dry toast with a menacing aspect, he looks over his *Times* in search of a likely victim. The *Times* itself he has long ago shown to be the merest waste paper. He has broken the heart of its principal correspondent, who is supposed in consequence to have retired into a monastery. He has lashed the novelists, he has slashed the wits—for he himself is neither a wit nor a novelist—and he has established to his own profound satisfaction, the superiority of critical over creative intellect. According to his own statement, he was "*sick of seeing the honours of mind awarded to small jokers and washy sentimentalists*," and he has cured himself of his sickness by taking these honours to himself; in virtue of the presumption, to which, of course, we all assent, that a gentleman who can so cleverly disparage works of art could do very much better himself, if he tried. G. T. being a *Master* of Arts, has taken the benefit of this presumption, and has spared himself the trial, at the same time considerately sparing his readers; and now he is occupied in condemning the ungraduated, and in whipping up the rest of creation for his Saturday syllabub. At the present moment, it appears that he wants a subject to operate upon in connection with the Indian Mutiny, the only topic people are supposed to care about just now; that is to say, he wants to set his mark on somebody and especially on somebody who least anticipates or deserves it.

A simple observer would account for the smile on his features by the obviousness of his target, and would only suppose him to be hesitating between the Board of Control and the Court of Directors. But TEAZLE aspires to a place in the Circumlocution Office, and is prepared to go through life "On HER MAJESTY'S Service," which makes him particularly tolerant to the slips of officials, and anxious to keep up what he designates "the prestige of official station." The TEAZLE and TITE BARNACLE interests are so allied, that if any member of either abuses the confidence of his country, if he blunders or breaks down or jobs at the Treasury, or uses his knowledge for his bargains on the Stock Exchange, if he loses his head or his temper, or an army, or an empire, or the precious lives and as precious prestige of his countrymen, G. T. points attention in some other direction like the confederate in a plant at the cry of "Stop Thief!" G. T. performed this service for the authors of our Crimean disasters, and G. T. is ready to perform it again, or as often as the TITE BARNACLES bring us to grief, provided as how he can find a convenient scapegoat.

Thus, our Indian Empire was founded by our English merchants, and its object was the increase of our commerce and shipping. It was changed into a territorial occupation on the pretext that the lives employed in this commerce were otherwise endangered. Province was afterwards added to province, really and truly for this purpose? By no means! For the purposes of colonisation, where the settlement of Englishmen has been discouraged? For revenue—where the expenditure exceeds the utmost income? For the conversion of the natives, who have shown with what effect our missionaries have preached and prayed in this behalf? For none of these things; but simply to substitute a great feeding-ground of TITE BARNACLES for a mercantile emporium. Our merchants have been hustled out of its government, and have now no voice in its councils, and, what is worse, no consideration from its servants. To the latter they stand in the relation of Pariahs to Brahmins; they have been snubbed and insulted, and now they are ruined.

The system which oppressed them, *for their protection*, has given way, and the Indian Government, having reaped the consequences of treating Hindoos as Britons, now tries to recover itself by treating Britons like Hindoos. These gentlemen are indispensable, but they are quite ignored; their advice would have saved the catastrophe at Dinapore, but it was rudely slighted. Their services were rejected till it was found impossible to do without them; and their press, a most respectable press, is ignominiously gagged. Now, that their maltreatment has reached to this extremity, they cry out; and the cry of the lamb caught in the bushes was not more welcome to the Patriarch ABRAHAM than this cry is to GOLIGHTY TEAZLE, who is professionally on the look-out for a scape-goat. "Now," exclaims that bilious subject, making too free use of his butter-knife, "the Circumlocution Office is saved. VERNON SMITH may go to bed, and dream that he is a statesman; the Directors may go to Church, and humiliate themselves for other people's sins; and I may not only do service to them and to myself, but may have an *oligarchy of casual denizens* at my feet to kick about in the pages of the *Saturday Review* till Parliament meets." To which, simple Englishmen as we are, we reply: "GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE, Master of Arts, we have almost had enough of your conceited trifling; we have petted your Brahmin Caste too long, and *Mr. Punch* has his park of artillery ready to blow you into little pieces, if you refuse to march with the rest of us. Mutiny is bad enough abroad, but the last mutiny we can tolerate is treason to our home traditions. We like self-government for Englishmen at all times; at all events we prefer it to the rule of Bureaucracy, after the latter has been tried and found wanting. We are satisfied that the cakes of the Indian Brahmins would never have produced an Indian revolt, but for the cakes sent out by the Brahmins at home, and we are not to be diverted from condemning them utterly, because they appear comparatively innocent in the eyes of GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE."

TO A LADY.

BELIEVE me, if all those voluminous charms
Which thy fondness for fashion betray,
And keep e'en thy nearest relations at arm's
Distance—some paces away:
Were those air-tubes now blown up—exploded outright,
And those hoops trundled off thee as well,
With less ample a skirt thou would'st look less a fright,
And more belle-like when less like a bell.

'Tis not by mere Swells taste in dressing is shown,
And that size is not beauty 'tis clear;
Nay, the shapeliest forms when balloon-like out-blown,
Both distorted and ugly appear.
Then heed not what fashions *le Follet* may set,
Be enslaved by no follies like those;
For be sure that your dresses, the wider they get,
The more narrow your mind is disclose.

MORE MAGISTERIAL TYRANNY.

IT appears that one of the legitimate profits of trade, as carried on by the lower order of shopkeepers, arises from a pleasing process of giving to children, and others not likely to notice the fraud, bad money in change, and when the cheat is detected, of appealing to a notice, stuck up in a shop, that "No money will be exchanged after taken from the counter." One of the police-magistrates, who are always interfering, tyrannically with commercial ingenuity, has decided that this notice is a piece of impudent and useless trash, and perfectly unavailing against proof that bad money has been given. What with persecution of folks who "ride the monkey," give short measure, and pass bad coin, we hardly see how British tradesmen can live—at least in any style. But adulteration of goods is still left to them unchecked, and let us hope that this precious and sacred right of trade may be intact for many a day. In a nation of shopkeepers, shopkeeping really ought not to be discouraged by law.

THE BOTTLE THAT CHEERS AND NOT INEBRIATES.

AT the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of a Mechanics' Institution at Huddersfield, there occurred an incident reported as follows:—

"The REV. E. MELLOR, after reading the list of articles contained in the bottle, which consisted of the *Times*, *Leeds Mercury*, *Illustrated News*, *Wesleyan Times*, *Punch*, and the local papers, &c., delivered an appropriate address."

It is the incident of the "bottle," that amuses us. It is a kind of "Bottle" that GEORGE CRUIKSHANK himself would put his approving seal upon. GOUGH would ask NEAL DOW to pass him such a Temperance Bottle as that. We wonder how the contents will taste, when the bottle is opened some hundred years hence? Will the high flavour of them have gained in raciness, or will they taste flat to the critical palate? Will Time have imparted additional strength to the *Times*, or have added aught to the rare spirit of *Punch?* Will the *Mercury* be pronounced generous, or thin, or tart, and will similar praise be liberally awarded to the *Wesleyan Times* as, in a cathedral town, is generally bestowed on rich "clerical port?" We hope no grumbling connoisseur, to give proof of his fastidiousness, will exclaim, as he is sipping his *Illustrated News*, "Capital, Sir, capital; but just a wee trifle cut." However, there is one consolation, that the more our lucky successors addict themselves to a bottle like the above, the better and wiser men they will be for the invigorating practice. Even if it gets into their heads, they will only find that they are better men, better husbands, better fathers, better masters, better subjects, better men of business, for it? The man, who could imbibe three bottles of the above mixture every day, would be such a consummate Genius, that CARDINAL WISEMAN would esteem it an especial favour to be his shoeblack! Cockadoodledo!

SLAVERY AT TURNHAM GREEN.

WE see, by the advertisements of the *Times*, that a French dealer in school books, and agent *en gros et en détail* for ecclesiastic establishments, offers:—

FOR SALE.—A Young Ladies' School, 85 Pupils. Most accomplished Mistresses. Terms moderate. Apply, &c.

Gracious goodness! goodness gracious! Are we living in England, or in the centre of Africa? Are we free subjects of QUEEN VICTORIA, or do we grow cotton under the eye of the American Eagle? Is such a system of slavery in existence within a sixpenny omnibus drive of Buckingham Palace, and no Paterfamilias rises with a clenched fist to denounce it? Imagine 85 Pupils being quietly offered for sale, and not a single WILBERFORCE interferes to prohibit the unnatural sale! Will the young ladies be taken in one lot, or will they be offered separately? Will they be made up in bunches of a dozen, or will they be handed round a form, or a class, at a time. It seems that the mistresses are to go with the pupils! Poor governesses! We always thought that their life was one, indeed, of slavery, and this sale only too clearly proves it. We wonder how much a dancing-master in a Ladies' School fetches? If the fellow in the present instance had the smallest spirit of a man, he would make a bold jump, and musically knock off these galling *chaînes des dames* in which his beautiful pupils would seem to be held in abject slavery.

A COMIC TRADE CIRCULAR.

BY the Circular of MESSRS. PEEK, BROTHERS, AND CO., we are informed of a number of commercial facts which will probably prove particularly interesting to our readers. "The first arrivals of Jordan-Almonds" are stated, in this remarkable document, to "have made their appearance." We would run several miles in a brief given time to see an appearance made by arrivals. The almond-crop is described as "short rather than otherwise." This statement is ambiguous. A moderate crop is a crop otherwise than short, so is an abundant crop. Do MESSRS. PEEK AND CO. mean to say that the crop is short of abundant, or short of moderate? These gentlemen remark, also, "Arrowroot is again dearer, and we strongly advise our friends to supply themselves with sufficient for their wants between now and early Spring." That is, they advise their friends to lay in a quantity of arrow-root sufficient for their wants between the present time and the beginning of next Spring. The language of this passage is extraordinary; the word "now" having been heretofore used as a substantive only by poets; moreover, "early spring" is quite a poetical phrase. Although trade circulars generally contain quotations, they are for the most part rather deficient in poetry—"than otherwise," as our authors would say.

"Of fine Cloves," say PEEKS AND CO., "we have had a largish arrival since our last, the bulk of which have been placed at about former prices." The bulk of which have? Indeed? Have it really? "Common," they also observe, "have rather given way, and looking at the large quantity, both here and afloat, we cannot help thinking that, before long, they will be bought cheaper still." What are Common? Fish, perhaps; like gudgeon, as we say; and the allusion to the quantity here and afloat, tends to confirm that supposition. Unless, indeed, the members of the firm intend to declare that they, whether on land or at sea, cannot help entertaining the opinion which they express as to the probable cheapness of Common. "Mace the turn cheaper," is another of their hard sentences. What is the turn? how much? as the clown says in the pantomime. "Malabar," they tell us, "is very scarce, and that hardly to be met with at any price." Here, "that scarce Malabar" is probably meant; but if it is "scarce," of course it must be "hardly to be met with," under any circumstances. "White sells well," they affirm, "but we have no confidence to recommend more than hand-to-mouth purchases." A hand-to-mouth purchase of white is something difficult to imagine—is it the purchase of a draught of milk? Next comes a most alarming notification, which reads like a disastrous telegram. "PIMENTO very sick, and if not supported by exporters, will probably go rather easier." Poor PIMENTO! Officious exporters had better let PIMENTO go easily. The departure of PIMENTO will doubtless be a happy release. Several other announcements, instructive so far as they are intelligible, succeed those above quoted; but their enumeration would produce but little effect on those whose sympathies will be monopolised by the suffering PIMENTO.

FORBES MACKENZIE'S FAILURE.

AIR—"*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*"

DAFT FORBES MACKENZIE body,
Daft FORBES MACKENZIE body,
Wot ye how your Act has failed
To hinder Scots frae drinkin' toddy?

They sit and guzzle mair the noo,
Auld man and gudewife, chiel and hizzie,
And mony mair hae gotten fou'
Sinsyne ye made yoursel' sae bizzy.
Daft FORBES, &c.

Awa wi' Yankee Law o' Maine,
Invented by that ither noddie,
And dinna fash us wi your aim,
Ye daft auld FORBES MACKENZIE body.
Daft FORBES, &c.

ARCADES AMBO.

CARDINAL WISEMAN and DR. CULLEN have been astonishing the natives of Great Britain—and, perhaps, edifying those of India—by the publication of pastorals, in which they appear to compete for the hisses of the British Public. We do not see a pin to choose between the Arcadian competitors; speaking as PALÆMON, we should say to his Eminence MENALCAS, on the one hand, the Most Reverend DAMŒTAS on the other, "*Et vitulâ tu dignus, et hic;*" or, to borrow an English parody on that judgment, which would award them something more suitable to their pastoral deserts respectively than a cow-calf a-piece,—"An oaken staff each merits for his pains."

THE ARUNDEL OWL.

JOCKEY of NORFOLK, thou 'rt made a tool:
For WISEMAN, thy master, has play'd the Fool.

THE RED-TAPE SERPENT.

Sir Colin has landed, his forces are banded,
And sworn that no murderous Sepoy shall 'scape,
But the first of the foes to encounter his blows
Is the pestilent Serpent that's made of Red Tape.

Sleek clerks with white liver "have ventured to differ
With Campbell, our Highlander, touching the shape
He should give the campaign" that's to give us again
The empire they've ruined and lost by Red Tape.

A black-hatted fool is presuming to school
A soldier whose banners are muffled in crape,
Through the folly and crime of "officials" no time
Will ever set free from the strings of Red Tape.

The idiots stood gazing while cities were blazing,
And all they could do was to gibber and gape;
Yet now dare to wrangle, and seek to entangle
The Avenger's bright sword in their links of Red Tape.

Let us hope that Sir C. has resolved to be free,
To launch as he pleases his steel and his grape,
And *en route* for the slaughter by Jumna's red water
Has mangled the Serpent that's made of Red Tape.

EFFECTS OF A QUEEN'S HOLIDAY.

Mr. Punch likes a holiday for himself, and has a peculiar and non-removeable objection to being disturbed with business while enjoying that necessary relaxation from his invaluable labours. Naturally, as well as loyally, (for happily in England loyalty is rather more natural than in certain more southern latitudes) he has hitherto considered that when his Royal Mistress, our gracious S. L. Q. Victoria, is taking Her holiday, She ought to be exempted, similarly with himself, from the botheration of business. For a few weeks the Illustrious Lady in question has been staying at her Scotch house among the hills, where (possibly as a relief from the society of the Scotch aristocracy) She has regularly devoted several hours *per diem* to the reading despatches, affixing signs manual, and going through an amount of work at which many an elegant young gentleman in her service would grumble enormously. But this sacrifice of holiday has not been enough to please some persons, and complaint is made, that there is no telegraph from Mr. Vernon Smyth's delicate ivory and enamel desk to Her Majesty's toilette-table, so that at any hour of the day or night Smyth might pester the Sovereign with foolish observations. *Mr. Punch* owns that he thought these strictures neither over-courteous nor over-just. Himself in some sense responsible for the good conduct of the Court, he repels, with great indignation, any suggestion that the highest personage in the realm ever neglects her duties. But, upon investigation, he admits that the case takes a gloomier aspect. The Queen's having enjoyed a few weeks in the fresh air of the Highlands, has, he finds, been productive of several casualties, and he hastens to record them, in testimony of the superior wisdom of those who protested against Her Majesty's residing in the country while everybody else was there. In consequence of the Sovereign's absence from town—

A fire broke out at the house of Levi Smouch, tailor, in Whitechapel, and totally consumed eight pair of slop-shop corduroy trousers, five seal-skin caps, and a plate of fried fish, which had been set apart for Mrs. S.'s supper. The property is insured.

One of the leopards at the Zoological gardens, being approached too nearly by an incautious charity-boy, flew at the unfortunate creature, tore off his pewter medal, and hideously lacerated his leathern continuations.

The wife of a respectable bookseller in the Strand, going into her husband's shop, incautiously opened a copy of *Proverbial Philosophy*, but, assistance happily arriving before the narcotic could complete its work, the poor woman recovered.

Another female, the wife of a drysalter, had been informed by her husband that he was going to Woolwich on business, but three days later she found in the pocket of the waistcoat which he had worn on that occasion a day-ticket for Herne Bay pier. The shock produced such an effect that she rushed into a shop, and ordered a new dress.

A serious attorney, walking through Hand Court, in Holborn, set his foot upon a piece of orange-peel, slipped, and had made eleven involuntary affidavits before he providentially recollected that he could not charge for them, and ceased.

Early in the morning of Tuesday last, a large piece of plaster fell from the front of one of the unfinished houses in Pimlico; and, if it had not been too soon for anybody to be out, and the plaster had not fallen into the area, there is no saying what might not have happened.

Sir Archibald Alison, having delivered an oration in honour of the British Army, it took seventeen correspondents of the journals nearly a week to correct the various inaccuracies in the eminent historian's address.

Mr. William Williams, M.P. for Lambeth, trying on his copper coalscuttle to see how he would like a coronet, it slipped over his head and shoulders, and smudged his face and clean collar in a most awful manner.

A respectable individual, on his way from the City to Charing Cross, very nearly entered the Strand Theatre, on the faith of a mutilated paragraph in the *Athenæum*, out of which the Manager had plundered a puff, but he was happily rescued by a glance at the *play-bill*, which showed him that no respectable individual could witness the advertised performance without a sensation of nausea.

A lady, getting (as she thought) into one of the old omnibuses, entered one of the Saloon vehicles, and never discovered her mistake until she had accomplished the journey in two-thirds of the ordinary time, found her dress unsoiled, and was answered politely by the conductor.

These are a few among numerous accidents which have occurred in consequence of the Sovereign's having taken the holiday which all her subjects who can afford it are taking; and *Mr. Punch* earnestly hopes that these occurrences will be a warning to the Illustrious Lady. For, though nearly all her aforesaid subjects heartily rejoice that she should renovate her health at Balmoral, or wherever else may suit her, and where they are perfectly certain that she does, admirably as usual, the work she promised at her Coronation, it is a shocking thing that she should be out of telegraph's length of "Mr. Smyth of Cannon Row"—that right honourable Forcible Feeble, of elegant taste in upholstery, and usually esteemed (by his friends) more fit to put down India matting than India mutinies.

A SEPOY LEADER—AND NO MISTAKE?

We cannot pass over, altogether without notice, the following commencement of a leading article in the *Morning Star*:—

"We mentioned yesterday, in anticipation of the next telegram of Indian news, the halt which General Havelock has made in his second march upon Lucknow, and the probability that, by this time, Sepoy avengement may have committed a terrible crime in that city. We hope, most sincerely, that we are not wrong in further anticipating that we shall, within the next two months, hear of many additional horrors that have been perpetrated."

Our planetary contemporary may appear, in the concluding part of the above extract, to express a hope of hearing of many additional horrors from India, from the merely accidental insertion, either by a common slip of the pen, or an error of the press, of the word "not" before the word "wrong." But are we so sure of this? May not the unlucky negative have escaped the pen, as an unguarded expression, containing a real thought, however, sometimes escapes the lips? Really, our peace-partisans and advocates of knocking under to all aggression, betray such rancour against all their opponents, that it is impossible to say what horrors they may not wish to befall their country, if they think those horrors likely to advance their crotchets.

AMUSEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

The following Advertisement is extracted from the *Observer*, where it has certainly been placed under a very odd heading:—

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DELHI.—Scenes of the Head-Quarters of the Revolt in India.—GREAT GLOBE, Leicester Square.—TO-MORROW (Monday), in addition to the Diorama of Russia and India, will be opened a new and splendid DIORAMA of DELHI, its Mosques and its Palaces, at 1·30 and 7·30 P.M. Admission to the whole building, 1s.

Amusement is hardly the object for which one would just now go to acquire ideas of the topography of Delhi—unless, indeed, one were an Ultramontane Sepoy. The *Univers*—if it were polluting the soil of England by the presence of its Editor—might step into the Great Globe for that purpose, and, the universe having thus been comprised in the Globe, might characteristically boast afterwards of the miracle. The supply of the demand for information on any point in connection with the melancholy subject of the day, is quite a legitimate undertaking—but, like that of an ordinary undertaker, it is a dismal one, and, however much it may instruct anybody, can amuse nobody.

Donald Punch (*a Keeper*). "I BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LORD BISHOP, BUT MAY I JUST TROUBLE YE TO SHOW ME YOUR CERTIFICATE?"

"FAST" THE DAY AND FAST THE DEED.

A CASE was heard before the Magistrates of Ross-shire in petty sessions on Thursday last, in which a gentleman, attired with the strictest decorum and wearing an episcopal hat of orthodox dimensions, was charged with being in the unlawful pursuit of game at Balmacarra on the Day of Humiliation. The elders of the kirk assembled in considerable numbers to watch the case, as it was reported among them that the gentleman in question was no less a personage than ARCHBISHOP CULLEN or CARDINAL WISEMAN, who had thus taken an opportunity of evincing his indifference to our Indian disasters and his sympathy with his serviceable friends the Sepoys of Bengal. This impression, however, was completely dispelled, and a visible shudder passed through the Court when the accused party, on being interrogated, modestly gave his name as "A. C. LONDON."

The case at the first wore a very serious aspect, from the depositions of the persons who had watched the supposed delinquent. He was overheard talking to his attendant about "capital preserves" and the gold he had got by a former invasion of the same manor. He also made various remarks on "the heather" and "the birds being wild," and was observed to be carefully searching the ground, as he told his attendant, for "the form of a hare." The case in short looked very black until these expressions were partially explained; when it appeared that the "preserves" of which he had spoken consisted solely of Scotch Marmalade, which he had used with effect for "*a cold he had caught on a former occasion in the same manner.*" His mention of the heather and the birds being wild was interpreted into a remark that the weather was very mild, and instead of searching for the form of a hare, he was simply looking for the Form of Prayer, which he had inadvertently dropped while trying if he could repeat it.

On searching his person, what at first appeared to be a powder-flask and a box of stamped gun-wads turned out to be a flask containing some sherry and water, and a box half emptied of medicinal lozenges. What appeared moreover to have been a gun and a shot-belt, were also explained in an equally innocent manner; and on a Magistrate asking, though it was not material, whether if he had actually been shooting, as supposed, it was in his power to produce a certificate if called upon, he at once exhibited a certificate from his medical adviser, who had ordered him to Scotland for the benefit of his health, which had been much shaken by his episcopal labours.

The Magistrates at once said they would not detain him further, and that he left the Court without a stain on his character; at the same time they highly complimented *Mr. Punch*, through whose vigilance the supposed trespasser had been brought before them.

THE POOR DRAPER'S ADMIRER.

"DEAR PUNCHY,

"ME and some other young ladies is not at all pleased with your notion about taking the gents out of the shops and making red herrings of them. We like to be served by gents and no mistake, and so its no use saying we don't, because we do. It's all very well for Missus and them sort of people, who can have a little bit of a spree whenever they like, to prefer buying stockings and all that of shopwomen, but we ain't going to be done out of the only bit of gig we get, and that's when we do a bit of shopping. Buying things without a little chaff and nonsense, and a compliment or so, why, I'd as soon go to church. It's half the fun of the fair. Why, I never get called Miss except when I go shopping, nor asked to sit down, and told I'm looking as fresh as paint, and whether I'm come to buy the wedding gownd. Besides, a fortune-teller told me when I had my last Out, that I should marry a handsome dark man with whiskers, who stood behind his master's counter now, but would soon stand behind his own; and now, old feller, how am I to meet with the party if all the beaus are sent to fight the seaboys in the West hinges? So please to adone do, and so no more at present from (only Missus won't let me call myself by that name, but makes me answer to MARY)

"Your's affectionately,

"*Friday night.*" "MELUSINDA."

CAPITAL PORTRAITS.

WISCOUNT VILLIAMS, when he was told that Photographic likenesses could be taken on wood, slapped his forehead in despair, and exclaimed, quite touchingly, "Then, no man's head is safe!"

THE RED-TAPE SERPENT—SIR COLIN'S GREATEST DIFFICULTY IN INDIA.

OFF SHE GOES!

The *Manchester Examiner* publishes the subjoined statement, which illustrates a well-known principle in natural philosophy, and which, of course, we implicitly believe:—

"Explosion Extraordinary.—On Saturday afternoon last, during the organ performance at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, many of the audience were suddenly alarmed by a violent report, somewhere about the centre of the music room, which was happily not attended with any dangerous results. It turned out that the noise was in consequence of the bursting of a lady's india-rubber bustle, which in all probability, had resulted from the expansion of the air with which it was inflated by the heat of the crowded room, the material of which the piece of foolery was made being unable to resist the pressure. Alarm was soon succeeded by merriment, in which everyone joined except the unfortunate lady herself, who appeared much disconcerted."

In obedience to that law of nature, whereby caloric, imparted to gaseous bodies, including atmospheric air (which consists of oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportions of twenty volumes of the former to eighty of the latter, together with a variable quantity of carbonic acid, besides ozone and odoriferous and other volatile matters) causes them to expand—pop went the bustle! This is one of those interesting facts which sometimes occur; and it throws quite a new light on the elastic properties of caoutchouc, as well as on the degree of temperature at which animal life is capable of being sustained, and which, at the same time will cause the explosion of confined air. It also demonstrates a point of minor importance—the absurdity of inflated petticoats.

SONG OF THE LIGHT WEIGHT INFANTRY.

I am a little man, being only five feet four,
I am a soldier now, beneath the mark no more;
A rifle I can point with heart devoid of fear,
And shoot a foe as well as any Grenadier.

Mine is the kind of weight to bruisers known as light,
Which many men who weigh, much bigger men can fight;
And though the big ones have the advantage in a charge,
More spirit may make up for body not so large.

A little man besides, upon his sturdy pegs,
Will very often march a giant off his legs;
And so he wins the palm of glory and renown:
His comrades he knocks up, his enemies knocks down.

Hurrah, then, for the field! where now I can aspire
My country to defend, like anybody higher,
Within my body small I'll show I've a vast mind,
And if I fall, my wounds shall not be found behind.

An Incident of the Linendrapers' Drawing Room.

It is the custom in several of our Ladies' wearing apparel establishments for one young gentleman, after office hours, to read the newspaper out aloud to the others. On a recent occasion, when the Beau of the house had come to the end of a thundering diatribe against the effeminate practices of able-bodied counterjumpers, usurping the places of weak women, &c., he turned round to his shame-stricken associates, and smiling blandly, said, as he balanced himself elegantly on his two thumbs, "Is there any other little article, gentlemen, that you would like me to read you this evening?"

Wants a situation to take care of young children, or go out with the perambulator, or rock the cradle, or feed the cockatoo and canaries, or to make himself generally useful in a quiet, effeminate, milksoppy way, A Strong Able-bodied Young Man, who is just in the prime of life. Stands five feet ten, without his clogs. Can have a seven years' character from a first-rate linen-draper's establishment in Regent Street. His only reason for leaving is the excess of ridicule thrown on his present employment. Address to Hercules, at the Distaff Club, Augean Stables, Craven Yard.—N. B. No objection to carry a band-box.

A Theatrical Note and Query.

The Princess's Theatre is advertised to open with a "new Shakspearian drop." What fresh revival, we wonder, is this season to be, with Mr. Charles Kean in the principal character, the "new Shakspearian drop?"

MAXIM. BY A SICK BACHELOR.

(Flung at the Unfair Sex.)

Want of Sympathy in a woman is almost as bad as Want of Beauty!!!!!!

ENGLAND'S DIFFICULTY IS IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

There once was a time when of hatred scarce smothered
To England, as text served the words that we quote,
For preachers who taught that when Albion was bothered,
'Twas the moment for Erin to fly at her throat.

Those were days when all kindlier feeling was banished,
For pike-clubs, Nation-ballads, and shouts for "repale"—
When the great Smith O'Brien's shirt-studs, somehow, vanished,
On their way from the Castle to Kilmainham gaol.

Those days are no more—may a curse lie their backs on—
The white and green Islands at length can agree;
And like two gallant brothers, the Celt and the Saxon,
Stretch out friendly hands o'er St. George's blue sea.

The old text, like so many, in meaning is double:
To the Islands' new *status* if now 'tis applied,
It must, and does, mean that when England 's in trouble,
'Tis the moment for Ireland to spring to her side.

'Twas the stout Tipperary Militia, that gaily
For service in India first volunteered;
For the Minié rifle flung down the shillelagh,
So soon as a chance of "rale fightin" appeared.

And now Tipperary's example 's been followed
By the lads of Roscommon, so gallant and true:
Cullen's pastoral letters are read, but not swallowed,
And the *Nation* spouts treason, but can't make it do.

Factious priest, factious paper, may rave with impunity,
So long as each people, as now, understand
That the other's embarrassment 's *its* opportunity
To help to the utmost, with heart, purse, and hand!

HOWARD THE PHILANTHROPIST!

Priest-ridden Duke of Norfolk is doing the bidding of Wiseman, Cullen, and Company, by trying to impede the flow of Catholic charity to India. He is to be rewarded with an ultramontane addition to his title, derived from a locality in which the sentiments of his masters are popular. His Grace is to be created Duke of Norfolk Island.

PERFORMERS IN "THE GRAVE SCENE."

Some "Funeral contractors" (that is the new term) advertise to "*perform*" funerals "with a due regard to the feelings of the bereaved, and the solemnity of the occasion." The regard that is due is mainly proportioned, we suppose, to the amount of ready money that is paid? They have different qualities of grief, you may be sure, according to the price you pay. For £2 10*s*., the regard is very small. For £5, the sighs are deep and audible. For £7 10*s*. the woe is profound, only properly controlled; but for £10, the despair bursts through all restraint, and the mourners water the ground, no doubt, with their tears. We wonder these black crocodiles do not openly advertise the sale of their *lachrymæ?* We dare say that the luxury would be every drop as expensive as early peas, or anything else that was forced. We wonder what is the market-price of "tears per pint?"—and we are, also, curious to know, whether these funeral pantomimists make up so small a quantity of mitigated grief as "*one* tear," and what is the lowest price they charge for the same? We notice, in the same grinning advertisement, that "The *Gothic State Hearse* is used for every class funeral above £5." It seems, then, that there are as many classes of funerals as there are of railway trains. There are, apparently, First Class, Second Class, and Third Class Funerals. We hope, for the sake of the poor, that there are no Parliamentary funerals that stop on their dreary way as often as a Parliamentary train. But who, we ask, could possibly forego the above inducement when offered at so contemptible a price? Is there anybody, in possession of so small a sum as £5, who would not gladly put it aside for the unutterable luxury of being buried in a "Gothic State Hearse!" Put another sovereign to it, and we should not be surprised if a "Gothic State Coachman" wasn't, also, thrown in.

"HI! STOP THIEF—HE'S STOLE MY GOLD WATCH!"

BROTHERS OF THE ORDER OF NENA SAHIB.

IN murdering women and children, with atrocious tortures, at Cawnpore, the Indian Sepoys made a revolting mess. GENERAL NEILL has been compelling as many of these miscreants as he could catch, being high-caste Brahmins, to wash up, from the floor of the building in which the massacre took place some of this mess, previously to being hanged. This act of scavengery involves loss of caste, and that, the Brahminical brutes think, entails everlasting perdition. "Let them think so," says GENERAL NEILL, and for having thus combined speech with act, an Ultramontane Sepoy in the *Tablet* attacks the gallant General with frantic violence, calling him Satan, and other hard names.

Poor Brahminical Sepoy—to have been sent out of this world with the guilt upon his conscience of sweeping up a little of the mess he had helped to make by cruel murder! The cruel murder was a comparatively light weight upon his conscience in the opinion of the Ultramontane Sepoy, apparently. Does the Ultramontane Sepoy suppose that the little children and ladies tortured to death were only Protestants?

According to the Ultramontane Sepoy's creed, the Brahminical Sepoy hanged, even if he had been the tenderest, gentlest, noblest, honestest, heathen that ever existed, yet, having been hanged out of the pale of the Ultramontane's Church, would have gone hopelessly to perdition. How barbarous to send the inhuman, treacherous, dastardly Sepoy into the other world with some idea of the part of it to which—in the Ultramontane Sepoy's opinion, of course—he was immediately going.

What a tender sympathy the Ultramontane Sepoy manifests with the religious feelings of his Brahminical brother! What a freemasonry exists among fanatics!—how marvellously one touch of superstition makes the whole world of bigots kin!—would be our remarks on the outbreak in the *Tablet* against GENERAL NEILL, did we not rather suppose it to be a mere explosion of Ultramontane malice. The valve of the Ultramontane engine has been held down under popular pressure; the boiler has cracked; and a jet of nearly red-hot steam has spurted out of the fissure.

We might suggest to the Ultramontane Sepoys of the *Tablet* that they perhaps rather misunderstand the principle on which GENERAL NEILL compelled their Brahminical brethren to clear up some of the horrid dirt which they had made. To hurt the Sepoy's religious sensibilities was no object of the gallant General's. His purpose was simply to make the best possible example of the criminals. How to do that most effectually is the only question to be now considered touching the mutinous Sepoys. If that can be thoroughly done without hurting them, mentally or bodily, let it be done. Pain, mental or physical, inflicted on them as mere pain, would be idle surplusage. It could not undo the misery they have caused. But if any treatment they can be subjected to is likely to deter others from repeating their crimes, subject them to it quite irrespectively of their ideas and sensations. They can be made nothing of but scarecrows; make them the most efficient scarecrows possible. If their superstition affords a facility of rendering their execution terrible to their fellows, take advantage of it. That a Sepoy should die in affright because he has been forced to cleanse a floor of filth which he himself created by the most abominable slaughter, is extremely desirable, if the spectacle of such a death, in such a frame of mind, is likely to prevent the same filth from being made again by a similar villain.

These explanatory suggestions we might offer to the Ultramontane Sepoys, if they wanted any explanation, and did not know the real state of the case as well as we do, and were not actuated merely by a venomous and burning hatred of England, which they eagerly jump at every opportunity of venting, particularly if, by so doing, they think that they can do mischief to the Government and People who endure them.

From the treatment which the Indian Sepoys are receiving, the Ultramontane Sepoys appear to infer that persecution awaits themselves. The apprehension may not be verified; but it is very natural.

HEROES AND HABERDASHERS.

THE drapers may stand fire, but they clearly can't stand chaff. They look upon a jest as the most serious of matters. A joke becomes no joke when made at their expense. Well off as they may be, they can't afford yet to be laughed at. They complain most pitifully of the "cruel attacks" which have been made upon them by the press, and they cannot see why they should be "singled out for ridicule" of their feminine acquirements, when men of equally unmanly avocations have escaped it. Why not attack the tailors, or the hairdressers, or the loungers at the Clubs, or their man-cooks and lusty footmen? And then, like whipped children, with tears still in their eyes, they tell us they "don't care," and that no amount of ridicule will drive them to enlist, while they will lose money and lose caste by doing so.

Now, that there's some sense in this we willingly admit. Justice before jokes has ever been our motto. We hate all unfair play—even upon words; and we are averse to forming one-sided opinions. In giving judgment, always *Audi alteram partem*; or, speaking to commercial men, we should say, Hear what the other Party's got to say about it.

Of course we can't expect in this business-minded age to discover that mere chivalry will pass current at the counter. Tradesmen get the habit of looking upon matters in what they call "a business light," and will abstain from entering the Army or any other "concern," unless they think that it will prove of advantage to their pocket. The British Martyrs have died out—at least there is no chance of raising up an Army of them—and we can't expect a draper's man to make an Alarming Sacrifice of himself upon the altar of his country, until he has assured himself by careful calculation, that the odds are it would prove a paying spec to do so. Patriotism's all very fine behind the footlights; but in a business light (to make a heinous misquotation) "The Pay's the thing!"

But although a mercer, as a tradesman, may be excused for being mercenary, we cannot grant that, as a subject, he has liberty to use such language as the following, with which a writer to the *Times* endeavours to deter his fellow-shopmen from enlistment:—

"Why should we enlist, then? Why should we lower ourselves in the social scale, and congregate with the illiterate and debauched crew which the recruiting sergeant is now collecting from the dregs of the population?"

The counter-jumper here clearly jumps to false conclusions. The question he last puts is a literally begged one. In his blind fear of losing caste, he cannot see that he is simply frightening himself by the shadow of reflection which he throws upon the Army. He assumes that in the ranks he could not find a single undebauched associate; and if this were so, there would be certainly excuse for his not joining. But we deny that he is justified in making the assumption; and as for drapers' men sinking in the social scale by turning soldiers, we regard that conclusion as a counter-jumped one also. Even granting our recruits are "mainly labourers and navvies," we do not think a shopman would just now be thought the worse of for enlisting. Whatever be his standing in the scale of sociality, we are certain that no counter-skipper would be lowered in our eyes by his mixing with a clodhopper. He may better carve his way to fame with the sword than with the scissors, and is more likely to be envied as a hero than a haberdasher.

We have little wish to give advice that may be needless: but unless our British shopmen are inclined to be nicknamed British Brahmins, they will do wisely just at present not to show themselves too careful of their caste.

PROFUSE ACKNOWLEDGMENTS BREED SUSPICION.—Copy-Book Maxim.

Brown (an unlucky Lender). It's the fifth time WORMWOOD has thanked me for that matter of £20 I lent him! He's so uncommonly grateful that I begin to suspect the fellow doesn't intend to repay me.

MR. JOHN THOMAS ON THE ENLISTMENT QUESTION.

IR, — *mister punch*, you 've wunce or twice hinserted what i've rote,
So praps you 'll now be good enuff to publish this year note:
My spellink may be doutful, and my English not the KWEEN's,
But I fumly ope there 'll be no doubt that what i sez i means.
"Lasts Sattaday as ever were I found just after 2,
I were like them chaps in manchester oo've got no work to do;
So to drive away my *onwee*, which the wulgar calls it Wapers,
I set me down & set to work a readink of the papers.
With hintrest the *Court Suckler* were the fust thing i perused,
Wich narrated in the I Lands how the QUEEN had been emused,
While the PRINCE, which for is music they now calls im a Consort,
Had every day been deerstorking, & ad some fustrate sport.
I 've not been at that game myself, but with them as ave I 've talked,
And been surpriged to hear m say what miles a day they 've walked;
A perfessinil Pedestring it may suit to be a stalker,
But as 4 the enjiment I should say it were all Walker!
Then while the deers is wisible U musnt speak a word,
For though theyre miles away peraps your wices mite be herd;
There *may* be sport in deerstalking but tizzent to my mind,
Which I 'm partial to Dears talking of a sociabler kind.
"The fashnable Hintelligence of course I next surweyed,
Whitch it puts one up to all the moves in I life as is made:
And when one 's on the Move I self in course one likes to no
That others is a movink too, which makes it come ill fo.
Then I red the leadink articles, and with M quite agreed
That of men to serve in Hinjy now the country were in need:
And ime glad as they 've consented to rejuice the Standard Ite,
Which there aint no call for giants now with Minnies they must fite.
Six footers isnt nessary for just to pull a trigger,
Wich a man of 5 foot 4 may do as well as im who 's bigger.
"But there were a suggestion in a letter as I red,
Which to write this ear in anser like has put it in my ed:
The writer though aperiently in trade seemed up to snough,
He owned that at the charfink of the *Times* he 'd cut up rough;
For e coodent e y britons in the counterjumping line
Should 'ave their valour doubted cos the Gards they didn't jine:
Which it wozzent want of Pluck he said as kep M from enlistin,
But want of better Prospex, as the press is now insistin.
For he thort unless by merit from the ranks a man could rise
The army wornt a temptink spec in any shopman's eyes.
But Y not arst the nobs to spare their useless men says E,
(Which though he calls em *Useless* he means sich men as Me)
They 're most on em 6-Phooters, ave good legs and shoulders broad,
And their whiskies by the female poppylation is adored:
As Warriors they 'd be Waliant—bein Brittings one can't doubt em—
And by iring women suvnts Nobs mite easy do without em:
Y not send *them* to Hinjy?—which if I 'd been on the spot
I 'd have thanked this here bold writer, and have eckerd his Y not.
"We 're most on us big fellers, far above the standard ite,
And to crush them Bengal Tigers all like lions brave we 'd fite:
We 've good carves and constitutions, & oncommon breadth o' shouder,
And from avink it upon our eds we 're used to smelling powder;
We 're used to hidjus Younifoms, which our livery 's a disgrace
To them as might be Eroes now if they but change their place:
And as for them there baynits we could use 'em at a Push,
Wich them blacks wood show white feathers when we charged M in the Bush.
"So all you Galliant Footmin, from the suthud and the norrud,
And the eastud and the westud, now I opes as you 'l come forrud.
There 's good Sittiwations open if you 're milinktry inclined,
And a preshus sight more Honrable than them you leaves beind;
For the best of British flunkies it 4 certing can't demean
To leave a menial suvvice for the Service of the QUEEN!
There 's good pay if you are mussnary, there 's Glory in addition,
And who 'd not lend a & to send them miscreents to perdition?
Which every man JEAMES of you must feel his blood a biling
At them inhuman retches who man's name has been defiling!
"Up, Flunkies! then, and At 'em! like the gards at waterloo—
In the service of your country who more fit to serve than U?
Change the salver for the saber, for the red coat doff the plush,
Show Old England that its Footmen 4 their walour need n't blush,
While your limbs r stout & stalwart phlunkey work is a disgrace,
And wile you serve your country you 'll b never out of place.
Which to show you 're Liyal Subjex, and ave arts both staunch & true,
England Xpex (and so does i) as you 'l now go and do!
"To Rms! then, galliant Phootmen! cut the Plush each mother's Sun!
Tell the nobs as with their livveries you 've been & gone, & done.
As flunkeys, with *Hotheller* say, your hockeypation 's gone,
As Sojers there 's more need of you, & Wengeance spurs you on.
To Rms! then, Gallink Footmen! you 've big hearts, and boddies able
For to go where Glory waits you, which it duzzent wait at table.
U carnt 'object to travle' at them brutes to have a shy,
Witch after doing nothink active service you 'll enjy.
Turn no deaf ears to my calling—you 'll but find as I persist
Like the *Gost of Amlet's father* in a crying 'List! O 'List!
Theres injuicement for to come out in the millinktery line,
And to do the State some Suvvice now the harmy you should jine;
Leave the pantry for the napsack—show you've strength as well as nerve
For to punnish them wile rebbels in the way as they deserve.
Of those Murderers who spared not as unsparing be the slorter,
'Tis Justice bids as them who gave should not be givn no ¼.
The Nation now enroused as it were rarely roused before,
At them tigers has cried AVELOCK! and let slip the dogs of Wor.
Which till those etrocious raskles all is made to sing Peccavy,
There 's one as wont be heasy—wiz.

"JOHN TOMMUS OF BELGRAVY."

A MEDIÆVAL BAUBLE.

AMONG the antiquities in the Exhibition of choice handiworks at Manchester, in Wall-case U, is enumerated a curious horse-headed pastoral staff, contributed by CARDINAL WISEMAN. We should like to know the history of this object. Conjecture will naturally assign the horse-headed staff to the "Boy-Bishop" who, in the middle-ages, used to be elected on ST. NICHOLAS's day, or on the eve of that festival—ST. NICHOLAS having been, and being still, we suppose, according to those who believe in mediæval saints, the patron saint of children. He is said, by the way, to have other clients than infants; but we will not too plainly allude to them, because we suppose that CARDINAL WISEMAN himself governs Middlesex and the adjacent counties under the patronage of his canonized namesake, and we should be loath to even seem to cast such an unwarrantable imputation on his clerical character as to hint that his Eminence was in any way connected with the fraternity of ST. NICHOLAS's Clerks. Such an insinuation, indeed, would be directly contrary to a suspicion which we have very strong reasons for entertaining.

If the horse-headed staff above mentioned belonged to a boy-bishop, no doubt it was carried by the juvenile prelate in the way in which the majority of lively young gentlemen would carry a stick having a similar ornament on the top of it. Of course the boy-bishop used to carry the staff in such a manner as to give it the appearance of carrying himself; was accustomed to hold it near the head, passing it lengthwise behind him, and between his legs. Perhaps this staff is the identical Art Treasure alluded to in a venerable nursery rhyme which makes mention of a pilgrimage to the Cross of Banbury, achieved on a Cock-horse. The pilgrim was a boy-bishop; he rode through the air; the ride was miraculous: it was performed on a horse-headed pastoral-staff; and this is the relic. It is not for us to lift the veil of secrecy behind which CARDINAL WISEMAN has a right to indulge in his private recreations: but we cannot help imagining that we see the horse-headed staff behind that veil, between a pair of red-stockings. What then? The amusement is perfectly innocent; and to give up a plaything, for several months, to be exhibited for the entertainment of others, is being very good-natured. It may, however, be said in a sense, that in sending his horse-headed staff to the Manchester Exhibition the CARDINAL does not altogether cease to ride his hobby.

An Expert Dentist.

A GERMAN CARTWRIGHT (HERR STUMPF) winds up a programme of his extraordinary merits by the following boastful recommendation:

"P.S. Gentlemen Professors, Students, and others, need not be under any needless alarm that it is at all necessary for them, during the dental operation, to put aside their beloved pipes. On the contrary, they may continue smoking with the most blissful impunity, and they will only find that, between two whiffs of tobacco, their tooth has quietly gone!!!"

BOWKER, WHO IS FOND OF NICE THINGS FOR BREAKFAST, AND SOMETIMES MARKETS FOR HIMSELF, BECOMES AN OBJECT OF INTEREST, FROM HAVING LAID IN A FEW BLOATERS, AND HALF-A-POUND OF FRESH CAMBRIDGE SAUSAGES FROM BOND STREET—AND WHICH SAUSAGES AND BLOATERS ARE IN HIS COAT-POCKET!

AN INDIAN PARABLE.

A FATHER had a son, to whom he showed much favour and kindness, and the youth, though headstrong and careless, was brave, generous, and kind. To this boy the father presented a beautiful garden, and also a number of animals. There were dogs, which would have been obedient and faithful if kept under discipline and fed with proper food, there were also rabbits, which were to be fed from the produce of the garden, and there were other creatures, all requiring attention and care. The boy did many good things on his property, he made a tank for water, and new paths, and rustic bridges, and he broke in the dogs, (though he over-indulged them until they became dainty), and he took some care for the rabbits and weaker things, though not so much as he should have done, for in some bad weather, when he could not go to them, many were starved to death. However, on the whole, he was inclined to do his best with his garden, and his stock. But some selfish Tradesmen, who cared for nothing but gain, got his ear, and he allowed them to have the run of his property and the control over it, and they thought only of what they could make out of it. They shook down the fruit from the trees, especially one called a pagoda-tree, and they cared only for the poor rabbits on account of their skins, and they pampered the dogs because they thought the animals would protect the property from other spoilers.

One day the dogs broke their chains, and began to commit dreadful havoc. Some of the little brothers and sisters of the lad were in the garden, and the savage beasts flew at them and tore them cruelly, and all the gentler creatures in the place ran hither and thither terrified. And the boy, who had left the care of his garden to a weak-witted lad, who was the tool of the tradesmen, suddenly heard what was happening, and he rushed out in a terrible fury, with his double-barrelled gun in his hand, and he shot the abominable dogs dead, or else hanged them, very properly. And he did all in his power to heal the wounds of his brothers and sisters, and pulled out his pocket-money to present to them, and gave them what comfort he could.

Then he wished to show his Father how sorry he was for what had happened. And his heart was too full to let him eat, and he sat in the house for a whole day, eating and drinking nothing, but trying to read good books. And he relieved some poor people, and listened to the good words of his elders.

But was that all he did? When he had thus Fasted, and Humiliated himself, did he let the tradesmen have his garden again? Would that have shown his earnestness, do you think? When he had killed all the savage dogs, and buried them in a dunghill, and had comforted his brothers and sisters, and brought the place into order again, if he let things go on as before, would he not have been a hypocrite and a fool? Of course, he would. And as he is not those bad things, but a brave and kind fellow, in spite of his errors, I hope to tell you, another time, how he sent away the half-witted lad to the asylum for idiots, kicked the tradesmen out of the garden when they dared to come back, trained some younger dogs to be real protectors and friends, and took care that the humbler animals should be cared for. And as he could not always be attending to his garden, for he has French, and Italian, and Russian, and Spanish studies to mind, besides having a house of his own to keep in order, and sums to do, he has asked a brave old soldier, who has served in the wars, and is as kind as he is brave, to have his eye upon the place, keep off the selfish tradesmen, beat the dogs, if necessary, and see that all goes on right. And so I hope you will soon hear that all is going on well.

Then, you see, he will show that it was not mere shame and sorrow, but a determination to do good for the future, that induced him to Fast and Humiliate himself. For sorrow, without reform, is mere sentimentality, and people who show it are Humbugs.

Police Regulation.

LADIES are requested to keep in a single line on either side of the streets, walking in succession one after the other, in order that there may be a possibility of passing them without the danger of being entangled in their clothes.

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Young Lady (loq.) "*Not much beauty at the Crystal Palace this morning.*"

PINDAR AT NEWMARKET.

YANKEE DOODLE came to town
On a little pony,
Now he 's brought a big mare down,
Sleek, and strong, and bony.
Any weight she 'll carry which
Ain't laid on by a noodle:
Winning the Cesariwitch,
See our Yankee Doodle.

Racing men, in diaries
Where they note their losses,
Write how smartly *Prioress*
Licked them British osses.
JONATHAN, let 's liquor on
This new uniting fetter;
Always a good friend to JOHN,
Now you 've grow'd a Better.

NO GRIST IN A COTTON MILL.

THE suggestion was made by one of our most ardent lovers of art that, at the closing of the Art-Treasures' Show, Manchester should send invitations to all the artists, English, and foreign, whose works had contributed so largely to the glory of the Penge-Hill Exhibition. It was to have been a grand artistic *fête* of all Nations. It would have been a glorious Social Congress of all the R.A.'s in the Academic world. However, the notion was not carried out, and "because Manchester, you know (says DAVID ROBERTS) is not exactly what you may call an *inviting* town."

Our National Defences.

SOME public-house patriot was repeating the old National boast that "an Englishman's House is his Castle." "I am not so positive about that," said a critic of the *Westminster Review*; "but I am sure that an '*Englishwoman's Dress is Her Castle*;' for it is such an enormous size now, that it is morally and physically impossible for any one, friend or enemy, to come near her!"

A WORD OF TRUTH FOR US, EVEN FROM A MAN.

"TO MR. PUNCH, SIR,

"I WAS perfectly *disgusted* the other day by a letter in the *Times* signed by 'ELLINOR'—but I do not believe a woman ever wrote a word of it—attributing to women extravagance in matters of *dress*, and calling upon us to spend less on our clothes—in fact to go without new things this autumn altogether—and give the money to the Fund for the relief of the Indian sufferers.

"The letter was printed in large letters, and I dare say the editor chuckled very much over it, and thought it a *fine* thing to get a letter, signed with a woman's name—as he would say in his slang mannish style—'pitching into' women. But, I repeat, I don't *believe* it was written by a woman, not a word of it. I have no doubt it came from some *mean-spirited wretch* who is always grumbling at his poor wife's milliner's and dressmaker's bills, for the few things she absolutely cannot get on without—one, perhaps, who grudges her even her *wretched* allowance, and shuffles about every petty £12 10*s.* cheque as the quarter-day comes round—for I am certain he does not allow her more than £50 a-year. Relieving the Indian sufferers is *all* very *well*, but suppose, instead of calling upon *women* to give up their *little indulgences* in the way of *dress*—I 'm sure it 's *much more* for the *men* that we dress than for ourselves, whether *married* or *single*—the men were to give up some of their *expensive, bad, low* habits—their cigars, for example, or their *curious* and *particular* wines; or their *little dinners* at the *Club*, or their share of a *drag* to the Derby, or any other of the *thousand* and one expensive pleasures in which they are in the habit of indulging *apart from* their wives.

"Talk of *our* extravagance, indeed! People make a *mighty* fuss about the Milliner's bills of a certain bankrupt's wife. Well, and if she was a *well-dressed* woman—I suppose it was *her milliner's bills* that *ruined* her husband? I should like to know how people—even men—dare attribute this man's having got through £250,000 to *his wife's extravagance*, when it was proved in Court, that even her milliners' bills didn't *exceed* £3000? But that is *always* the way with men. They think *nothing* of the money *they* fling away in *selfish*, and too often *degrading* pleasures; but let a *poor wife* express a *wish* for a *new bonnet*, or a dress *fit to be seen in*, and it is at once *grunts*, and *sulks*, and talk about '*women's*' extravagance.

"And then, as if it wasn't enough to have the men *talking* such stuff, out must come this *ridiculous* 'ELLINOR' in the *Times*, for all the men to cast up to us, and say, 'Look, here 's one of your own sex at you, at last!' That was exactly what *my* husband said. However, as I said, I don't believe 'ELLINOR' is a *woman* at all. I believe it 's *that* MR. JACOB OMNIUM, who, I understand, writes the *greater* part of the *Times*, under various *aliases*.

"I maintain that, instead of spending *too much* of our husband's money, our *allowances, as a rule*, whether for house-keeping or for dress, are far too *shabby*. We are kept *perpetually* on the *fret* to make *both* ends meet. I 'm sure the *struggle* I have with my tradesman's *books* every week *nobody* would *believe!* Of course, it 's very *easy* for men to *laugh*, and say it 's because we don't understand *arithmetic*. I only wish *they* understood *ready-money* dealing, and not *getting into debt*, as well as we understand compound addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division.

"I believe if ELLINOR really wants to give advice that *will* end in *saving*, she ought to advise *all* the married men to give their *cheque-books*, and their *banker's-books to their wives*, and bring *them* their money, and let them *keep* it, and *pay it in*, and *draw it out*,—in short, to make the women paymasters and cashiers, and the husbands to receive quarterly *allowances* for *pocket-money*, from their wives, instead of paying their poor wives *miserably insufficient allowances* for dress, as is their usual practice.

"I have no doubt the saving in incomes that would thus be produced, would not only leave a *handsome contribution* to the Indian Relief Fund, at the end of the first year, but would, *in a very short time*, pay off the *National Debt*, if it could be appropriated to that purpose, particularly, if the wife had, in *every case*, the option of *determining what allowance she would* make her husband for *pocket-money and clothes*. I was very glad indeed to find *even from a man*, an admission of our *essentially economical nature* and *habits*. To be sure, it was from an American,—the inhabitant of a *country* where there has been some *slight* progress made towards *recognition* of the *rights* of our *sex*. I trust, *Mr. Punch, man as you are*, that you will not be *mean* enough to

throw this letter into your *waste-paper-basket*, or refuse to print—I should prefer *capital letters*—this passage to which I refer, from this *enlightened* American writer.

"A WORD FOR WOMEN.—Some of the papers are lecturing women upon extravagance in dress, and advising them to retrench, especially during the present financial difficulty. Doubtless there are many cases of unwarrantable extravagance in this way; but do people ever consider that two or three glasses of brandy and half a dozen regalias, indulged in daily by a man, to say nothing of five and ten dollar dinners, amount to more in a year than would be required to dress a woman up to the full requirements of fashion? Much of this talk about the extravagance of women is nonsense. They are almost universally careful, and many a trader would to-day have been safe and sound if he had listened to the prudent counsels of his wife, rather than the reckless promptings of his own ambition. It is natural for mean men to endeavour to shift the responsibility of their folly to other shoulders, but it is rather too much to charge a commercial revulsion like this upon one's wife and daughters.—*New York Paper.*"

"For my part, I think the passage ought to be *printed* in letters of *gold*, and hung up over *every double-bed* in England, between the *watch-pockets*.

"I am, *Mr. Punch*,
"Your constant reader,
"A VICTIM."

DINNER-TABLE TALK.

OUR Paris Correspondent informs us that the next edition of the little book, "*Comme on Dîne à Paris*," is to be dedicated to LORD COWLEY. It will contain a new chapter entitled, "*Comme on dîne, tant bien que mal, chez l'Ambassadeur de l'Angleterre.*" An original bill of fare is to be given. The fac-simile has been handed round to the different hotels of the other embassies, and universally admired for its truthfulness. It consists of a handsome sheet of blank paper. It is the very same entertainment that the munificent representative of HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY gave more than once to the various talented juries and committees that were assembled in Paris, to do honour to British art and science, in the year of the Great Exposition. As a literal reproduction, the copy, perhaps, has never been surpassed.

JOURNEYMEN PARSONS' WAGES.

A SPECIES of servants' office, calling itself Registry for Curates, publishes a list of vacant curacies for the present month "under the sanction of the ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK." How those two most reverend prelates can sanction anything of the kind, we cannot imagine; for, besides other particulars, the stipends of all the curacies that have any are stated, and some of the curacies are described as having no stipend at all. It is quite clear that, in learning to write, the archbishops never learned the proverb which informs most people that comparisons are odious; for, if they were aware of that adage, they never would have willingly allowed the publication of a document which cannot fail of provoking comparisons between the highest and the lowest ecclesiastical revenues. In the diocese of Peterborough, there is, according to this register, a curacy with 290 souls to cure, and the superadded duty of "tuition of 16 boys"—at a stipend of £80. In that of York there is one which differs so widely from an archbishopric, that, whilst the population amounts to 3000, the stipend amounts to nothing. The old gentleman who looks from the cathedral tower of Lincoln over the surrounding country, beholds therein a curacy, the stipend of which, like that first mentioned, is £80; the furniture of the curate's house to be taken at a valuation of £180. This arrangement must amuse the old gentleman, because it is an awkward attempt to cheat him by selling a spiritual office without committing indictable simony. In this case, the population is 100; so that the souls which constitute it are cured at 16*s. per animam per annum*, which is much above the average of curates' wages, estimated in proportion to curates' work. The high valuation at which the furniture is to be taken indicates one of two things: either that the curate has a very well-furnished house, or else that the vicar or rector is a very great rogue. The diocese of Chichester contains a curacy which may be called algebraical, for the quantity of the stipend would seem to be less than nothing, as it is the sum of £26, *minus* the payment of all rates and taxes in respect of the Rector's property.

In Peterborough, again, there is a curate's place vacant altogether, without stipend, and with nothing whatever to remunerate clerical attendance on a population of 1027, but "vegetables, the use of a cow, and one or two servants as might be required." In Ely there is an absolutely wonderful curacy. With a population of 2210, the stipend is £2 2*s.* for two months, and the curate, "if married, must not have family." "The labourer is not worthy of his hire," and "Suffer not little children," &c., are apparently the maxims of the incumbent in this instance. As the curate "must not have family," would he, if, being a husband, he should happen to become a father also before the expiration of the two months, forfeit his stipend? This point it would behove any curate to whom two guineas are of consequence, that is to say, many a curate, to ascertain; for such a clergyman, with a wife in an interesting situation, would have to think well before taking that extremely queer curacy in the diocese of Ely.

Among curacies of which the candidate is informed that "titles can be given in the following cases," there is one in York, whereof the stipend is £40; the population being 2,000: so that the wages of this place are about 2*s.* 2*d.* a-day. To the cure of 5,000 souls in Sarum, no temptation is attached in the shape of filthy lucre: "a Residence" only being offered, which we might suppose to be the gaol, but that the cure of souls *extra muros* would be impossible to the incarcerated curate.

From the facts and figures above quoted, the difference between a curacy and a living is placed in a strong light; for it is quite clear that many curacies are employments by which the employed cannot live. It is also manifest that not a few incumbents hire a curate principally in order that he may illustrate evangelical doctrine for them by his life, in being content without riches, and may thus take the most disagreeable part of their duty off their hands. In hiring curates, we wonder that master-clergymen do not adopt the course of some farmers, and resort to an ecclesiastical statute-fair, at which candidates for curacies might present themselves with tickets in their hats, marked with terms. An interesting experiment as to the effect of curate's wages upon the ordinary run of servants might be tried, but for several difficulties. Take a footman with a fine aquiline nose, get him ordained, make him exchange his plush and shoulder-knot for surplice and bands, the back of the carriage for the pulpit, and the servants' hall for the curates' residence. Instead of waiting at table, set him to work at reading, preaching, baptizing, marrying, burying, and visiting the sick. Give him curate's wages for those which he received as a lackey, and compel him to labour for them in the church-vineyard during twelve months. At the end of that time, examine his nose, and see whether it has not, from having been continually turned up at his stipend, become permanently snubbed, and converted from an aristocratic aquiline into a plebeian pug.

GLEANINGS FROM A PADDY FIELD.

AN old song makes mention of a certain—

"PADDYWHACK just come from Cork,
With his coat nately buttoned behind him."

The memory of that ancient lay will perhaps be awakened by the following advertisement extracted from a Cork newspaper:—

GAME NOTICE.

THE EARL OF NORBURY requests that no one will Poach on his Estate (CARRIGMORE) without an order from him in writing. (3962)

What animal will the PRINCE CONSORT exhibit at the next Cattle show that will beat the EARL OF NORBURY's Prize Bull?

Here is another remarkable advertisement, culled, likewise, from one of the Cork journals:—

WANTED, BOARD AND RESIDENCE.

IN a Respectable Family, by a Single Gentleman, who will pay liberally, where there are no marriageable daughters. Apply, by letter, to R., *Daily Reporter* Office. (2473.)

In this notification there is, to be sure, no absolute nonsense, though some difficulty may be experienced in understanding its drift. What can be the author's objection to marriageable daughters in a boarding-house? Perhaps he has been made the victim of some marriageable daughter to whom, like a fool, he afforded grounds of an action for breach of promise of marriage. Perhaps he cannot help being such a fool under circumstances of temptation. Perhaps

"Love is the soul of this nate Irishman;
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can;"

and is unable to restrain himself from making offers of which he afterwards repents, and for which he suffers. Perhaps, like the American Editor whose fatal gift of handsomeness obliged him to carry a stick to keep the ladies off, he is such an Adonis as to be subject to be mobbed by the softer sex; so that in a boarding-house wherein there are any marriageable daughters, he is prevented from enjoying his board by their troublesome caresses.

THE MEMBER TO PAY.

Curious legislatorial experiment is, according to the Papers, about to be tried at Greenwich. The Radical electors there having made two exceedingly practical protests against a property qualification by voting for a Mr. Sleigh, who did not get in, and for a Mr. Townsend, who did, and has since been made a bankrupt, are, we read, about to enforce the doctrine of paying Members of Parliament, by putting Mr. Townsend on a salary. We do not hear the figure at which the honourable member's services are to be estimated, but it ought to be a good one, for the representing such a constituency as that of Greenwich is certainly something for which even an undertaker, (such, we are apprised, is Mr. Townsend's social *status*) ought to be compensated. Be this as it may, we hope that he will insist upon quarterly or half-yearly payments, for the dignity of his order. It could not be pleasant for an undertaker and statesman of delicate feelings to have to take his money weekly, with comments from his employers as to the mode in which the hebdomadal guerdon had been earned. Imagine a politician being addressed across a table: "There's your money, Townsend, and we have made no deduction for your staying away from the House on Thursday, because you say you had a bad cold, and wanted to put your feet in hot water;" or, "Townsend, you were not in your place until seven o'clock on Tuesday, nor until eight on Friday. We don't want to be hard upon you, but a bargain is a bargain." Or, even more pleasantly: "Mr. Townsend, you will find a hextra trifle in that bit of paper, as a small acknowledgment of the way you came out on Hindia." Moreover, will the honourable undertaker have to give a receipt, and if he is to be paid more than two pounds a week, (which is not too much, considering omnibus-hire,) who will pay for the penny stamp, the statesman, or Greenwich?

The Constituency must think over all this, because, unless they are going to subsidise their member in a gentlemanly manner, we know what advice we shall give him, should he honour us by asking it; and that is, to be convinced by Mr. Hayter, at his earliest convenience, that any decent place in the gift of Government is preferable to being paid over the counter, with commentaries. And if Mr. Townsend (who is an auctioneer as well as an undertaker) can get Greenwich to bid against Lord Palmerston, the M.P. may with perfect fairness run up the bidding until he has done a good thing for himself. At all events we have given him the hint, and if the Greenwich folks do not behave singularly well, they ought not to be surprised at Mr. Townsend's some day placarding their excessively dirty borough with a version of a poem, which doubtless he has often caused to be affixed upon the memorials of their relatives—He can date it from a back Treasury bench.

"Weep not for me, constituents dear,
I am not lost, but sitting here;
You paid me such a paltry fee,
I took a place from Viscount P."

MYSTERIES OF THE CITY.

A Gentleman connected with the Money Market, Mr. R. Tredinnick, issues a weekly circular, from which, amusement as well as information appears to be derivable. In one of these documents recently published, we are told that "Edward, 9 to 9¼, has become a general favourite;" from which statement the inference might be drawn that Edward was a nice boy. It is further stated that "Kelly Bray consists of 5,000 shares." Everybody has heard of a man made of money, but the idea of a man made of shares will be new to most people. Allusion is also made to a certain Old Tolgus, who may be supposed to be some gentleman advanced in years, and probably a fogy, bearing a nickname. "Alfred Consols" is likewise mentioned, and some of our readers will perhaps surmise that the Alfred with that peculiarly interesting surname, is a character in a farce, though "Lady Bertha," named a little farther on, savours rather of melo-drama. "North Frances," and "South Frances," are among the names specified; and they seem inversions of nomenclature; Christian names and surnames standing in the relation of cart to horse, or cart to mare, the vehicle placed before the quadruped. We are informed that "Great Alfred sold last Thursday £1,203 worth of copper ore." Who is Great Alfred? it will be naturally inquired. Is our second Alfred the Great a great copper-merchant, or a great auctioneer, or a great what?

This curious circular, moreover, abounds in very strange and mysterious expressions. For instance, "The 16 end men are rising against the winze, sinking below the adit—both in orey ground." Some suspicion may be entertained that Mr. Tredinnick's orthography is what the drapers call inferior, whilst those who feel that misgiving will at the same time wonder what he can possibly mean by the announcement that sixteen end men are rising against the winds. Can an insurrection be the thing intended, or a strike?—but the winds are no authorities; neither do they constitute a firm or a Co. The doubt about the spelling of Mr. T. will be materially increased by the perusal of his subsequent remark that "Poldice is also looking better;" Poldice being conceived to be the peculiarly written and abbreviated name of a young lady, properly called Mary Dyce. The production before us will finally be likely to be regarded as questionable in point of taste; for it certainly has the appearance of being replete with slang, whereof the following sentence may be thought to present examples. "At St. Day United a stope above the 124 is valued for tin at 81 per fathom." We know the meaning of tin; but what is a stope? By this time the reader will want to know, what the odd statements above quoted really relate to, unless he knows as well as we do, that they are particulars of mining intelligence. We take this opportunity of suggesting, that the authors of trade circulars and reports, and writers of money-articles, should append a glossary to their compositions; and also that an enterprising publisher might make a good speculation by bringing out a Companion for the City, explaining the technical terms used in business, and the Mammonisms of the Stock Exchange. An appropriate title for such a book would be, "*The Commercial Slang Dictionary.*"

RHODOMONTADE RUN MAD.

We are wrong to be annoyed at the insults lavishly flung at England by the *Univers*, *Spectateur*, *Gazette de France*, and other mad Ultramontane papers. Shouldn't we laugh at the French, if they took serious offence at any insulting nonsense that the *Record*, or the *Churchman*, or the *Morning Advertiser* chose to indulge in at the expense of France? Bigotry is much the same all over the world. Its wild antics are too ridiculous for anger, and should only provoke laughter instead of indignation. *Rions!*

MORE REFORMS.

The eminent Jockey-Statesman, Lord Derby, has given notice of a measure for Turf Reform, which is, at least, as likely to give satisfaction as Lord Palmerston's for Reform of another kind. The Earl proposes, "That all bets on handicaps made previously to the publication of the weights shall be null and void." Very well; but why not the Earl and his party carry the same just principle into politics? Why not decide that "all attacks made on the proceedings of a Government, until it is known what they are, shall be deemed unfair?" To be sure, it would throw Mr. Disraeli out of employment, but compensation might be arranged. Does not the Earl want a helper in some of his stables? *Punch* knows nobody who can toss about a litter more vigorously than Ben, to say nothing of his preternatural talent at finding mares' nests.

ONE WHO CLEARLY KNOWS HIMSELF.

A Celebrated flute-player, who was asked, "What is a Man?" answered quite naively, "Why, a man is a very stupid animal: at least, judging, as far as one can, from oneself."

A Plucky Reply.—A Candidate for the Civil Service, being asked to name the principal divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, answered, Epsom and Newmarket.

Party (*who, of course, doesn't think* himself *good-looking*). "REALLY, CLARA, I CAN'T THINK HOW YOU CAN MAKE A PET OF SUCH AN UGLY BRUTE AS AN ISLE OF SKYE TERRIER!"

THE SEPOY GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

MR. PUNCH has to acknowledge the receipt, from MR. VERNON SMYTHE, of the following copy of LORD CANNING'S Proclamation in favour of the Indian Mutineers :—

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL in Council has been much shocked and grieved at the angry language which he regrets to have seen employed by British officers and privates in reference to the unfortunate natives who have been misled into acts which may be deplored, but which must not be punished too severely. It is unworthy of Englishmen to use harsh terms towards those who have not had the same advantages of education as themselves. He desires, therefore, that in any future letters mentioning the objectionable conduct alleged to have been pursued by some natives towards females and young persons at Delhi, Cawnpore, and elsewhere, the writers will avoid irritating and condemnatory language.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL has learned with great concern that when English officers and soldiers have captured any of the natives who have been misled into the acts referred to, these unfortunate persons have been tried by a court-martial, and the G.-G. in council shudders to add, have been removed from this life. Such inhuman severity is most displeasing to the G.-G. in council, and he orders that in future any such native, if taken with arms in his hand, may be imprisoned till he can be tried by a jury of his countrymen, and if without arms, that bail be accepted (his own will suffice) for his going to Calcutta and rendering himself up to the authorities.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL has perused with a loathing to which he finds it impossible to give adequate utterance, the accounts of some of the means by which misguided natives have been compelled to depart this life. He expressly orders that no native shall in future be hanged, shot, or blown from a gun, but that in the very few cases in which it can be necessary, for the sake of example, to inflict the last penalty, the native's head shall be removed while he is under the influence of chloroform, or of opiates, to be administered as kindly as possible by the regimental surgeon.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL, in permitting this exceptional exercise of a doubtful right, expressly orders that distinction shall be made, and that any native who offers affidavit upon his Shaster that he did not actually destroy English women or children, but merely pointed them out, prevented their escape, or witnessed their execution, shall be treated with the clemency the G.-G. is eager to show, and shall be dismissed on his undertaking to explain his conduct hereafter.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL also impresses upon the mind of officers, privates, and civilians, that it is very likely that there has been much exaggeration in the accounts of the sufferings endured by ladies and children who have unfortunately fallen victims to the natives' mistaken sense of nationality and religion. There can really be nothing so very dreadful in death by the sword or bayonet; and the imperfectly developed organisation of youth prevents its enduring so much as adults do. Other details are probably incorrect; and, at all events, until they can be verified by affidavits duly filed in the offices of the Courts of Law, they cannot be regarded as a basis of revengeful operations. The G.-G. in Council, therefore, enjoins upon the Army and civilians to dismiss from its consideration any alleged maltreatment of females and juveniles, and to confine itself to a humane endeavour to restore order in India.

"The GOVERNOR-GENERAL will punish with the utmost severity any infraction of the rules laid down in this proclamation, and should any Englishman be found to have put to death, or permitted to be put to death, or not exercised his utmost endeavour to save, any unfortunate native, armed or not, such Englishman shall be hanged immediately on the close of the campaign.

"*Calcutta, Sept.* 1." "(Signed) CANNING."

Exit Stultus.

AN extremely foolish contributor, whom we have sometimes employed when his betters were gone bathing, lecturing, pheasant-shooting, and the like, says that the lying messages brought by the electric wire make it perfectly proper to call the dispatch a Tell-a-cram. He is discharged.

THE CLEMENCY OF CANNING.

Governor-General. "WELL, THEN, THEY SHAN'T BLOW HIM FROM NASTY GUNS; BUT HE MUST PROMISE TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SEPOY."

OUR CITY POEM.

E see that the poet Alexander Smith, who reminds us (in his Christian name) of the poet Alexander Pope, has published recently some "*City Poems*," in a volume price five shillings, which on that account, if for no other, we may not unfairly call his crowning work. We will not quarrel with his way of dealing with the subject: for having yet read only the first three lines of his book, it would be unjust in us to speak of it with harshness. To our minds the word "City" is suggestive rather more of business than of poetry, and there is no harm in our showing what kind of City Poem we ourselves might have produced, had not Mr. Smith been so lucky as to have forestalled us. Our production will, of course, be now complained of as a plagiary, but Mr. Smith himself has been so much accused of this, that we feel sure he will excuse our keeping him in countenance. We frankly own that we have parodied his opening line, but its "elegant simplicity" reminded us of that for which the Three per Cents are noted, and its connection with the City was therefore so apparent that we could not but adopt it.

Without further explanation than the case seems to demand, we beg the critic's "kyind indulgence" to our

CITY POEM.

The other day I sat upon my chair,
As I am wont to do at breakfast-time,
And 'tween the spoonfuls of my second egg
Swallowed choice morsels of my borrowed *Times*.
With equal relish sucked I the contents
Of new-laid shell, and newly-printed sheet;
And inwardly alike digesting both,
Nourished my body while I fed my mind.
The cream of the Court news I quickly skimmed,
Finding, as usual, it was mere sky-blue:
Then followed I the 'leaders' some six words
(For time was pressing), and with sad wry face
Gulped down a mouthful of bad Indian news.
Being a business man, my appetite
Is keener set for Trade Intelligence,
Than politics, or home or foreign news.
With gusto therefore turned I to the page
Which tersely chronicles the rise and fall
Of funds, and markets, and those Joint Stock Shares
Wherein I've dabbled, like a green, green goose,
And now would gladly lave my hands of them.
There learnt I that Consols had yesterday
Opened with firmness at one-eighth advance;
But, through the pressure of effected sales,
Ere noon they to their former price returned,
And closed, inanimate, at a slight decline.
The discount market still continued tight,
Tho' first class bills on easier terms were done;
Money at former rates in brisk demand—
As when, with me at any rate, is 't not?
In railways, banks, and miscellaneous stocks
But little change that day had taken place.
Mines had however some improvement shown:
Wheal Kitty "asked for," and Wheal Down "more up,"
Wheal Alfred firmer, Lady Bertha brisk,
And bidders too for my Wheal Mary Ann—
A wheal whereby may I ne'er come to woe!
The list of bankrupts anxiously I scanned,
In fear of meeting some familiar name;
Then, much relieved, the Mark Lane news I marked,
How the arrivals had been large and good,
How the best samples had with ease gone off,
While for the worse there was a dull demand:
How peas and beans had been in good request
(Bad news for buyers of "Pure Wheaten Bread"),
And fine old malt more money had obtained—
Giving less hope of going down in beer.
The cattle markets had much briskness shown,
Both sheep and beasts were sensibly advanced,
But calves less active, and—more wondrous yet—
There had been quiet in the pig-market.
The Trade Report but slight improvement showed;
Irons were strong: yarns, wools and cottons weak:
Tallows changed hands without much change of price:
Some stir in coals: in middling sugars none:
Coffees and teas both somewhat weaker seemed,
But rums were stronger: and, a strange, strange fact,
Feathers hung heavy in the holder's hands.
More I had learned: but on such rapid wheels
Time rolls away, man reads and has to run:
I started up, but ere my shoes were tied,
Our one domestic panted at my side.
(She 's housemaid, cook, and errand girl, and "nuss")
"Please, Missis says, you 've been and missed your 'bus!"

THE CAMELLIA BREADALBANICA.

Now, dear Lord Chamberlain! Now, beloved Breadalbane. Are you not a nice kind of Licencer of Plays? Come, come, no turning up the aristocratic nose at a subject so contemptible—the business is your business, and you are paid (excuse our vulgarity) singularly well for neglecting it. We insist upon being listened to.

"Not hear us. By your salary, but you shall!"

At a place called Rochester (somewhere in Kent, my Lord) the inhabitants were considered to be in so stupid and stagnating a state of virtue, that it was thought well to introduce among them a little vice, just to make them aware of their own perfection. So a humane theatrical manager announced a drama called the *Lady of the Camellias*. Your Lordship—although a Lord Chamberlain—*must* know, by this time, what the subject of such a piece is, for you certainly read the *Times*, and cannot forget the scathing denunciation righteously poured upon the opera of *La Traviata*. A drama founded on that opera must be still more offensive, because vocalists emit notes, not words, whereas the actor sends home the idea and language to every spectator. And it is again worse, because the ineffable abomination of M. Dumas, *fils*, is thrust forward in the above title—*Punch* cannot even allude to what Lord Breadalbane sanctions. Well, my Lord, some people in Rochester have heard of the character of the atrocity, and send a remonstrance to the Chamberlain's office. Mr. Donne, your delegate, (a scholar and a gentleman, who discharges a thankless office to the satisfaction of all who have business with him) sends to Rochester for the piece, reads it, and to make what sort of a communication to the manager have you, Lord Breadalbane, reduced that gentleman? This is it.

"I have examined the drama, entitled the *Lady of the Camellias*, and find it to correspond so nearly with the opera of *La Traviata*, which has been licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, that I shall not put any impediment in the way of your performing it at Rochester."

Mr. Punch takes it, that blushing is not a Chamberlain's accomplishment, or such a letter must make your Lordship's face resemble *Bardolph's*, as described by the *Page*, (characters by Shakspeare, a dramatic author of other days, my Lord,) "He called me, my Lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last I spied his eyes."

WALK UP, AND BEHOLD THE WONDERFUL!

A Pastoral, according to the derivation of the word, means a discourse delivered by a shepherd; but the compositions issued under that name by Cardinal Wiseman, Dr. Cullen, and the other foreigners who call themselves bishops and archbishops in this country, are at variance with its etymology. The turgid circumlocution of those un-English addresses renders them quite dissimilar to the phraseology of shepherds, but very much like the eloquence of the keeper of a wild-beast show. We may perhaps be allowed to carry the comparison a little further, and to suggest that suiting action to word, some of the pastoral-promulgators may almost be imagined in the act of stirring up the Royal Bengal Tiger with a long pole in the shape of a crosier. Certainly, they are putting their heads in the Lion's mouth.

A Trifle from Shoe-Lane.

Two gentlemen were disputing, rather warmly, about the degree of stature required for the Army, but couldn't agree as to the precise height. "Probably you are not aware," said one, "that the standard has been reduced lately?" "Oh! yes, but I am," answered the other gentleman; "every fool knows that the *Standard*'s reduced now to Twopence."—*Morning Herald.*

STICKING TO THE SHOP.

The Linendrapers' Shopmen declare, that they cannot think of going to India; the Cape, they say, would be somewhat more in their line.

THE LADIES AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.

ACCUSTOMED as we are to the unravelling of mysteries, we confess that there are sometimes puzzles which perplex us. Such a one we find in the announcement of a lady, that at the now closing Manchester Art Palace, the Ladies' Waiting-Room was furnished with a looking-glass, for the use of which a penny was the fee demanded. This she was disposed to consider as exorbitant, and as of a piece with the biscuits to be had at the refreshment counters, which being rather small for penny ones were charged at twopence. As far, however, as our gallantry will suffer, we feel compelled to differ with our fair informant: for the more we give our mind to the consideration of the matter, the more we are disposed to think the smallness, not the largeness, of the charge is to be wondered at. It is true that our informant somewhat aggravated her complaint, by stating that the mirror was so placed, that every one must pass it (in which arrangement the art-people must be viewed as artful dodgers), that she was wholly unaware that there was any charge for using it; and that, as it was, she "only just peeped" at it. But although we grant there may be weight in two of these objections, we must express a doubt if the third can be held valid. From taking careful note of female phraseology, we have more than a suspicion that the "only just peeping" of a lady in a looking-glass, implies a longer occupation of it than the words would seem to indicate. Supposing our informant is a model of forbearance, her "peep" may have accorded with the meaning in her Dictionary; but she must recollect, all ladies are not similarly gifted, and in framing any looking-glass reflection tariff, of course the calculations must be based upon the aggregate.

It is impossible, of course, to speak with any certainty of anything so frightfully uncertain as a Woman,* but from making frequent observation of the time which ladies take when they get before a looking-glass, we can form a pretty accurate opinion on the subject. We have indeed statistics, very carefully collected, which enable us to calculate with tolerable exactness, what portion of their lives ladies spend before the looking-glass; and we are prepared to show that, making due allowance for feminine uncertainty, the actual duration of "only just a peep" averages not less than sixteen minutes and a quarter. This at the Art-Palace price, a penny for a peep, would hourly bring in fourpence and a fraction of a farthing; and allowing that the Manchester Art-mirror was in constant occupation during six whole hours *per diem*, the weekly return would but just exceed twelve shillings. So far, then, from agreeing that the fee charged was exorbitant, we are more disposed to consider it most moderate, and to wonder it was thought that it would prove a paying one: a result which indeed could be only brought about by the artful dodgery aforesaid, of placing the glass so that in her exit from the waiting-room every lady passed it. This of course ensured its being constantly in use; for one might as well expect an Alderman to pass one the milk punch without helping himself, as imagine that a lady could ever pass before a looking-glass without "just taking a peep at it."

Looking therefore at the looking-glass in the light of an Art-fixture, we cannot see it casts the least reflection on the artful ones who furnished it. Without imputing sordid motives to the Manchester Art-treasures, we must admit, of course, that having spent much money in showing them, they had substantial reasons for regarding the Art-treasures from a business point of view, and for keeping a sharp eye to the state of the Art-treasury. Considering that in Manchester the Economic Mania is carried to excess, and that business men have there the greatest possible aversion to lay out money needlessly, we think it was a gallant act in them to sink a certain portion of their capital in a looking-glass; and it is preposterous in ladies to feel a twinge of wonder that such accommodation was not furnished to them gratis. In common fairness the fair sex should have felt grateful for the delicate attention to their wants, and have seen in the looking-glass a convincing piece of evidence that, even in Manchester, men of business sometimes let their gallantry get somewhat the better of them.

* *Note by the Editor.*—Our contributor, ladies, is a confirmed old bachelor, and we will not be answerable for his misogynic sentiments.

A Fresh-Water Navy.

THE Prussian Government has issued a proclamation, in which it humanely recommends all sailors employed in the Prussian Navy to take, before going to sea, five or six drops of chloroform, in a wineglassful of barley-water, as it is considered an admirable preventive against the horrors of sea-sickness.

A DISTINGUISHED ANTIQUARY wishes to know, in whose possession is the chair on which "*Verbum sat.*"

WHAT GAMMON!

THE price of funds was falling fast,
When through the Commons' Lobby, past
A youth who grasped as firm as ice
This Ministerial device:
What Gammon!

His gills were stiff, his snowy hand,
*Wore DENT'S best kids we understand,
And like a penny-trumpet rung
The accents of that cheerful tongue:
What Gammon!

In happy homes he'd seen the light
Of household mirth extinguished quite,
The storm-cloud gathered fast the while,
But still he muttered with a smile:
What Gammon!

"Oh, stay!" one member said, "and think!
We stand upon an awful brink!"
He gently closed his left blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh:
What Gammon!

"Try not that dodge," another said,
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The mutiny's spreading far and wide,"
But still that cheerful voice replied:
What Gammon!

Beware the Sepoy's pampered mood!
Beware our helpless womanhood!
This was the Opposition's cry,
A voice replied: "That's all my eye:
And Gammon!"

Next day the wires electric bore
A horrid tale from red Cawnpore;
Still muttered by the Speaker's chair,
That youth with somewhat startled air:
What Gammon!

True to his scent, as faithful hound,
That youth our own reporter found,
Still clenching in his grasp of ice,
That Ministerial device:
What Gammon!

There, smoothing down his bran new hat,
Lifeless, but elegant he sat,
And 'mid the death-knell booming far,
A voice fell from that falling star:
What Gammon!

* On the authority of an eminent antiquarian who studies such matters.

VERY IMPORTANT.

THE attention of his Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is particularly requested to the annexed important communication received by *Mr. Punch* through the kindness of HER MAJESTY'S Post-Master General:—

"SIR "*Queens Road Obr. 5 Bayswater.*

"I now take the opportuinity of informing you as I was standing near the Great Western railway Station having a leasure five Minutes a train come in and I saw get out one of the carrages six or eight of the royal horse gard blues on leaf of absence for 36 hours each of them having a box or a Carpet bag and one of them having a pair of top boots and they engaged as many dirty raged lot of litle boys to cary them wich drawd great ateration and I hope I shall not intrude in sending this as a copy fo punch

"I have the honour to remain Sir,
"Yours obidient Servant,
"DR. HEULET."

AN EARLY SIGN OF CHRISTMAS.—MR. HARRY BOLENO, the Clown, was seen hovering about the stage-door of Drury Lane Theatre last week.

THE BATTLE OF CREMORNE.

R. Punch derives satisfaction from finding that the Middlesex Magistrates will not punish Mr. Simpson, of Cremorne, because the Police, as usual, neglect their duty. Middlesex Justice is not so blind as to charge Mr. Simpson with the overcharges of cabmen, and with the consequent squabblings between them and their fares, nor will it visit upon him the fact that some of his visitors express their satisfaction with his entertainments by uncouth shouting and inharmonious singing. Such demonstrations, both hostile and applausive, have, *Mr. Punch* is informed, been once or twice heard before the hospitable mansions of more than one most distinguished host, "the only veritable Amphitryon—him with whom one dines." *Mr. Punch* is pleased with the decision by which eighteen to eight Magistrates have refused to injure Mr. Simpson because cab-wheels and snobs make a noise, and because gents may not be as well up in the table of fares as they are in the Ready Reckoner.

But as the recognised Lord Chamberlain, Censor, and Master of the Revels of the world, it may be expected from him that he should express with more completeness his view of the whole Cremorne case. He states, without the least hesitation, that he concurs with several of his friends, members of the Royal Family, that Mr. Simpson's gardens are very delightful ones, and for a daylight visit, a place to which a Bishop may go without risk of a speck upon what Mr. John Timbs aptly informs us is called by uninformed laics, the Apron, but which the Christian world ought to know is nothing more than the short cassock, ordered by the 74th canon. Furthermore, *Mr. Punch* is happy to add, that Mr. Simpson's evening entertainments are not merely unexceptionable, but excellent, the coloured lamps are Alhambraic, the music Jullienesque, the Marionettes an immense improvement upon the wooden actors at several theatres that might be mentioned, the fireworks worthy to celebrate a Peace by which we gained something (everybody will comprehend that we don't refer to the Treaty of Paris), while the poetry of the Hermit seems modelled upon—though superior to the compositions of—but perhaps we have touched up that great bard often enough. The refreshments are capital, and though not unmindful of the Château Margaux and the punch, we have been particularly struck with the rich flavour and aroma of the Imperial Pop, vintage 1857, the Comet year. Lastly, while on the credit side of the account, *Mr. Punch* must not omit to say, that the behaviour of the visitors is exceedingly exemplary, far better, especially as regards the dancers, than that of many of the attendants at similar Parisian places, to which Paterfamilias, once away from the respectability of Bloomsbury Square, hurries, and very often takes Materfamilias, and thinks he has rather done a knowing thing than not. And whether all the said visitors may take with them "all the Virtues under Heaven," (the demise of Bishop Berkeley having left those amiabilities without a residence, an allusion which no fast man will understand, and so we refer him to Mr. Peter Cunningham for explanation) we do not exactly know. Some people behave all the better in the absence of a conviction that they are immaculate, and can do nothing wrong.

But *Mr. Punch* begs to state, with equal distinctness, that he knows, and desires to know nothing of the Gardens after the evening's *programme* is over. They may, after midnight, be as orderly as before. He has no evidence before him. Decent people walk off before to-morrow walks in. And so they ought. Any person with the duties of life to do—we don't speak of idle Swells, War Ministers, Members of the Metropolitan Central Board, and other useless beings—must be up at eight o'clock, and be well through his hearty breakfast by nine. Nobody, whether he be Member of Parliament, clergyman, doctor, lawyer, tradesman, author, or anybody else with anything to do, can want to be at a place of amusement after midnight. Allow another hour for the home journey, and tranquillising cigar, and curtain lecture, and the clock strikes one. Seven golden hours of sleep are coins the strongest must pay as ground-rent to Nature. And therefore we have nothing to say to anybody who stays at Cremorne, or anywhere else, at unseemly hours, except that he ought to be ashamed of himself.

Natheless, Mr. P. is glad that the Magistrates did not make an exceptional rule against Cremorne, and compel closing at an hour when, if a theatrical manager has the cruelty, and a playgoer the folly, to inflict and to witness dramatic debility, the playhouse may remain open. Fair play all round. And *Mr. Punch* will not conclude without adding, that the Magistrates must have arrived at their decision from the promptings of their own sense of justice and logic, for the trashy claptrap chiefly offered in favour of the licence was worthy of all contempt. Had it been proved that the Gardens were a nuisance, it was not because the owner "had laid out £30,000," and given "£325 to the Indian Fund," and "was the largest ratepayer in the parish," that the licence ought to have been granted. It certainly ought not—even in money-grubbing England—to be in favour of a nuisance that it was established at a great expense, or that a fraction of its profits was given in charity. The fact was, that there was no case; and satisfied as *Mr. Punch* is with the result, he would have liked it better, ungarnished with Bosh.

POETRY OF COURT JOURNALISM.

"My dear Mr. Punch,

"The following beautiful piece of writing is taken from the *Court Journal*. It occurs in a description of the Ball Room at Balmoral:—

"Above, the walls are decorated with sylvan trophies and emblems—stags' heads, the spoils of the Prince's rifle, forming conspicuous objects."

"'Spoils of the Prince's rifle!' Oh! how elegant! how sweetly pretty! Any common coarse writer would have said 'shot by the Prince.' What a nice man that writer in the *Court Journal* must be, who expresses himself with reference to the trophies of his Royal Highness's sportsmanship in such charming and appropriate language.

"Ever yours,

"Melissa Gush."

"P.S. I wonder if he is handsome."

TELEGRAPH AND TELEGRAM.

By a Dublin University Poet.

Here is a bother, here 's a to-do,
About using one letter instead of two!
And why are the Greeks to teach us to call
A thing the spalpeens niver heard of at all?
(Unless you suppose the spark in the wire
Was known to them by the name of Greek Fire).
End it with Phi, or end it with Mu,
What does it signify which you do?
End it with Mu, or end it with Phi,
The point 's not worth a potaty's eye,
Contemn such ulthrapedantic appeals,
And put your shoulders to these two wheels:
Reduce the charges, which now is plundering,
And teach the clerks to spell without blundering.

Badly Brought Up.

A Swell-Mobsman, hearing a moralist enlarge on the benefits of self-examination, said: "It was all very fine, but he had often been before the Magistrate of the Thames Police-Court, and he must say he didn't like a Selfe-Examination at all!"

THE NICE LITTLE DINNER.

Tommy (who is standing a feed to Harry). "OH, HANG IT, YOU KNOW, FOURTEEN BOB FOR A BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE! THAT'S COMING IT RATHER STRONG, AIN'T IT?"

Waiter (with perfect composure). "WE HAVE SOME *CHEAP* WINE, SIR, AT HALF-A-GUINEA!"

PATTERNS FOR DRAPERS' YOUNG MEN.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"ALLOW me to observe, Sir, that we Linen-drapers' Assistants are not the only parties who are doing women's work whilst they might be fighting the battles of their country. What do you say to the great majority of the Parliamentary gents? At present, to be sure, they are doing nothing but shooting pheasants; but their work, when they do any, consists in talk, if I may be allowed to express myself in fine Irish. Now, Sir, I ask you whether talk, and mere talk please to observe, is not, of all occupations, most decidedly that of a woman. Well, then, suppose, by way of setting us an example, honourable members leave words to the ladies, and resort to blows instead, and relinquish the fowling-piece for the rifle. They might take their footmen of six feet—you see the joke, Sir?—with them; and then they would revive the romantic arrangement of knight and squire, usual in the good old times of chivalry. Noble lords, with their retainers, might also go out to India, in the capacity of volunteers. The Bishops could not accompany the temporal nobs, but they might send their domestics to serve under them; and in the meanwhile do without coaches, and be satisfied with first-class railway carriages, and with the apostles' horses. Parties in a superior station would have a great advantage over us as soldiers. Pay would be no object to them; but it would be important to us gents, and how can we be expected to throw up our situations for 13*d.* a-day, reduced by sundry stoppages to 2½*d.*? One-and-one cut down to nought two-and-a-half is too low. We couldn't do it. We should have much pleasure in making some sacrifice; but really it must not be quite so alarming as that. We should be happy to do business with the recruiting-sergeant on reasonable terms—but, at the above, certainly not at this establishment. I am, Sir,

"Your obedient Servant,

"*Crinoline House*, 21/10—57." "SILKSHOT."

Going Awry.

A DAMSEL of Rye has (to the great wrath of the *Morning Advertiser*) permitted a Popish priest to cajole her into renouncing a religion for a superstition. We can spare the silly girl to Romanism; but, in the name of GEORGE BORROW, must protest against her being known as the Romany Rye.

SNOBS ALL, MY MASTERS!

OH, Flunkeydom, flunkeydom, what paragraphs are written in thy name! Thy domain is co-extensive with the spread of the great Anglo-Saxon Race! I apprehend that it is a fact not to be gainsaid that, taking JOHN BULL, in the widest sense—as including the American branch of the family—he is the greatest snob beyond comparison, and most abject flunkey, ever known in this world.

I find nothing of the same peculiar kind in France, or Germany, or Italy, or Spain, or Turkey, or even Russia. In the latter country the serf bows down to the noble—the *Tschin* is respected by all classes not included within its thirteen grades—because nobility in Russia is the symbol of power and authority, and means the right and privilege to inflict some kind of punishment or pain. I do not call this sort of kotow snobbishness. It is slavishness, if you will—a dog-like feeling—but there is no flunkeyism in it. So in Austria, what people bow down to, is military rank, or official position, both sources of possible oppression, if not conciliated. But only in England do I find that abject worship of a Lord as a Lord—that licking the shoes of a class, which has no power or privilege to oppress or brow-beat, or bastinado either literally or metaphorically—that hoisting of them into every chair at every public dinner—that foisting of them into every office of every calibre—that silent reverence of them in every private gathering of every condition of men—that hustling and hurraing of them in every public concourse on every occasion.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, and a distinguished party—distinguished as containing a large proportion of peers, and peer's kith and kin—visits the Manchester Exhibition; straightway the Ancient Masters are abandoned, and the moderns cease to charm. MR. HALLÉ's cunning fails in the orchestra, and even the Corporation Gold plate no longer attracts a ring of gapers. The Art Treasures of the United Kingdom are for the moment eclipsed and swallowed up, and set aside by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE. The crowd run after him, they dog his heels, they press upon him. It is necessary to form a ring of policemen round the ducal person to save it from damage. So, girt by his ring of protecting policemen, the Duke, with much ado, gets the Art-Treasures seen, himself the sole and single Art-Treasure, while he remains in the building. He looks at everything—and as if all the fruit of his gazing passed into him, and there became quintessentialised and sublimated, everybody else looks only upon him!

Our Yankee friends are as bad, for all their affected equality and democracy. JONATHAN loves a Lord as absolutely, abjectly, and offensively, as JOHN BULL.

It is not enough for us to mob their movements, and drive them into a hedge of policemen, but we must follow them about with the most miserable drivel of recording penny-a-linism, and Court Newsmanship. We must have a human being paid to solemnly record how particularly "affable and amusing" His Royal Highness, PRINCE ALBERT, was, when he met "a select party at the MAYOR OF MANCHESTER'S," and how he told several anecdotes.

Among others was the following:—

"While in Osborne he was in the habit of getting up very early, and walking about his farm. Passing a farmer's house he stopped to make some inquiries; knocked at the door, and asked the servant if his master were in? The servant replied, 'He is in, Sir, but not down-stairs.' 'Oh, very well,' was PRINCE ALBERT'S reply, and he was about to leave. 'Would you be kind enough to leave your name, Sir?' said the servant. 'Oh, it does not matter,' said the PRINCE. 'Because,' said the servant, 'my master would be angry with me if I did not tell him who called.' 'Very well,' said the other, 'You may say PRINCE ALBERT.' Upon which the man drew back, looked up significantly, put his thumb to the tip of his nose, extended his fingers, and exclaimed 'Walker!'"

Whereupon the reader, exhausted with the sustained and breathless interest with which he has followed his Royal Highness to this point, can but ejaculate, in faint echo, "Walker!" also, and put his thumb to the tip of his nose, and extend his fingers, in the direction of the gifted penny-a-liner.

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First Boy. "*What does he do with all them Whiskers?*"

Second Boy. "*Why, when 'e's got enough of 'em, 'e cuts 'em off to stuff 'is Heasy Chair with!*"

POMPEY ON TELEGRAM.

TUNE.—"*Sitch a gittin up-stairs.*"

OH! hab you heard ob de row dere am,
'Bout dis here new word Telegram?
De Cambridge and de Oxford School,
Boaf ob dem call de oder a fool.
Sitch a quotin' ob Greek, and makin' ob a riddle,
Sitch a quotin' ob Greek I nebber did see.

De word he may be foul Greek or fair,
Which him don't know and him don't care;
But him sound more tickle dis nigger's ear,
Dan any him's heard for many a year.
Sitch, &c.

De word him short, de word him sweet,
And berry pleasant to repeat,
Him 'zackly fit de nigger's lip,
And de debble may care for him scollumship:
Sitch, &c.

Derefore in *Johnson* jest you look,
When next him publish him spelling-book,
And dere I spects dere will be found
Dat lilly new word wid de lubly sound:
Sitch, &c.

De telegram a 'greeable name;
Him wish him news may be ebber de same;
De next we gets, widout no flam,
Him hope a berry good telegram:
Sitch, &c.

MEDICINE OF THE MONEY-MARKET.

BY a telegram from New Orleans we learn, with considerable alarm, that—

"The Money Market is feverish."

We suppose the fever is worse than a common intermittent; for we miss the additional intelligence that—

"Quinine is fiz."

On the other hand, nothing whatever is mentioned of antimony and camphor-julep.

A LEADER FROM THE "STAR."

[WE have great pleasure in giving extended publicity to the views of the ex-peacemongers, as set forth in their Penny Daily Organ. The following is an excellent specimen of the mode in which the Manchester-men treat the Indian crisis.]

THE British dear newspapers continue to bluster, but we cannot see that Old HAVELOCK and Old CAMPBELL are a bit nearer the crime which is being urged upon them than they were months ago. Of course, if a British officer mounted on a tremendous Life Guard's horse, and armed with a sword, revolvers, and a lance, and sheathed between an impenetrable cuirass and backpiece, rushes upon a few of the QUEEN'S half-naked subjects with dark skins, and they run away to save their wives and children from outrage, the high-priced press makes him a hero. We should like to know where in the Scripture Life Guards are ordered to charge Hindoos, and yet we call ourselves a Christian nation, and the writers in the *Times* very likely drive to church in carriages.

As to "punishing" the Orientals, the insolence of the word is only equalled by its absurdity. To punish is the act of a superior, unless, to be sure, the word is taken from the brutalities of the prize-ring which is so great a favourite with our aristocracy, and whose atrocities are equalled in their fashionable schools, which the *Quarterly* parsons laud. In that case "punishment" is a thing which either side may get, and for all we can see, our dark fellow-subjects are as able to administer it as our white ones. We do not profess intimate acquaintance with the ferocious science of war, but we take it, that if a cannon is laid properly, the ball will do equal execution, whether the gun be fired by an Artillery Colonel or a Bumbasheeboo. Cannon-balls are sad democrats, and won't listen to the gentlemen in Printing-House Square, who would kindly direct them on their way.

Old HAVELOCK is said to have fought nine battles, and as nine tailors make a man, nine battles may make a hero. Mars covered nine acres of ground in his fall, and our Indian Mars may have the same luck. Of course, anything is called a battle when furious officers, with hands red with gore, dismount in an infuriated state, and pen despatches. If we could read what the so-called rebels say about the matter, we dare say that a good deal of the swagger would be taken out of these victories. But if they are all they are said to be, we see nothing in them to warrant exultation, because such victories imply that the sword and violence are having it their own way. Far better that the Indian Mars should be checked, and a Commissioner, say MR. MILNER GIBSON, or MR. W. J. FOX, be sent out to treat between the belligerents. It may come to this, in spite of the vaunting of the high-priced newspapers, for we rejoice to read that Nature would not stay her hand to assist the fiend of blood, and that the Jumna, swollen by rains from the Himalayas and the Mountains of the Moon, was offering an obstacle daily becoming more formidable to the invincible HAVELOCK, or HAVOC.

But if Delhi should be taken, which we pray may not be the case, the very cant of the military trade ought to secure leniency to those within its walls. They call it glory to defend a position. What then must be the glory of those who could defend Delhi against the miraculous *prestige* of the English name, and against the thunders of the English press. Had Delhi been Jericho, the brazen trumpets would have had it down long ago. But we do hope that should HAVELOCK or CAMPBELL, or whichever of these fiery old gentlemen is to have the honour of ravaging a noble city, succeed in entering its walls, he will bear in mind that if the so-called rebels killed some women and children, they were equally ready to kill the terrible soldiers of England, and therefore are entitled to the tender mercies of the Pagan code of war. Stupid as the military may be, they cannot fail to see this, if all the lead in all the types of the *Times* were in their heads. As for the writers in that journal, they are simply fools, knaves, and idiots.

CHEVALIER EXTRAORDINARY.

A GENTLEMAN who calls himself the CHEVALIER LUMLEY DE WOODYEAR LUMLEY, has published an account of his distinguished origin and magnificent titles, and therewith a statement that the Sardinian Government had offered spontaneously to KING BOMBA to expel from the Piedmontese territory twenty-six Neapolitan and Sicilian refugees, of whose names he gives a list. This story has been contradicted by the Government of Sardinia; it is, then, doubtless, the product of the imagination of the Chevalier. We apprehend that this inventive Chevalier is a Chevalier of the industrious order.

JUVENILE ART-TREASURES.

PRIVATE VIEW.

FOLLOWING the lead of the Manchester Art-people, a committee of young gentlemen has recently been formed, with the view of getting up an Exhibition of all the Juvenile Art-Treasures they can anyhow lay their hands on. It is intended to confine the specimens exhibited to the very early works of our exceedingly young masters; and any master who exceeds the age of ten will be esteemed too ancient to have his works exhibited. The object, which the Art-Committee will keep steadily before them, is to show the progress of the Arts from the earliest infancy, and it is confidently hoped that specimens may reach them even from the cradle. Of the works which have already been entrusted to their care, we have been courteously invited to a private view, and we have our own permission to make public the results of our inspection.

No oil-paintings as yet have been received by the Committee, and indeed the only bit of canvas in their hands is a piece used as the ground of an unfinished work in worsted, on which the outline of a kettle has been traced in marking-ink. This has been sent in by a young Welsh master, MASTER JONES; and having been achieved at the age of not quite three, may be viewed as a specimen of his very early period. Several water-colour sketches have, however, come to hand, one or two of which are quite *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way, and are prized by the mammas of the young masters who have painted them as being early sweepings of the brush of genius. Some of these, we note, are somewhat smudgy in their tone, and must perhaps be viewed as being rather after rubbings than they can be after RUBENS; still, upon the whole, the colour-boxes have been used with singular effect, and, for first attempts, the landscapes are perhaps not more completely unlike nature than is usually the case. MASTER SMITH'S in this way are especially unique, and may be fairly viewed as JEM'S—that being the Christian name of this now rising-six young artist.

Although the colourists appear in tolerable force, we are not surprised, of course, to find their works are far out-numbered by the drawings in plain pencil which already have arrived. When properly arranged and classified in order, we think that this compartment will perhaps be *the* attraction of the whole Art-Exhibition. Both the pencil schools, in fact, will be completely represented—both the Lead school and the Slate. There are some portraits in the former style which must have not a little startled those who sat for them, so far from being human are the features represented. With the slate-pencillists, however, there is a greater tendency to landscape than to drawing from the life. Several of their subjects are indeed architectural, but their houses, for the most part, are merely sketched in outline. Their landscapes are, however, works of more pretension, and even animals are introduced in some of them with the happiest effect. There may be doubts in some cases what creatures are intended (as for instance in young MASTER BROWN'S "*A Landscape with Cows*," where the tails are so handled as to look like fifth legs), but in general the device of the scroll has been resorted to, and the words "This is a Horse!" prevent one's guessing that a pig must be the animal depicted.

With the sole exception of some ornamented book-covers (many of them so injured as to be quite past repairing) no specimens of Ornamental Art have been as yet contributed. A few carvings have arrived, of cherry-stones and hockey-sticks; and some spoons, bit nearly through, and otherwise embossed, will be sure to claim attention as choice specimens of metal work. To Connoisseurs in chicken-bone a highly-decorated skipjack, from MASTER GREEN'S collection, will doubtless be an object of considerable interest: while those who have a taste for Sculpture can hardly fail to be delighted with the ROBINSON Marbles, which, in the estimation of their owner, are not second to the ELGIN ones. They will be found to contain specimens of both the antique styles, the plain style and the coloured: as they comprise a goodly show of Alley Tors as well as Commoners.

The Armoury Compartment will be very rich in specimens. Several of the fly-guns will be found most delicately finished, and well worthy of inspection; and although the pop-guns show less polish, and perhaps more hasty workmanship, still, their elegant simplicity is in itself a beauty. The pea-shooters and pin-darts are also very choice, and some of the toy-cannon will be viewed as highly interesting specimens of early English ordnance. But perhaps the gem of this compartment is a suit of pasteboard armour, lately manufactured for some nursery theatricals. This will be found to repay the closest study, being exquisitely finished, and complete in every detail, down to the lath dagger and the paste and paper battle-axe.

Comprising as it will such young Masterpieces as these, there can be small doubt of the attractiveness of the intended Exhibition: and the Art-magnet, it is hoped, will be found strong enough to draw, even at the distance at which it will be placed. The first idea of putting it in an accessible locality, was scouted as not following the Manchester Art-precedent, and it has been finally resolved to hold the show at Mitcham, that being esteemed as much out of the way a spot as could be chosen for the purpose. A spacious nursery has there been fitted up as an Art-Palace, and will be open for a week, of course excluding Sunday. Day admission fee, one penny; Season Tickets, sixpence. At these charges it is hoped the Exhibition will be self-supporting; but in order to place it on a firm financial footing, a Guarantee Fund has been raised, to the amount of seven shillings. The Committee will defray their own expenses from the money taken at the door; and should there be a surplus, they will devote it to the purchase of Art-brandyballs and lollipops.

FASHION WITHIN COMPASS.

INDULGE not, husbands and lovers, the fond hope that ladies are about to abandon unlimited petticoats. Our good news is merely this: that, for once in the way, Fashion is mathematically and logically correct in a statement respecting the Circle. We congratulate the *Morning Post* on publishing this quite unobjectionable announcement:—

"The MARQUIS OF BRISTOL is at Ickworth, near Bury St. Edmund's, surrounded by a select circle."

Some critics may demur to "select;" but the expression is lawful. "Select," according to DR. JOHNSON, means "nicely chosen; choice: culled out on account of superior excellence." The circumference of the circle, whereof the MARQUIS OF BRISTOL is the centre, is perhaps at every point as nearly equidistant from the centre as it is possible for any circle to be drawn. Consequently, it is the nearest actual approach that can be made to a perfect circle; and it may, on that account, have been "culled out" of a number of other circles less accurately described, "on account of superior excellence." It is quite clear that the circumference of the circle whose centre is the MARQUIS OF BRISTOL cannot be formed of other Marquises, because there must be some degree of distance, however small, between the circumference and the centre. It cannot be formed of Dukes, because a Duke is above a Marquis, and the centre of a circle can nohow be below the circumference. Neither can it be constituted of Earls, inasmuch as a Marquis is above an Earl, and the circumference of a circle cannot be below the centre. Perhaps it consists of plain gentlemen, who may be said to be on a plane or level with anybody.

To be told, in reasonable terms, simply that a nobleman is surrounded by a select circle, is something agreeable after having been so

often absurdly informed, that this or that man of rank was entertaining one; a thing that a clown in the ring only can do, though no clown in the ring very often does it. We once heard a clown who was surrounded, not only by a ring, but also by a circle in the shape of a hoop, which had been reversed upon himself whilst he was in the act of putting it around somebody else, say, before he could check himself, "High-diddle-diddle, the fool in the middle;" but it would be improper to apply this quotation to the centre of that circle which surrounds the MARQUIS OF BRISTOL: for the centre of a circle has a point, and a point has no parts or magnitude, whereas the Noble Marquis possesses some understanding, and is, moreover, one of the great.

JAMES THOMPSON, ESQ.

(OF CHEAPSIDE.)

THE Initial System has turned out partially a dead letter; at least, the Dead Letter Office never was so full as at the present moment. The Initials only cause a greater waste than economy of time, and this waste arises from the endless mistakes that are constantly occurring. Persons are too lazy, or else too busy, to consult their Street Guide; and so, in their hurry or indolence, they dab down any initial, that, to their geographical mind, seems to be the nearest approach to the truth. Hence, confusion after confusion; so that letters are carried to the wrong district, or else have to be sorted and resorted, until the error is corrected. We need hardly state, that this loose system is not exactly the right sort to avoid delay. Sometimes the mistake is on the side of the Post Office: as, for instance, when a letter is marked N.W., and, intended for the North-West division of London, is forwarded to North Wales. But more frequently the error is the natural result of the stupidity or carelessness of the correspondent.

Our readers, doubtlessly, recollect the sample address that was given in the Post-Office Guide (price 1*d.*). It ran as follows:—

James Thompson, Esq.,
300, Cheapside,
London.
E.C.

Now, will it be believed—and the fact is so outrageously absurd that it is almost incredible—that hundreds and hundreds of fools have copied the above address literally. *James Thompson* has enjoyed for months past the largest correspondence of any man in the world. The Editor of *Bell's Life*, to whom most matters of dispute, from tennis to theology, are referred, does not receive one-thousandth part the number of missives that are sent to the address of the illustrious unknown, who does *not* live at No. 300, Cheapside, for the simple reason that there are not three hundred houses in that street. No man has given the Post-Office so much trouble since the days of JOSEPH ADY, of-something-(on-the-receipt-of-twelve-postage-stamps)-to-your-advantage memory. *James Thompson, Esq.*, be he living or dead, can certainly boast of being the best-lettered man of the day. It takes more clerks than BARING BROTHERS have in their lordly establishment to open and attend to his extensive correspondence. What a man of information he must be! What secrets!—what locks of hair!—what slices of wedding-cake!—what political watchwords!—what vestry conspiracies!—what tender avowals of blushing affection!—must be poured into his confiding ear! He could tell you, probably, what the Second-Floor of No. 59, Upper Baker Street, Little Pedlington, had for dinner yesterday! Gain his confidence, and you will doubtlessly be able to learn the name of the "Winner of the Derby" three years in advance! We think *Selections from the Correspondence of James Thompson, Esq.*, would make the most curious book of the day.

There are other fools, who, mixing up a little caution with their folly, address their *billets-doux* "to the care of" the favoured J. T. Thus, we have seen a letter, in a beautiful little handwriting, directed thus:—

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL WISEMAN,
35, Golden Square,
To the Care of
James Thompson, Esq.,
300, Cheapside,
London,
E.C.

Who would believe that Folly in England ever extended over so large an area? It is our opinion that its Empire is only restricted by the limits of the *Penny Post*. We hope the incredulous reader will not imagine that we have invented the above incidents. We can assure him that, strange as they appear, they *are positive facts*. If he doubts our word, let him write to *James Thompson, Esq.*, and ask him whether we have made an improper use of his name.

PIOUS BLACKING.

WE are happy to read the announcement that a great religious movement is on foot. Roman Catholic Blacking is now to be set up against Evangelical Blacking. In other words, the Society of S. VINCENT DE PAUL is organising a Blacking Brigade for the enlistment of little Papists who decline to enrol themselves among the red-coats of LORD SHAFTESBURY'S squadron. They wear a blue uniform with red cuffs, and the emblazoned initials S.V.P., which may either refer to their patron saint, or imply "Shoes Vell Polished." Some of the lads are already at work at the West-end. We hear that so keen are their religious scruples, that they refuse to use Protestant liquid for their brushes, and that a supply of penny coagulated blacking has been forwarded from Rome by the eminent chemist who manufactures the red pomatum called the blood of S. JANUARIUS. This orthodox blacking is warranted to melt on a Catholic foot being placed on the lad's board, but to remain hard as coal should a Protestant try to get a polish.

This is all right, and we are glad to see industry encouraged. But is there to be no provision for other divisions of religionists? Are none but Evangelicals and Catholics to black and be blacked? Are Puseyites to go about with muddy boots? Is the High Church to wear dirty Highlows? Is the Dissenter to be refused a scrub? And the Jew, are pig's bristles to deny him their office? This is sectarian intolerance, and not to be endured in the nineteenth century. Agitation ought at once to be commenced. For ourselves, we are, in this matter, somewhat of the opinion of MR. THOMAS MOORE, who beautifully says:—

"Shall I ask the bold child of the Blacking Brigade,
Who scrubs at my corns, if our creeds agree;
Shall I injure that gay little shoe-blacker's trade,
If he kneels not in Protestant orthodoxee?
From the heretic Boots at the Swan shall I fly,
To some Papist who over my bluchers shall hiss;
No; perish the hearts and the laws that would try
Brush, blacking, or shine by a standard like this."

THE PARTING OF THE PICTURES.

RAFFORD mourns—or rather, by the way, does not mourn, for all its inhabitants have protested against anything so rational and popular as a Museum of Art being continued in their dusty suburb; Old Trafford, therefore, may be more accurately said to rejoice, while MR. JOHN DEANE stands, like another WELLINGTON, making restitution of Art Treasures. For the Manchester Exhibition is over.

The parting of pictures that will never meet again in this world, except by a chance as remote as that of VISCOUNT VILLIAMS'S making a good speech, was most affecting. *Henry the Eighth* howled as he separated from *George the Fourth*, the *Blue Boy* blubbered as they tore him from the *Flower Girl*, and *Sir Isaac Newton* looked miserable as MR. DEANE gallantly led away *Nelly O'Brien*. The clatter and clamour among the men-in-armour as they swore eternal friendship before they were pulled to pieces by the stern Chief Commissioner, resembled that of the congregation of lobsters breaking up after S. ANTHONY'S sermon to the fishes. The Old Masters were men of a stronger type. They have known the world long, and know that nothing is so evanescent as friendship; but RUBENS had something to whisper to ETTY, and CLAUDE and TURNER were observed in a long confabulation. Several great men said words of encouragement and applause to WALLIS; and AUGUSTUS EGG, seeing MAMMON coming up with greedy eyes, affectionately tucked his friend under his arm, and bore him away in safety.

We have likened MR. JOHN DEANE to the DUKE OF WELLINGTON, but we should in justice first liken him to NAPOLEON. For, did he not ransack the most sacred treasure-houses of art, and bear away their

choicest contents to Manchester? Echo answers in the affirmative. For months the nation has been revelling in the rich stores thus brought together; and it is agreed in society, that the man who has not seen the Art-Treasures has seen nothing. And then cometh our well-beloved DEANE in his second Avatar, and banishing the public from his sight, and kicking DONALD, the extortionate suttler, into infinite space, he makes such restoration as did the Iron Duke when he bade the Louvre render up to its lawful owners the spoils of a Continent.

And therefore *Mr. Punch* deems that some signal honour should be conferred upon the said NAPOLEON-WELLINGTON-DEANE. Knighthood! Bah! They knight mayors, and aldermen, and all sorts of fat cattle. Baronetcy! Why, SIR JOHN SHELLEY's a baronet, and DUNDAS CHRISTOPHER HAMILTON NISBET means to be one. Baron! Pooh, ROBERT GROSVENOR's a baron; and so we could run up to the top, or exceeding near it, of the ladder of honour. What shall be done unto NAPOLEON-WELLINGTON-DEANE for that which he has done?

We will consider of it, and the public shall know the result. Meantime, it is not a bad instalment of his reward, that *Mr. Punch* claps him on the back, and says "Bono, JOHNNY!"

Come hustle, ye knaves, and get me straight away into my hacking-case
Delighted to have made your acquaintance I'm sure
Aye, lets get out of this smoky place, For Goodrich, ho!
Gramercy for thy courtesy Mr Deane - t'would pleasure me hugely to greet thee at the Tower.

THE WARRIOR AND THE WAITER.

A SERGEANT, recruiting, his energies spent,
And was forced to recruit his own frame;
So into a Tavern and Chophouse he went.
He called, and a tall waiter came.

"A steak!" said the Soldier, and, "Cook! a rump-steak!"
The waiter immediately cried.
"Any beer, ale or porter, Sir? which would you take?"
"Pint of stout!" the bold Sergeant replied.

The steak soon was brought, with potatoes and bread,
And one thing to state I forgot,
That his steak when he ordered, the customer said,
That he with it would have a 'chalot.

To follow, the Sergeant then ordered stewed-cheese;
And, having sufficiently dined,
Cried, "Hoy, there! a glass of mixed punch, if you please;
And let it be hot, young man, mind."

The tumbler of punch soon our hero drank out,
And then summoned the waiter, to say
"Rump-steak, 'chalot, taters, one bread, pint of stout,
And stewed-cheese, and mixed punch. What's to pay?"

"Two-and-eight," was the answer: the Sergeant put down
On the table before him the sum,
With a penny moreover: at which single "brown"
The dissatisfied waiter looked glum.

"Ay, ay," said the Sergeant, "I know that won't do.
Here take this, my lad—*you* understand:
This will much better suit a fine fellow like you:"
And a shilling he slipped in his hand.

It closed on the coin, and the napkin let drop.
"I'll hand plates," cried the waiter, "no more;
Let girls serve in Tavern as well as in Shop!"—
He is now on his way to Cawnpore.

ORIENTAL ORTHOGRAPHY.

IT used to be a rule in orthography that *q* is always followed by *u*. To this rule even an exception has, however, been presented by MR. W. N. LEES, who, in a letter to the *Post*, spells Koran with a Q simply instead of a K—"Qoran." This gentleman signs himself "Principal of the Mohummudun College, Calcutta." His orthographical notions appear to be peculiar. We have seen MAHOMET's book spelt Kuran, and his own name all manner of odd ways; but none of the methods of spelling either the Prophet's name or his book that we have before met with have equalled in eccentricity "Mohummud" and "Qoran." In writing "Mohammudun" for "Mahometan," MR. LEES appears to have completely "done it."

A Bit of Pig.

THE *Siècle* has been lately giving the details of a stupendous project for connecting England and France by means of a submarine tunnel. The projector of the scheme is a certain M. A. THOMÉ DE GAMOND. To an English ear this sounds very much like Gammon.

MR. BULL'S EXPENSIVE TOYS.

First Household Swell. "SHARP WORK IN INDIAW!"

Second Do. Do. "YA'AS!—WHAT A BAW A SOLDIER'S LIFE MUST BE!"

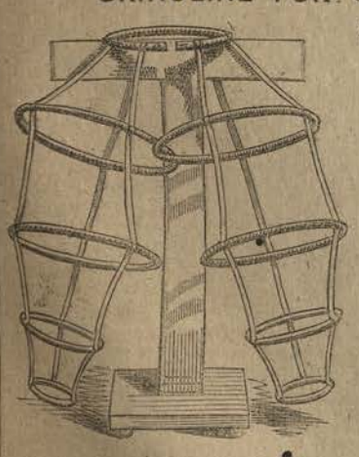
WILL IT WASH?

An apparently funny invention has just been patented by a gentleman of Manchester, Mr. John de la Haye. It consists in a contrivance for submerging electric cables. Apparently funny we call it, because, even if we were not so wise as we should be, and are, experience, which would have taught even ourselves wisdom, would have made us know better than to make fun of any invention without sufficiently understanding it to be quite sure that it involved something impossible or absurd. There are wiseacres yet living who ought to blush at a gas-lamp, and hide their faces at the sight of a locomotive. We will not risk classification in their category, by comparing the project of Mr. de la Haye with the devices of the Laputan sages—but its seeming oddity suggests to us a question which appears not to have occurred to any one of a numerous meeting of engineers to whom, at the Town-hall, Manchester, the plan was expounded by its inventor: who, according to the *Times*, said that—

"The plan he would adopt would be to encase a cable prepared like that for the Atlantic Ocean in a soluble compound (the composition of which he would not now mention), capable of floating it for a time on the surface of the water. The coating he proposed to use for this purpose he supposed would hold it on the surface of the waves while about five miles of cable were payed out from the vessel before it began to dissolve, and as it would dissolve gradually, so the cable would sink gradually to the bed of the ocean. By this means he calculated that there would always be about five miles of cable lying on the surface of the water in the wake of the vessel, and the remainder would describe an incline to within 100 or 200 feet of the bed of the ocean, so that there would be comparatively little strain, and consequently less liability of breakage. The cable would descend into the ocean almost horizontally instead of perpendicularly."

In the above account there is a little parenthesis which deters us from recommending Mr. de la Haye to turn his attention to the problem of extracting sunbeams from cucumbers. His soluble compound, he said, was one, "the composition of which he would not now mention." Iced cream adroitly disposed around a cable would perhaps support it in the manner above described, if it could be procured in sufficient quantity, and laid down continuously in weather not too cold—upon one condition. A dead calm would be required to reign at the time. At least the operation would not be practicable whilst the waves were running mountains high, even if the cream were laid down in long ice-bergs. It would be necessary that the Atlantic should be in a particularly good humour to enable it to be performed. A large flock of halcyons or kingfishers would have to be collected and trained, if possible, to produce the desired effect. With any ordinary substance it would be impossible to accomplish the design. But perhaps Mr. de la Haye employs an extraordinary substance, and is prepared to answer the question:—How about the waves?

CRINOLINE FOR GENTLEMEN.



O Blank Punch, Esquire.

These with care.

"I Propose, Sir, to call them the Inflated Pegtops. Under that name I intend forthwith to make them Patent. Had the Manchester Art Palace continued to be open, I should have exhibited these Treasures on my own lay figure. As it is, I must resort to other means to show them to the world; and I petition you, Sir, therefore to allow an illustration of them to adorn your pages. If you fear their exhibition will offend your lady-readers, allow me a few inches of your valuable space (space is always 'valuable,' even in the *Morning Herald*), and I will tell them what has tempted me to take this leaf out of their Fashion-books.

"In the first place, the dear creatures must believe me when I say, that I am perfectly incapable of joining in a laugh at them. However near I may ungardedly approach the verge of doing so, my better nature always is quite sure to get the better of me, and I then recoil from the enormity as though it were a precipice. When, therefore, I submit my new invention to their eyes, I do so without fear of their mistaking it for ridicule. I should not ask their sanction to my putting on my pegtops, if I thought they would consider them a take-off of their petticoats. In fact, if I imagined that the cuts which illustrate this article would be viewed by the dear creatures as cuts at their costume, I would rather, Sir, have lived when heads were taken off and that myself, and not my sketches, had been brought to the Block.

"Acquitting me, therefore, of all thought of making fun of them, ladies will feel naturally curious to know, why I purpose wearing my Inflated Pegtops? and what *can* be the good of their preposterous expansion? To these momentous questions permit me, ladies, for the moment, to return you Quaker answers, by asking why do *you* wear Crinoline? where on earth 's the good of it?

"Now, of course, ladies, I am not so outrageously absurd as to expect that you will favour me at once with reasonable responses. The utmost I can hope from any living woman is that, in answer to my one query, she should say, Because we choose; and, in answer to my other, she should tell me Not to bother. In ladies' logic, these replies would be accounted 'reasons:' for, as Sydney Smith the reverend, unflinchingly asserts, the mind female does not *reason*, in the sense in which the mind male understands that verb.

"I will, therefore, ladies, take the liberty of answering my questions myself, and of seeking out some reasons—*bonâ fide* reasons—for you. Next week, if you please, and if *Mr. Punch* will let you, you will have the pleasure in your hands of saying the last word, and of showing, if you can, that I have jumped to false conclusions.

"Now, why do you wear Crinoline?—Because your next-door neighbours do? Because the Empress of the French does? This would only prove what Sydney Smith—that ungallant divine—has also said, that 'Woman is at best but an imitative animal.' Would you have your heads shaved, because your next-door neighbours had? Your grandmothers wore hair-powder for no more reasonable reason. Of the two, I think a head clean shaved would be a sight more comely than a dust-and-dirt-bepowdered one. And pray, what have you to do with what the Empress of the French does? What 's Eugénie to you, or you to Eugénie? If an Englishwoman *must* take a Queen as her life model, let her be a loyal subject, and not look across the Channel for one.

"But why do you wear Crinoline?—Because it is the fashion? Well, but who sets the fashion? the lady, or the milliner? the wearer, or the worker? Are you not all slaves, abject slaves, to your *modistes?* Is not every one of you at the mercy of her dress-maker: under her thumb and thimble as completely, sleeve and body, as though you were but serfs, and she enthroned in might, Empress of all the Bustles? But then there are the fashion-books. Following the fashion, of course you read the fashion-books. You consult them as your oracles; and regard them as infallible (being printed) proofs that Crinoline's 'The Thing,' let men say what they will of it. But you forget to ask the question, Who gets up the fashion-books? And might you not be startled if you learnt that in accepting them as absolute authorities, and bowing to their nod, you are in fact complacently salaaming to your dress-makers.

"Why, then, do you wear Crinoline?—Because you think it is becoming to you? Well, a bread-and-butter Miss might be excused such miss-conception; but that any grown-up Woman, who is passed her skipping-rope and pinafore, should entertain that thought, it quite surpasses man's believing. I cannot yield my faith to such a libel on the sex. The mind female may not reason, but it is not idiotic. The brain feminine is capable of ocular impression. Mirrors give the means of outward self-examination; and the lady who can look her cheval-glass in the face, and say deformity becomes her, must have a blinding pigstye in her mental vision.

"Then why do you w— No, don't say that. Don't catch me up so short, that it 's 'to please the gentlemen!' I really cannot suffer you to foster that delusion. After all we 've said and written to you, how can you dream of doing so? Pick out any number of unbiassed men you will—by 'unbiassed' I mean, being neither henpecked fools nor lovers,—put them in a jury-box (an opera one will do), and ask them what they think of you, in Crinoline and out of it. There would not be need of much deliberation. Were I their foreman, I should have to say (however it might pain me to use such harsh expressions)—

"*When lovely Woman stoops to Crinoline, she ceases to be Woman, and becomes a Monster.*"

"This would be their verdict. Were a million men empanelled, still I 'd bet you gloves all round you 'd not find a dissentient.

"After all, then, I must own the Why you wear your Crinoline? is an unguessable conundrum. The mysteries of female dress are not for men to fathom. To the male eye there is neither use nor beauty in exuberance of skirt; or, at least, its only use appears to be in hiding dirty stockings, or some personal defect. Men in general believe, that the inventress of Crinoline was a sloven about her ancles, or had possibly splay feet. And then they draw the cruel inference, that those who copy her invention are impelled by reasons similar: seeing that no better have as yet forthcome from them.

"*Mais revenons à nos Pegtops.* My reasons for inventing them it needs no blush to palliate. I did so purely out of compliment to your superior sagacity. As you seem to think that Nature is improved by wearing Crinoline, let me profit by the thought, and share with you the benefit. If the 'human form divine' be beautified by hoops, being human I may claim an equal right with you to wear them. For what reason should my sex debar me from the privilege? Why should you

keep all the 'good figures' to yourselves? Free trade in them, say I! The unfairest of your sex would surely not be a Monopolist.

"In one point, though, we are not quite on an equality. In the matter of expense I have certainly the better of you—or I should say, of your husbands. My Pegtops are not costly in the mode of their expansion. To inflate them there is no need of such raising of the wind as there is with your air-petticoats. Old oyster barrel hoops are cheaper than steel fixings. And I can tie them in myself—*non tailori auxilio*—without calling in a STULTZ. Expansive as you please; but not expensive likewise.

"Having thus explained myself, I ask you, ladies, not to laugh at me if you should see me wear them. Recollect that I shall do so in pure compliment to you. Cumbersome they may be; oppressive; inconvenient; nay, I'll even go so far as to admit them to be *ugly!* But then, what of that? Rightly viewed, their very ugliness will constitute their beauty. For the more they may with truth be called cumbrous and uncouth, the more they will resemble those stiff petticoats of yours, and the more you will appreciate my delicate intentions. To keep the THING in countenance, so long as you wear Crinoline I shall sport my Pegtops; and I hope you will agree, ladies, with one who *even now* admires you, that—

"IMITATION IS BUT THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY!"

MR. COX ON ENGLISH HISTORY.

MOST members of Parliament enliven their little holiday by giving lectures to their constituents. The mind of MR. COX has long been nobly intent upon a similar pursuit. The young men of Finsbury have been recently enlightened with his peculiar views upon English History. The whole lecture was a great treat. It was given before the assembled intellect of the borough, at the *Wat Tyler*, abutting Constitution Place, near the spot where formerly stood the Mechanics' Institute, which has since been converted into a shooting gallery.

Our limited space spitefully deprives us of the pleasure of giving the entire lecture, but the following extracts will suffice to give the reader a tolerable taste of what the intellectual banquet was like:—

"Gentlemen (began MR. COX, after smoothing his brow, and coughing nervously two or three times), it was not until after the Flood, that WILLIAM the Conqueror sprang upon the British shore, exclaiming in his rich Norman dialect, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*. In a moment the land, feeling the iron foot-print of his power, lay like a door-mat at his feet. He did not abuse his power, for PLINY tells us in his *Commentaries* that, night and day he went about searching for the body of HAROLD, which, greatly owing to the remissness of a bloated aristocracy (*cheers*), in not offering a suitable reward for its recovery, has, like the secret of the authorship of the *Letters of Lord Chesterfield*, never been discovered to the present day. We next come to ALFRED, and the fine picture he presents in history, of selling cakes at three a penny, which has been so beautifully engraved by WILKIE. This picture, Gentlemen, is in its line, only a proof impression of what a king can do when he is driven to earn his bread, as ALFRED was driven by the ST. CLEMENT DANES of that dark period, long before gas was invented. (*Two cries of hear! hear!*) From bread to BACON, the transition is only natural. It is only in the reign of QUEEN ANNE, of whose death I take this premature opportunity of giving you the early intelligence (*a cheer*), that we find BACON in his prime. However, I need not tell you, what must be sufficiently well known to you all, that the philosophy of BACON is pure gammon. There is no doubt of that, and so I will not follow the bad taste shown by LADY BASIL MONTAGUE, and others, in pouring butter upon BACON. (*Loud cheers.*) Let us rather follow the flowery meads of Smithfield, and passing the fires which are blazing there, and one of which afterwards burnt down three-fourths of the city, run to meet our old favourite, GUY FAUX. The city at that time had risen, like a second Venice, from its ashes. The Battle of Battle Bridge had been fought. CHARLES had lost his head at King's Cross. MONK long ago had retired into a monastery. The political horizon was as black as that of Manchester, when all of a sudden, GUY FAUX burst upon the astonished view of the nation, like a meteoric sky-rocket. He is generally drawn as a lank lanthorn-jawed miscreant, but that, my friends, is only a squib of the day. I can tell you, Gentlemen, that GUY was a match for any king. (*Long-continued applause.*) It is true that he was unpopular—and why? Because he attempted to blow up the House of Lords, as LORD JOHN RUSSELL has since done, because they would not admit the Jews into Parliament. Is LORD JOHN carried about in a chair? No—his chairing is always of a more triumphant kind. Is straw put into LORD JOHN'S boots? is a pipe stuck into his mouth? is he compelled to strut about the streets with a Pope's cap on his head, a Roman candle in his hand, and all the Cardinal virtues trampled, like so many oyster-shells at Billingsgate, under his feet? No—no—no. Then why, I demand, are these iniquities put upon poor GUY, who, in spite of his being broken at Tyburn on a Catherine Wheel, is, and ever will be, one of the most shining lights of the British Constitution. (*Tremendous applause, during which the meeting was suspended for ten minutes.*) In the heat of our enthusiasm, we must not forget HENRY THE EIGHTH. We may not admire him as a king, but as a husband we are bound to confess he was first-chop. BLUE BEARD wasn't a patch upon him. (*A laugh.*) He attempted the Lives of the Queens of England, and got through several of them, long before MISS STRICKLAND ever laid her hand upon the series. (*Sensation.*) The four GEORGES follow in their due order. They had what I call a Georgeous reign of it. (*Another laugh.*) One of them went down at Spithead, but which of the *Royal Georges* it was, I should be out of my depth if I attempted to tell you. No statement should be delivered freely, any more than a letter, unless it has the Truth, like a postage-stamp, boldly conspicuous on the front of it. If it were not for accuracy, the multiplication-table would not have a leg to stand upon. Fair-play was observed by the late MR. RICHARDSON even at Greenwich. The Battle of Waterloo was fought, if I mistake not, during the present century. I am not deceiving you, Gentlemen; I have witnessed it myself at ASTLEY'S very often. I never saw NAPOLEON, but I am told that he was something like MR. GOMERSAL. WILLIAM THE FOURTH has written his name on the Reform Bill, so familiarly called BILL, because it was carried during his immortal reign. Our present monarch is HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA. This last piece of information concludes my lecture. My historical facts are all uniformly correct. I am too much of a lawyer not to know that 'What is writ is writ.' Service, like practice, makes perfect, and it is specially true of a legal practice; but should there be any misrepresentation, I must beg of you to bear fully in mind, Gentlemen, that I am your Member. I can safely take upon myself to say, that it would not be the first time, to my knowledge, that Finsbury had been misrepresented."

[*Tumultuous cheering, and a general rush for great coats and sticks.* MR. COX *had to take refuge in a Police-van that was passing, in order to escape from the enthusiastic embraces of the multitude!*

A SNEER AND A BLUNDER.

THE advocates of the Sepoys, and advocates of all or any blackguards and scoundrels who provoke the just ire of everybody else, have repeatedly cast an extremely ridiculous taunt against those who desire that the Indian mutineers should be hanged. "It is all very well," they say, "for writers sitting quietly at their desks to call for the extermination of the revolted troops." Just as if the wish for the destruction of those wretches would not be rather highly intensified on the writers' parts, if, instead of sitting quietly at their desks in England, they were sitting, or standing, or occupying any other position of danger from insurgents in India. Probably, gentlemen who sit quietly at their desks and sympathize with the Sepoy murderers and torturers of women and babes, would, if situated themselves in peril of those miscreants, sympathize rather more than they seem now to do with the victims of their cruelty.

MARRIAGE AND ITS DIFFICULTIES.

Latterly marriage has become a more perplexing ceremony than ever. We say this, merely judging from the notices inserted in the newspapers, which are positively terrifying in the mysteries they shadow. The rite appears to be attended now with such bewildering complexity, that one almost wonders how young couples can find courage to confront it. The boldest-hearted bachelor must quail at the ordeal he now daily sees described, and the strongest-minded of her sex must shudder at the knot, when she finds how many terrors are involved in tying it. Even to ourselves, who are matrimony-proof, the marriage notices occasion a continual perplexity. As members of society, it is of course incumbent on us daily to peruse the first half-column of the *Times*, and for gossip's sake to take especial note of the marriage portion of it. To this hard labour we have long been sentenced, but of late its hardness has so much increased that there is really some excuse if we occasionally grumble at it. What with the names of the officiating and assisting clergymen, and the appendages and pedigrees of the bride and bridegroom, together not unfrequently with those of the distinguished relatives who were present at the ceremony, we are generally puzzled to know who has married whom; and as business men we calculate we lose a daily average of twelve minutes and three-quarters in our efforts at unravelling the problems that perplex us.

As a sample of the mysteries which puzzle us at breakfast-time, and sadly interfere with the process of digestion, we beg the reader's notice to the following advertisement; which, merely altering the surnames to avoid the charge of personality, we quote from the *Times* in its bewildering entirety:

"On the 9th inst., at St. John's, Notting Hill, by the three brothers of the bridegroom, the Rev. John Jones, M.A., the Rev. Henry Jones, M.A., and the Rev. Robert Lancaster Jones, B.A., Tom Jones, Esq., of H.E.I.C.S., third son of the late Rev. John Jones, D.D., to Annie, youngest daughter of the late John Brown, Esq., of Birmingham."

Really now, of all the marriages that we can call to mind as ever having startled us, we think this of Tom Jones is perhaps the one most formidable. We may certainly congratulate him on the pluck he has displayed, in braving such a ceremony as has faintly been depicted: and it delights us to observe that his Annie is in this respect a most befitting helpmate. Having the foreknowledge of what she must go through, it showed, we think, uncommon strength of nerve in her to face it.

Viewed in the most favourable light, it can be no joke being married by three clergymen: and when the parsons are all brothers, and the brothers of the bridegroom, there is something in the pomp and circumstance enough to overwhelm one. You hear of persons sometimes "marrying a family," but here are actually a couple married *by* a family—or at any rate, we may assume, by far the major part of one. Supposing even the three reverends the mildest-faced of men, it must have tried their brother somewhat to confront them at the altar; and to the lady they were making then their Sister-in-law their aggregate appearance could not but be formidable.

But if it puzzles us to think why these three clergymen attended, it still more perplexes us to guess how they performed the ceremony: and in behalf of lady readers, who must share our curiosity, we regret that the report has not supplied us with full details. As no mention is made of either reverend brother having principally officiated, while the others, in the usual phrase, "assisted" at the service, we infer that each of them had equally a Voice in the matter; still the question remains open whether they all spoke at once, or whether each one had a share of what was to be said allotted him. In the first supposition, if the service were a chanted one, the "organs" of the trio might have blended with advantage: but the notice in the paper being silent on the point, we must perforce regard it as a moot one.

Although we own it somewhat puzzles us, we are quite disposed to view the presence of the parsons as a mark of unadulterated brotherly affection. But the cynical are not so clemently inclined, and might assign the meanest motives for the brethren all appearing in their bands. It might be argued by such people, that something like a "scene" was intended to be got up, and that the supernumeraries appeared to add to the affect: or it might be said that, the Divorce Bill having recently been passed, it was fancied that three clergymen perhaps might make the nuptial knot a triply tight one.

For ourselves, we have a horror of such mean imputations. But although perhaps the brothers showed their faces at the ceremony just to show that they completely countenanced the match, we really think it was a waste of work for all of them to do the service. There cannot be more firmness in the bonds of matrimony from this 3-parson power being used to clench them, and therefore in this extra "benefit of clergy" there can be, at least as far as we can judge it, no advantage.

THE BATTLE OF THE TELEGRAM;

OR, LANGUAGE IN 1857.

"O fortunati nimium!" the sage
Of Mantua styled the farmers of his age;
Knaves, who on Pan-pipes strove for cheese and curds,
Rough as their goats, and playful as their herds.

Such praise as this, and happiness the same,
English grammarians for themselves may claim,
So singularly clear the meaning seems
Of each new word invented in their dreams;
Brown cannot dress (his very words I quote)
Save in a "normal" waistcoat, "normal" coat;
Jones cannot eat potatoes, if not done
In an "anhydrohepseterion."
Jane too, at Hastings, as the breeze she courts,
Her "Alee-Kephalee-skepasteer" sports.

My son, young Tom of Trin. Coll., Oxbridge, raves
In Tennysonian strains of winds and waves,
Of deep "æsthetic" gushings, gew-gaws rare,
And "crispéd" smiles, and "glory-crownéd" hair;
Of slumbrous caves where "Claribel low lieth,"
Where the wind "lispeth," and the brook "replieth,"
And "telleth" tales of him who walked abroad
On "wannish" evenings with his "snow-limb'd" Maud;
When "dry-tongued" laurels "pattered" in their talk
To "perky" larches in the garden walk!

Now Tom's young friend from Wadham, all last Long
In Keats and Milnes and Baily came out strong;
O'er *Hiawatha* dropped the frequent tear,
And means to win the Newdegate next year.
—And oft I saw him reading to Miss Frith
Thy terse grammatic lays, sublime A. Smith!
She weeps—I listen to the strain which thrills
With "passion-panting" seas, and "yearning rills,"
With "king-thoughts" grand, and "ruffian" winds that
howl
Through areas lone where "crass" policemen prowl.
She trembles as she reads—"Tear-dabbled, fair,
'That white, white face, hid in a night of hair'—
It comes!—while winks 'the penitential moon,'
Even at 'the bridegroom sea!'—it comes too soon,
I hear 'faint trickling sounds,' and 'dim halloos,'
In 'sanded bars' where Jeames the egg-flip brews,—
My brain reels dizzy, and that white white face,
By some strange fancy has become a brace!"

Now, Sir? (as men address the mighty *Times*,)
I do protest against these novel rhymes;
How, in the name of goodness, can a star
"Yearn in its pulses" through a cloud afar?
How can a "half-smile dwell" on Emma's lips,
"Touching, yet settling not upon the tips?"
How can "deep silence" be a "grim ravine
That never dared to laugh in Spring's bright green?"
—In vain I strive to solve these mystic strains,
And leave their riddles for Tom's clearer brains.
—And, Sir!—not only do the Poets rave
In "sensuous" raptures over Grammar's grave;
But Tom now says that our Philologists
Seem likely to proceed from words to fists,
While pugilistic Oxford dares to cram
Poor sickening Cambridge with a Telegram!
Who, when "First-Class men" scuffle, shall decide,
When each claims "every school-boy" on his side?
Lost in a labyrinth of "graphs" and "grams,"
We still should blunder 'twixt true words and shams;
Let then poor erring "Telegram," be shriven,
And take the sanction that the Press has given.

Trust not Tigers.

By the Speech of Mr. Willoughby, at Leominster, it appears that the Sepoys mutinied chiefly because they had nothing to do. Not being able to gratify their ferocity in regular war, they vented it in murder and cruelty. That is to say, we kept a tiger and ceased to feed it, when it broke loose and glutted itself.

Toleration.

Baron Rothschild has consented to give away the Flitch of Bacon next year at Dunmow!

"These Dresses are very well in their way, but they make us all appear the same size. Why, a Girl might be as thin as a Whipping-post, and yet be taken for a Decent Figure."

THE SUGAR-MARKET.

MR. ANTONY WOSPE, after a long-continued tiff with his wife, in which he has clearly confessed himself to be in the wrong, took her to the Adelphi Theatre, on Saturday evening, at half-price. The happy pair, after mutually agreeing that "they had spent a remarkably pleasant evening," returned home for supper. Oysters were laid for two. Nothing was wanting to complete the harmony of the entertainment. The baby was fast asleep, and the beer had been fetched most fortunately only the minute before "The Widow's Struggle" closed for the night.

MRS. POPPETS has only the wing of a butterfly to finish to complete the beautiful pair of braces she is embroidering for her "dear duck of a husband," JOSHUA. They are to be presented to POPPETS, after tea, on the 30th, in commemoration of their nineteenth wedding-day. MRS. POPPETS has already prepared a most ingenious device to induce JOSHUA to take off his coat, the better to enable her to put on the braces herself, in presence of the assembled company. The water-rate collector (to whom two years' arrears are owing) has been invited.

MR. GEORGE FREDERICK SPUNGE sent the barrel of oysters to his rich uncle only yesterday week. He has not as yet received the customary invitation for Christmas Day, but he is expecting it every post. The bank-note, that is usually folded up inside the napkins of all the nephews and nieces present on that festive occasion, has already been promised to not less than nine different tradesmen. MR. GEORGE FREDERICK will be so puzzled to know to whom he ought to present it, that it is a question of exactly nine to one, whether he will not keep it himself.

The Critic of the *Learned Pig* had a friendly chop with the REVEREND ALFRED SOPHTE SAWDERS one day this week. The chop lasted three hours, and did the greatest honour to the *cuisine* of the Talleyrand Club. The Critic was good-natured enough to express his unqualified admiration of the wine. We see that a new book of poems (*A Wreath of Orange Blossoms*) by the gushing Reverend is announced as "Nearly Ready." By the merest accident the learned author had a copy of the Poems in his pocket, and, with many compliments, presented it after the third bottle to his "dear and esteemed friend," who, not being in the best state to appreciate its beauties then, quietly put it into his pocket. Before parting, an early day was fixed for another dinner to discuss the merits of the book, when the amiable Critic promised to favour the accomplished author with his *candid* opinion on the *Orange Blossoms*.

As the New Year is approaching, the laundress of MR. SKEENE FLINT, the well-known conveyancer of Thavies' Inn, redoubles in her attentions and kindness to her aged master. Yesterday, he had a basin of Irish stew for his luncheon. The windows have been cleared of a considerable portion of their dirt. The dust is by no means so plentiful about the room, nor has the diminution been at all obtained by throwing the various deeds and mortgages, which lie scattered about the room, into hopeless confusion. The laundress knows only too well that it is MR. SKEENE FLINT'S most sensitive horror (next to a client who doesn't pay) to have "his papers" touched—and so she has wisely refrained from laying a profane finger on any one of them. Her weekly bill, too, for office-dinners, teas, &c., has wonderfully decreased of late. A chop and potato, that, but a few weeks ago, cost ninepence, has since fallen to sevenpence. These are unmistakeable signs that New Year's day is rapidly approaching.

MADAME LA BARONNE DE H'OLDE-SOLDIERSE indiscreetly left out on the sideboard, yesterday, a handsome silver goblet. On it was engraved "À ADOLPHE," and underneath it, the year "1858." ADOLPHE is the name of MADAME LA BARONNE'S husband. She snatched up the goblet, as soon as ADOLPHE had seen it, and was so angry that to avoid "*une scène*," and hide her tears, she rushed madly out of the room!

A Contribution to Social Science.

SOME people, mostly old gentlemen, demand to know, what is the use of teaching the people music, or, as fine speakers say, "cultivating the musical faculty of the population?" The use is this; that if you could improve the musical taste of the British Public, they would not stand organ-grinders any more, and your sight would no longer be offended with grinning vagrants, and your ears with "*Keemo, Kimo.*"

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 12, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, October 31, 1857.

"WHY, FWED!—WHAWT'S THE MATTER WITH YOUR LEGS?"

"WHY, YOU SEE, PEG-TOP TROUSERS ARE GETTING SO COMMON, I'M GOING TO GIVE NATURE A CHANCE!"

HOW MERRILY WE LIVE THAT LODGERS BE!

"ALL ye who music love, and would its pleasures prove," give a glance, if you let lodgings, to the following advertisement, which was inserted for your benefit in the *Times* a few days since:—

APARTMENTS WANTED, viz.:—A Sitting and Bed Room, with use of Piano, by a gentleman engaged in the City. Must be in the house of a professional or that of a private musical family, where a lady would take the trouble to instruct the advertiser on the pianoforte: in the latter case board would not be objected to, where a good table is kept and inmates cheerful. Address, with terms, and full particulars, to DELTA, care of Messrs. Asterisk & Blank, No. 0, Dash Street, near Circle Square.

The wording is slightly ambiguous in this, but it is clear at any rate that DELTA has not been deterred by diffidence from stating what he wishes. There is a coolness quite cucumbrian in his asking to be let into the bosom of a private family, where he would just trouble some kind lady to teach him the piano, *gratis*; for the phrase, "take the trouble," quite prohibits our believing that he has any thought of paying his instructress. Then, mark how finely he distinguishes between mere professionals and really private people. Only in the latter case will he sit at table with the inmates. Nay, even here again his diffidence deserts him, and he imposes the condition that the table must be "good," and the inmates "cheerful." Only on these terms will he condescend to their society. Good livers they must be, and "jolly companions every one," or they must not hope for the pleasure of his company. Unless they live like fighting-cocks, and are of good cheer in their hearts as well as their *cuisine*, he will shut himself up in his "sitting and bedroom" (we are doubtful if he means by this one or two apartments), and will hold himself aloof from all except his music mistress.

As we like to study "characters," we have been speculating somewhat deeply with ourselves for near five seconds, as to what this DELTA can be guessed to be. His engagement in the City, and his fondness for good living, are properties which might be viewed as aldermanic; but our fancy fails to picture an alderman in lodgings, and playing the piano! Perhaps he is a wretched valetudinarian, and has been prescribed good dinners, and a little gentle exercise on the piano for an appetite. Or it may be he's in love, and to test the strength of his affections, the fair engrossress of them may perhaps have forbidden him her presence until he can play her a tune on the piano. Reduced to this "most musical, most melancholy" plight, no wonder he should crave good dinners to sustain him, as well as "cheerful inmates" to revive his drooping spirits. It sounds very well in poetry to say that music is the food of love: but in real life, a man, however love-sick he may be, wants something more than a piano for his dinner. In the way of nutriment it would be found an "airy nothing," though it is not a wind instrument. All the airs that could be played on it would fail to satisfy an appetite, even were they HANDEL'S, which we have heard called "the roast beef of music." *Life let us Cherish* is a commonly shared sentiment, but playing it on the piano would not much promote the end it inculcates: nor would there be much stimulant in *Drops of Brandy*, if they were drunk in by the ear alone, and poured out from a BROADWOOD instead of a black bottle.

But, whatever be the reasons which have induced this *Nice Young Man* (or older one) to advertise himself as desirous of becoming a small musical party, we should caution his respondents to think twice about the "terms" on which they would receive him. A good appetite peeps out in the demand of a good table, and besides his turn for music, they may be assured that he has also a good twist. Although ignorant as yet of playing the piano, depend on it he knows how to play a knife and fork: and as a prelude to his "*morceaux de concert*," would indulge in several *morceaux de mouton*, or other choice tit-bits. Indeed, should any lady "take the trouble to instruct him," we have very little doubt that she would find she had a sinecure, so far, at least as teaching him the Exercise of *Crammer*.

DARING CRITICISM ON A NOBLEMAN.

WE have more than once, latterly, had occasion to remark on the great improvement manifested by our fashionable contemporary. The following paragraph, which appeared in that journal the other day, exhibits a great advance in the manner of chronicling the acts of noblemen:—

"THE EARL OF HARROWBY ON THE INDIAN MUTINY AND THE STATE OF THE ARMY.—At the Annual Dinner of the Sandon and Marston Agricultural Society, at Sandon, on Wednesday, the RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF HARROWBY, in proposing the toast of the 'Army and Navy,' spoke at considerable length on the existing state of affairs in India. LORD HARROWBY'S observations were not remarkable for any peculiarity or force, but were of a purely general and common-place character."

In the critical remark which concludes the above announcement there is a freedom and independence of tone which could not be surpassed by the most democratic journal in New York. At the same time there is nothing offensive in it; nothing, at least, at which the EARL OF HARROWBY can take offence, unless he is a vain man. In that case, indeed, his appetite for breakfast the other morning may have been somewhat impaired by finding his observations described as "not remarkable for any peculiarity or force," and as being of a "purely general and common-place character." There are not a few gentlemen whose muffin would be embittered, egg disrelished, coffee deprived of aroma, milk soured, and morning repast altogether spoiled, by the sight of a report of their speech so summary, and of remarks thereupon so compendious and unflattering as the above. But an Earl can afford to laugh at any criticism, however severe; nor, if he is a reasonable nobleman, will anything of the kind occasion him to quarrel with his bread-and-butter, whilst he exults in the reflection that the butter on the bread, and on both sides of it, is spread thick; and that no critic, however savage, is able to scrape it any thinner.

CURATES AND THEIR PROPRIETORS.

THE clerical instructors of the British Public are accustomed frequently to reprove their hearers for making too much haste to be rich. Some of those divines may not themselves be chargeable with going too fast in the pursuit of wealth, simply because they have no occasion to be in any hurry. The annual value of the ecclesiastical property attached to the perpetual curacy of St. Cuthbert, in the city of Carlisle, is upwards of £1,500; of St. Mary, in the same city, £1,000: of Hesket, £1,100; and of Warwick and Wetheral £1,600. The respective stipends of these curacies are £5 6*s.* 8*d.*, £6, £18 5*s.*, and £52. These facts are set forth in a memorial from landowners and others, presented by the Justices of the Cumberland Quarter Sessions to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. Have those Magistrates, at their Sessions, any rogues to punish more nefarious and impudent than those who sack so much Church property, and allow their Curates such shamefully small shares of the swag?

Puzzling Announcement.

ADMIRAL BERKELEY, having succeeded to his Castle, is succeeded, at the Admiralty, by ADMIRAL DUNDAS, who succeeded in the Baltic, ADMIRAL NAPIER, who succeeded—No, no, *that* must be a mistake. Oh, ah, he succeeded in getting into Southwark.

MIND YOUR EYE!

THE subjoined extract from the *Times* may suggest the expediency of making, next Session, a slight addition to the statutes:—

"MALICIOUSLY THROWING VITRIOL.—Some miscreant or miscreants have for the last seven or eight days been exercising their malicious propensities in the neighbourhood of Knightsbridge, Piccadilly, and the Strand, at dusk, by throwing vitriol over the dresses of ladies and others. The police have been made acquainted with this infamous practice, and are on the alert for the detection of the perpetrators, and a reward has been offered for their apprehension, which it is to be hoped, will lead to their punishment."

Unfortunately, their punishment—unless, perhaps, they are very young rascals—will not be that which would be most appropriate to their offence, and most likely to prevent its repetition. The very severest whipping that a human scoundrel can possibly survive will not be, in the present state of the law, a remedy in the power of Magistrate or Judge to prescribe, in addition to several years' penal servitude, as a cure for vitriol-throwing. We hope that Parliament, when it meets, will, as soon as possible, enable the ministers of justice to inflict the proper correction on the throwers of vitriol. Justice herself must be blind indeed not to see that no corporal punishment can be too severe for the crime of wilfully putting out eyes.

WHO CARES?

WHAT have they done to GRANTLEY BERKELEY,
Who has been "punching" that delicate "head,"
What is the wrong he hints so darkly
In that long letter the clubs have read?

What is the point on which the war is
Among a party where peace should be;
What's the offence of the stern SIR MAURICE,
And why did he bully his brother G?

Why did the latter enact *The Stranger*,
And stalk away from his kindred's sight?
And why would it put his right in danger
To witness the late Earl's funeral rite?

What have the lawyers done askantly,
How have they "duped" the lawful Earl,
And out of the coronet waiting GRANTLEY
Picked, as he fancies, a precious pearl.

Why not, if he's received a snub, lick
More suo, his fancied foe;
Instead of writing to bore the public
With what they don't care a dump to know.

Operatic Scale of Measurement.

Englishman. Well, Sir, how did CASSEVOIX's new opera go?

Manager. A *fiasco*—a complete *fiasco*!

Englishman. How so? Why, I'm told that the composer was called forward not less than nineteen times?

Manager. You're right, Sir, perfectly right,—but then you must know that in Italy we never begin to reckon a success until after the thirtieth call. Fifty calls make a Triumph—one hundred a *Furore!* [*Exit Manager, tearing his hair.*

DOWNING-STREET AND HOLYWELL-STREET.

WE quote the subjoined portion of a Holywell Doctor's advertisement from a country paper—one, doubtless, of many country papers in which this fellow's lying advertisements have appeared. With one exception, we have exactly reproduced the Holywell Doctor's text. That exception is the Holywell Doctor's name, which we have taken the liberty of changing for more reasons than one, but chiefly in order that we may not give him any publicity, even the publicity of infamy; which Holywell Doctors prefer to none at all:—

"CAUTION.—Sufferers are cautioned against a quack who advertises in the same street, and should also guard against the recommendation of spurious or other medicines by unprincipled vendors, who thereby obtain a large profit. To protect the public HER MAJESTY'S Hon. Commissioners have directed the words 'GUALTIER DE LA RUSE, London,' to be printed in white letters on the stamp affixed to the above, without which none can be genuine, and to imitate which is felony, and the offender will be prosecuted by HER MAJESTY'S Government.

The above quotation sufficiently proves that there is one quack who advertises in the advertiser's street, but does not prove, but only intimates, that there is another. We do not, however, print it for the purpose of making that remark, nor yet for that of suggesting to those whom it may concern, that the recommendation of "unprincipled vendors" to take "other medicines" than those of DR. DE LA RUSE may be wisely adopted, unless the other medicines recommended are other quack medicines. Our object is to point out to LORD PALMERSTON and to SIR GEORGE GREY, the relation existing between "HER MAJESTY'S Hon. Commissioners," and the respectable GUALTIER DE LA RUSE, London. It is that of patrons and client. DE LA RUSE is the *protégé* of HER MAJESTY'S Hon. Commissioners. Not only that; but they specially ratify his pretensions; they endorse his puff: and HER MAJESTY'S Government is prepared to back their act with the weight of its authority and power. Surely the QUEEN'S name is grievously misused in this. Ministers are supposed to be meditating a Medical Reform Bill. They had better bring it into Parliament with clean hands, and to that end, wash them carefully from the results of contact with DOCTOR GAULTIER DE LA RUSE.

BOARD OF ORDNANCE FOR INDIA.

SOME say that India is governed by Cannon-Row. A very good Government too, provided the Row of Cannon consisted of great guns, inclusive of mortars, and were served exclusively by European artillerymen.

An Alarming Illustration of the Peg-Top Trousers.

NEWS FROM THE STRAND.

MR. BALFE has just produced a new opera, with brilliant success. It is called *The Rose of Castille*. But everybody knows this, and *Punch* alludes to the fact merely to mention that some of the carrion-mongers who "burlesque" anything that is too good, unadulterated, for their vulgar patrons, are already preparing a theatrical nuisance to be called *Black Rose of Castille, or, How are you off for Soap?* Of course, LORD BREADALBANE will license it.

A NICE WET DAY.

How delighted I am when it rains!
The more so the harder it pours;
If business on that day constrains
Myself to remain within doors.
Come down, cats and dogs! I exclaim;
With pleasure I view your descent.
Suppose now a walk were my aim,
I could not fulfill my intent.

I could not, with Fashion attired,
As I am accustomed to be,
In Regent Street figure, admired,
By every fair maiden I see.
I could not be seen in the Park,
For I should be drenched if I were;
Besides, you will justly remark,
Because no one else would be there.

MONTGOMERY wants to go out,
And appetite earn for his grub;
And MONTAGUE can't get about,
Confined by the wet in his club;
And BUGGINS, together with them,
Strong language applies to the rain,
Which I not only do not condemn,
But approve of, whilst others complain.

Of exercise WILKINSON makes
A point—there is wisdom in that—
And his long constitutional takes,
All the while he is spoiling his hat.
My fingers are grasping the pen,
My person is fixed in the chair;
I'm obliged to stay in—but what then?
My hat still remains fit to wear.

Some fellows the wet to defy,
Are forced by their urgent affairs;
Of cabs, if they wish to keep dry,
The frightful expense must be theirs.
No cab-hire have I to disburse,
Or else catch a cold in the nose,
And suffer invasion of purse,
Or tantamount damage in clothes.

Then let it rain heavily on,
The tempest however severe,
Till this day and my work are both done;
I say ditto, in fact, to *King Lear;*
I not being out in the storm:
At least that is what I *should* say,
If all had a house snug and warm,
To return to, or stop in, to-day.

THE SURPLICE AT THE FOOTLIGHTS.

MR. PUNCH has observed an announcement to the following effect:—

"It is intended, very soon, to commence a series of Special Sunday Services at some of the Metropolitan Theatres. Notice will be given when the arrangements are complete."

Now this may be a hoax, invented by some member of the Puseyite persuasion, indignant that hierarchs should preach in Exeter Hall. If so, let him enjoy the bitterness of his satire. But, if the announcement be of a Bonafidian character, *Mr. Punch* has a word or two to say upon the proposal.

There can be but one object in offering to perform a religious service in buildings erected for, and specially adapted to amusement. There is no want of church or chapel accommodation in the localities in which the theatres are situate. St. Martin's is near the Haymarket, St. Clement Danes is not far from the Olympic, and POPE's couplet disposes of MR. E. T. SMITH's neighbourhood,—

"Now, so ANNE and piety ordain,
A church collects the saints of Drury Lane."

A very big church is a very few yards from the Victoria, and a huge chapel near the Surrey. St. Paul, of Covent Garden, is the patron saint of the Adelphi, and, as for the city, it has three theatres and fifty places of worship. *Ergo*, it is not for want of room that it is proposed to turn the theatre into a church. The idea, of course, is that the novelty of the thing may attract those who are not habitual frequenters of the sacred edifice.

But *Mr. Punch* begs to ask, (with the sincerest reverence for the subject involved, and with earnest respect for all who labour conscientiously in the matter) where is this kind of thing to end? If our clergy, with all their advantages of education, prestige, and position, cannot get the people into church, and therefore are obliged to ask them to come to the theatre, where will the attraction system stop? After a time, the mere novelty of seeing a minister of religion declaiming on the spot where a few hours earlier a *danseuse* exhibited her skill, will fail to "draw." It is not so very exciting to call your pew a private box, that the pleasure of doing so will long attract. To hear *Mose in Egitto* or the *Prophète*, on Saturday, and on Sunday, in the same place, to listen to MOSES and the Prophets, will not long retain its charm. And if attractions are to be the rule, you must devise something new to bring the people in. How far are you prepared to go? Will you, having called the theatre to your aid, avail yourself of its resources? Will you borrow scenic aid, and while a preacher talks of Palestine will you have a moving diorama from DAVID ROBERTS? Or will you go still further, and employ other theatrical arts?—as MR. MOORE puts it, shall

"DANIEL, in pantomime, bid bold defiance
To NEBUCHADNEZZAR and all his stuffed lions,
While pretty young Israelites dance round the prophet,
In very thin clothing, and *so* little of it?"

There is really no logical reason for halting when once you admit the validity of the plea on which the use of the theatre for purposes utterly foreign to its objects and associations is justified.

There is something wrong, when contrivances like these are required by our priesthood. Had they not better reconsider the matter, and before invading the temples of the drama, examine whether their own temples are so thoroughly in order that throngs of votaries may reasonably be expected there. The theatre is not the place for sermons, and those who took Orders at Lambeth Palace, ought not to be seen taking them at a free-list entrance. As *Clifford* exclaims in *Henry VI.* "Chaplain—away!"

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO BE DISPOSED OF, CHEAP, A FIRST-RATE BETTING WALK in an Unfrequented Public Thoroughfare, doing a matter of some Fifty Flats a week. Good business situation, and everything Slap Up. May be taken with the fixtures—in fact, can't be had without 'em. The Inventory whereof includes as follows, viz.:—Comfortable wide pavement, with lamp and other lounging postes, affording every convenience for betting men of business. Overhanging doorways to shelter from the rain, and so recessed as to be snuggish nooks for doing a snug thing or two, heither taking out a betting-book or taking in a better. A firstchop public for to get one's stake or mutton at, and handy for a drain when one can get stood Samuel. Barman up to snuff, and will give the Walk the benefit of his connection. N.B. Rites a good Fist, and may be entrusted with the Correspondence department. Halso may be trusted (*as fur as you can see im*) to take cheques to be cashed, as is sent up for "Inwestment." Post Hoffice close by, where letters may be left, and P. O. orders addressed to. In short, every facility for Town or Country custom. A good neighbourhood for Cooks, so the Crushers come like Hangels, few and far between. Odds 99 to 1 against your being nobbled.

☞ *Returns Slap-up, and No Cappital Required!*

For further perticklers, and Cards to View, apply (after dusk) to MESSRS. COWARD AND CHINKEM, late betting-shop keepers, No. 1, Grab Street, Handover All Square.

N.B. This being a boney fide lucrative concern and no mistake, none but boney fide purchasers will be attended to. Parties game to buy must come prepared to stump up pretty stiff. *Terms*—No trust to Noboddy: Cash down on the Nail. notey beany halso—*No Detective need Happly.*

ADVICE TO ACTORS.—Act as though you believed *Mr. Punch* was present, and had to write an account of you in his next week's publication.

RATHER DEEP!

Cousin. "CHARLIE!—JUST FANCY WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING!"
Captain Charlie. "WELL, GEORGIE!"
Cousin. "THAT—THAT—YOU AND I ARE GOING—A—A—TO BE—MARRIED!"
Charlie (*with presence of mind*). "A—NEVER MIND, GEORGIE,—WE KNOW BETTER—WE ARE NOT SO FOOLISH!"

AN IMPUDENT JEW.

MR. "JO. JOSEPH, a general shopkeeper, of the Hebrew persuasion," would seem to consider that as he is not permitted to be a legislator, he may indemnify himself by criticism on the laws that are made for him, and the judges who administer them. The other day, MR. JO., if the police-report in a four-farthing contemporary be correct (which, by the way, we don't guarantee to be the case), did bring a poor woman named KENDALL before MR. SELFE, because he, JOSEPH, had lately missed two spoons, two sheets, and what he probably called a veskit. As these articles were left in an open box, and KENDALL, as charwoman, came in and out of the room in which it was kept, it was clear to JOSEPH the Ebrew that she must have taken them. The accused cried, and declared her innocence, and, we quote the report, remarked: "That wicked Jew wants to send me to prison." But the evidence that satisfied Jo. JOSEPH would not satisfy the *exigeant* MR. SELFE, who came out with the following observation, to the discomfiture of the Hebrew:—

"There is no evidence at all against her. She ought not to have been taken into custody at all. She is discharged. I tell you what, MR. JO. JOSEPH, you are liable to have an action for false imprisonment brought against you."

Upon this the enraged shopkeeper charged the Magistrate with being mistaken, and reiterated that the accused was the thief.

MR. SELFE, however, retained his opinion, and said—

"There is not a tittle of evidence against her, MR. JO. JOSEPH. You have done very wrong, and more respect should be paid to the liberty of the subject. The poor woman has been deeply wronged, and is discharged."

But the pertinacious Jew was not finished off. He would have the last word, and (according to the report) he made his exit, observing—

"*The Law ith ath good as the Judge ith bad.*"

For which piece of impertinence, MR. SELFE, if he heard it, should have locked up the Jew until he made a penitent appeal for pardon. Even *Shylock*, who had really a good case, and was scandalously treated by the quibbling Christians, complimented his judge, and behaved himself like a gentlemanly Hebrew. But really, that Jo. JOSEPH, having committed a gross wrong, should be permitted to be insolent to the Magistrate, is a little too good. However, if a decent attorney will take MR. SELFE's hint, and present Jo. with an instrument inviting him to have the question re-considered, at the suit of poor MRS. KENDALL, the punishment which he earned in Court may be administered in the way best calculated to touch his feelings. As he thinks Christian law so good, it would be liberal to let him have a little more of it.

DELHI.

FIVE days of grim struggle and carnage had passed,
But each night showed a gain on the gain of the last,
Then a bright Sabbath Morning arose on her towers,—
Ere that Sabbath was ended, red Delhi was ours.

Too soon for the plaudit—too soon for the crown:
We wait for the tidings how Delhi went down,
For the proud scroll of honour whose record shall tell
Who bore him the boldest, where all did so well.

But up with the wine-cup—one toast, and but one!
The vengeance of England hath sternly begun,
The Toast shall be DELHI, for WILSON is there,
And treason lies stabbed in its best-guarded lair.

YOU BRUTE!—Tears on the eyelash of a complaining wife sparkle like Diamonds. But she should not play these Diamonds too often, as they rather tend to drive a husband to his Clubs.

TOO "CIVIL" BY HALF.

The Governor-General Defending the POOR Sepoy.

THE CORPORATION ITSELF AGAIN.

ANY persons thought the conventional idea of the LORD MAYOR and the Aldermen was beginning to be regarded as a vulgar error. The notion that they were especially addicted to venison and turtle was taking a place amongst popular fallacies. To suppose them to be particularly fat, and peculiarly prone to those indulgences which produce corpulence, namely eating and drinking, was fast getting regarded as a mistake, evincing a want of sharpness and practical knowledge; an innocence and a greenness. Many a fond lover of comic antiquity was yielding to an apprehension that the burlesque glory of Guildhall and the Mansion-house was departing. There remained, to be sure, the Lord-Mayor's Show, and Temple Bar, and GOG and MAGOG, to rebuke their despondency; nevertheless it was a fact that the civic monarch and the civic nobility were occasionally, if not often, to be heard talking wisely, and even grammatically; not necessarily misjoining singular and plural, confounding *v* with *w*, and omitting or superadding *h*. Reflecting minds were entertaining serious anxiety for the conservation of that ludicrous element, the ancient, venerable, endearing, and peculiar characteristic of the corporation of London. All who may have been influenced by these melancholy misgivings will derive a most comfortable reassurance from a short report lately given by the *Examiner* of a discussion which had just occurred among the Aldermen, under the LORD MAYOR in Court assembled. It is headed:—

PITIFUL CONDITION OF THE COURT OF ALDERMEN.

Under this affecting title, it informs the sympathizing reader that

"The following interesting conversation took place on Tuesday in the Court of Aldermen:—

"The LORD MAYOR. This reminds me of a matter of privilege. The Crown has each year been in the habit of sending eight bucks to the LORD MAYOR. *This year I have not had them, although I have applied for them. (Laughter.)*"

There, was a time, perhaps, when the LORD MAYOR's statement, that he had not received the venison which he expected and had asked for, would not have been taken as a joke, and hailed with laughter. However, the Aldermen may, though really viewing their disappointment as no joke, have determined to bear it with forced good humour. In the same apparently merry mood they received the similar complaint of one of their brethren:—

"ALDERMAN ROSE. *I never had the bucks to which I was entitled forwarded to me when I was Sheriff. (Laughter.)*"

The LORD MAYOR and ALDERMAN ROSE, however, appear to have stated their grievances with becoming gravity; and ALDERMAN COPELAND followed them on the same subject, evidently impressed with a due sense of its importance:—

"ALDERMAN COPELAND. It is a well-known fact that the Aldermen are very fond of venison, and therefore *it is hard to cut it off.*"

The inference is a logical touch of pathos. "It is hard to cut it off!" This, simply regarded, appears to be the mournful exclamation of some meek and patient sufferer: but ALDERMAN COPELAND is no such spoony. No, Sir; the worthy Alderman suggests reprisals:—

"The Corporation is in the habit of providing livery for the Officers of State, and I would suggest, that as they have stopped the venison, we should stop the clothing. *(Much laughter, and 'No, no!')*"

GOG and MAGOG, on this occasion, seem to have been agog for fun; and would not listen with the solemnity which the topic demanded. So the LORD MAYOR was obliged to insist upon it.

"The LORD MAYOR. The RECORDER says he has never had *his* three bucks."

This remark brought up the RECORDER; and that learned gentleman certainly evinced an adequate sense of the weightiness of the matter in question. He pronounced the following judicial opinion:—

"It is, perhaps, important that it should be known that this is not a mere privilege granted, but it is an absolute right. Formerly the Citizens of London had the right of hunting in the Royal forests, and it was then agreed that in lieu of their hunting in the Royal forests, a certain amount of venison should be sent to the officers of the Corporation. Therefore, this was compounding a legal right which the officers of the Corporation possess. It is not a mere gift of the Crown; but it is a composition in lieu of an ancient right. *(Hear, Hear.)*"

The above reads partly like a legal opinion, and partly like a legend related by a forester in a melodrama. It suggests an idea of the learned speaker attired, as to one half of his person, in official wig and gown, knee shorts, black silks, shoes and buckles; and bedizened, as to the other, with hat and feathers, green braided tunic and breeches, and russet boots, and a girdle, with a horn in it and a hanger at it, half round the waist. It also causes imagination to picture to itself London citizens stag-hunting in the Royal Forests—JOHN GILPIN associated with SIR WALTER TYRREL—and conjures up a vision of the horse and his civic rider, too extremely ridiculous to be further dwelt upon without pain.

It is worthy of note that the LORD MAYOR expected eight bucks, Alderman ROSE more than one, and the RECORDER three. Hence arises a question, which never perhaps occurred before; namely, How many fat bucks is a Lord Mayor, an Alderman, or a Recorder, capable of eating up in a season? Waiving this, however, let us rejoice in the above-quoted specimen of the discussions of the Court of Aldermen. Taken in connection with the altercation which lately took place on the bench between two of those dignitaries about an allusion to tallow, which one of them thought personal, it affords hope that the good old times of the city are not yet gone.

A PRODIGY IN AN HUMBLE STATION.

ANY gentleman desirous of losing his life without appearing to destroy it by his own act, so as not to incur the suspicion of suicide, should travel backwards and forwards by rail between Banbury and Oxford, until he meets with a fatal accident—at least, if dependence is to be placed on the statement of the writer of a letter in the *Times*, signed A. A., who avers that—

"At the Kirtlington Road Station (a small one, no doubt) between Banbury and Oxford, one man, and one man only, has every day to do the following duty:—He has to issue tickets for the up and down trains, frequently coming and going close together: he has six signals to attend to, and four pair of points; to attend to all passengers' luggage, and to receive all parcels, to collect tickets, to carry a lamp in the evening half a mile on each side of the Station, his office and signals in the meantime being left without any one; he has also to weigh up coal for the company and to load the corn-trucks. . . . He has also to put any horses and carriages on the rails."

The description of this individual's ordinary avocation reads like an account in our sporting contemporary of one of those feats which are performed for a wager, and which consist in running so many miles, and in the meanwhile picking up a lot of stones with the mouth, and doing a number of other almost impossible things. Railway station-master and railway station man-of-all-work, this person must be a ROBERT HOUDIN in his way, or even possess an amount of versatility, activity, and power of simultaneous attention to a multitude of different subjects, almost equalling the endowments of LORD BROUGHAM himself. His abilities are wasted at the Kirtlington Road Station, he should come up to Town, and eclipse the Wizard of the North. If he stays where he is, his prodigious abilities will not be sufficient to prevent somebody some day from being smashed through some inevitable confusion in his arrangements, and then a British Jury will find a verdict of manslaughter against him, instead of his employers, who ought to employ more servants at the Kirtlington Road Station at least, if they do not want life to be very shortly sacrificed on their Railway.

DEFIANCE.

WHO says we can't frame
A rhyme to each name
Of the bold Siamese
Who have just crossed the seas?
Says BRACKTY to MUNTRI,
"I don't like this country;"
Says MUNTRI to BRACKTY,
"They 've got no good black tea;"
"You haven't yet tried; ax,"
Says SARBKICK to BIDACKS;
Says BIDACKS to SARBKICK,
"I can't in this garb kick."
So there are four rhymes for the queerest *adnomina*
Vessel of England has ever brought home in her.

Revolting Anecdote.

A WRETCH of a husband, coming home at one in the morning, found his angel wife sitting up reading an old novel. With a coarseness almost amounting to cruelty, he took the book from her hand, and placed before her a pair of her child's socks, which happened to have holes in them, disgustingly observing: "If you *will* fatigue yourself, my love, with any work at such an hour, I would suggest *It is Never too Late to Mend.*"

TO GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE, ESQ., M.A.,

Of the Saturday Review.

YRTÆUS," of the *Saturday Review*, of October 24th, informs us of the sudden and alarming indisposition of MR. GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE, wherefore *Mr. Punch* presents his compliments to that afflicted gentleman, and in acknowledgment of his exertions as an operator *secundum artem* or *secundum* artes, as the diploma runs, *Mr. Punch* undertakes to prescribe for him gratis.

Mr. Punch has the more confidence in dealing with his case as experience recalls to him many similar. There is the case of A., who received a corporal chastisement, and who was in consequence driven insane by an imputation on his second cousin. There is the case of B., who relieved a painful corn by applying a dozen leeches to the foot of her bedstead. And there is the case of C., who received a contusion on the nose, and who extracted the bruise by a blister on his *os sacrum*. These are cases in point, and *Mr. Punch* has great pleasure in making a note of them to console MR. TEAZLE. If *Mr. Punch* is right as to MR. T.'s constitution, it is by no means liable to the serious attack of which he complains. It is quite out of the question that he could suffer from *verbum sapienti*, because for this there must be a predisposition in the patient, which *Mr. Punch* does not recognise in the case of MR. TEAZLE.

Nothing is more common, as *Mr. Punch* observes, than for a patient to mistake the nature of his own disorder, and so in this instance MR. TEAZLE supposes that he is touched in the region of the heart by a *verbum sapienti*, when the true seat of his discomfort is somewhere else, probably in a less vital and delicate part of his organism. It is true that, by what DR. MARSHALL HALL designated the reflex action of the nerves of sensation, the symptoms of MR. TEAZLE do, no doubt, bespeak a very considerable cerebral irritation. "Common-place folly," "bigotry," "imbecility," "miserable doggerel," "brutality," "irreverence," "dirty," "nauseous," "contemptible," "pitiful drivel," "professional buffoons," "beslobber," and the like, indicate a foul state of the tongue, and disclose the existence of a lurking fever in the system.

Mr. Punch is the more concerned for MR. TEAZLE, as such symptoms incapacitate him for the performance of his functions as the calm monitor and critic of the vulgar "middle classes." The air of superior refinement and repose which is requisite for this office is thus obliterated, and MR. TEAZLE, like one of the coarse middle-classes themselves, is betrayed into motions of an expansive nature, which ruffle his shirt-front, disorder his neckcloth, entail a larger outlay for starch on his washerwoman, and in the meantime impair his influence with polite society.

Mr. Punch must not only take into account the detriment to MR. TEAZLE and the wax-lights of literature, but the encouragement to those greasy and illiterate persons whom the bad taste of the public has rendered so offensively popular. There is no doubt that some of these low people will be encouraged in consequence to think less deferentially of their Saturday Reviewers. Hitherto they have acquiesced, as far as they were capable of understanding it, in the esoteric doctrine of the Eton Philosopher—*ingenuas didicisse fideliter* artes, *emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros*. But if the mastery of arts is combined with such manners as these, and has so little influence on the irritability of the initiated, the reverence for Masters of Arts will decrease simultaneously with the general loss of confidence in the Latin Syntax and its examples, till by-and-by even a Popjoy Prizeman will come to be thought of little more account than the "serial" scribblers who write for the world at large, and for whom the fact that their writings are popular affords a presumption that they are contemptible.

Mr. Punch is so concerned for the apprehended consequences, that he wishes MR. TEAZLE to be instantly bled, and the refined extract to be preserved in a Dresden China Vase for a regular analysis by the College of Physicians.

In the meantime, apart from the immediate cause of the complaint, and the nature of which *Mr. Punch* understands perfectly, he is inclined to attribute much of the consequent irritation to the circumstances of MR. TEAZLE's early diet and nurture. If it is true that MR. T. was weaned upon pickles, in *Mr. Punch's* opinion the vinegar is still in his system.

But *Mr. Punch* will pay every attention to MR. TEAZLE's case, and hopes shortly to report favourably on his progress.

THE CRACKING OF BIG BEN.

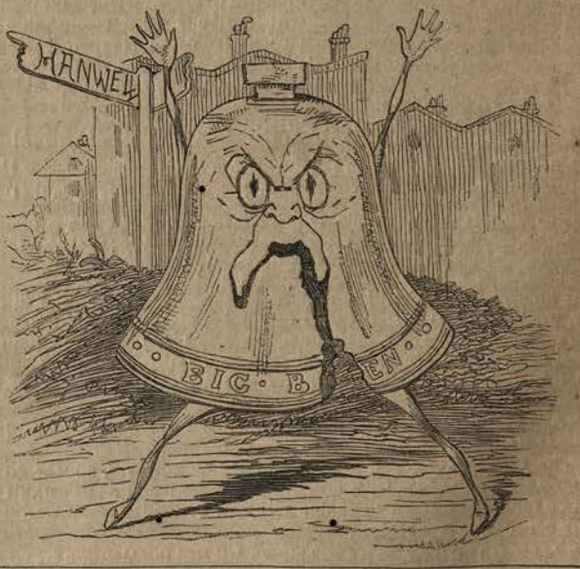
WHO cracked the Bell?
"I," says JOHN BULL,
"Because I 'm a fool:
And I cracked the Bell."

O BULL, you 're a Booby. You 'd got a fine Bell,
A thing that did credit to HALL and to WARNER,
And stupidly eager for toll and for knell,
You stick up your Bell to be banged in a corner.

And why so impatient, and why could you not
Till the Bell was in place condescend just to tarry?
You 've cracked it,—in two senses sent it to pot,
And the tower must be dumb, to the fury of BARRY.

You can't make a statue, no more could old Rome,
Who vaunted that "others might model the brasses"
(See *Virgil*, lib. vi., where each schoolboy's at home,
And every one else, except ignorant asses).

But when *alii* had *mollius* practised their skill,
Not even the Romans, so clumsy and conky,
Went pounding the *æra spirantia*, until
The "breath" came through cracks, as you 've done, you old donkey.



AN UNFORTUNATE OBSERVATION.

MR. HAMILTON NISBET, that great landed Squire and Protectionist has been abusing the London shopkeepers. The ox of Protection has been heard to speak often enough, but has never, hitherto, proclaimed himself an ox. MR. NISBET, however, has done something even worse than that. He calls the shopkeepers of London "butchers going to cut the throats of the landed interest." In this remark, does not MR. NISBET, as a member of the landed interest, appear to express an apprehension of being converted into veal?

SO MOST PEOPLE THINK.

WHEN BISHOP BERKELEY raised the cry "No Matter,"
He used two words than which no answer 's patter
When the existing BERKELEYS scrawl, or chatter.

A BELL FOR BEDLAM.—Poor Big Ben is cracked. His case is hopeless, and he ought to be sent to an Asylum.

KEYS OF MYSTERY.

LORD PROVOST, in a few loyal sentences, bidding HER MAJESTY welcome, and the QUEEN expressing gratification at being once more in the City of Aberdeen.

WE have no wish to be thought of a Paul-Prying disposition, or desirous to protrude our nasal feature into secrets of the State, but we must say we feel femininely curious to learn why the QUEEN can never travel in her own dominions, without having to pull up at every city that she comes to, and receive a bunch of keys from the hands of the authorities. At Aberdeen the other day, the chroniclers inform us :—

"A magnificent arch was erected at the boundary, and here the ceremony of presenting the keys of the City was performed: the

Now, as far as the loyalty and welcome are concerned, we can see no cause to quarrel with this ceremony; but the presentation of the keys is now a meaningless absurdity, which we are quite sure could not have "gratified" HER MAJESTY. When cities had walls, and city keys had locks to them, there might have been some sense in handing them to royalty; but we regard the ceremony now as an effete superfluity, a piece of mere theatricalism which must annoy the QUEEN, and, indeed, is only fit for the Princess's. Of course we shall be told that the custom is an "ancient" one, and that loyalty and homage are implied in the observance of it; but to modern minds these ancient customs are of questionable import, and partake rather more of nuisance than advantage.

It really seems ridiculous that in this boasted age of Progress the QUEEN should be arrested by these key-presenting Provosts, who seize on her like button-holders, with their small talk and inanities. It is time the royal road were cleared of these infesters, who do not hesitate to stop the QUEEN upon her own highway; and, presenting keys like pistols rob her of some golden minutes every time they catch her. Paying them attention is as bad as paying turnpikes, and the QUEEN should be relieved of all such taxes on her patience. Of course etiquette demands that she should "express her gratification" at these trials of her temper, but we believe that the QUEEN's English of her speech is something different. Every time she has to stop to have some City keys presented to her, we can imagine HER MAJESTY saying to herself, "Don't come stopping me, you tiresome men. Go away, do: and take away those Baubles!"

The ceremony, too, is the more absurdly stupid, as the keys are "presented" only to be handed back again. How the QUEEN can be gratified by this inane anomaly, it is only for the minds of Corporations to conceive. Were she to express her thanks for it, she could not use a truer phrase than "Thank you, gentlemen, for nothing." Of course when one's presented with a thing, one naturally expects that one will be allowed to keep it; and although bunches of keys are somewhat troublesome ironmongery, we really should insist, if we were HER MAJESTY, upon Our clear right to pocket all that were presented to Us. It is true that keeping keys is a source of great anxiety (the wear and tear of mind from the mislaying of our own turns, we quite believe, at least a dozen hairs grey weekly), still the QUEEN might have a keeper of her keys as of her conscience: in fact, at no great rise of salary, LORD CRANWORTH would, no doubt, consent to act in both capacities.

In cases were the keys were, as at Aberdeen, of silver, we should ourselves, were we HER MAJESTY, be still more disposed to keep them; for although of neither use nor ornament as keys, We might get them melted into tea-spoons, and so enrich Our royal plate-basket. The keys might then be looked on in the light of royal perquisites, and there would be some consolation for the stopping to receive them. As it is, their presentation—recalled as soon as made—amounts only to the giving of the airiest of nothings: in fact, is what CARLYLE would term, a Windbag, to which nothing that we know of can give an air of usefulness.

If the custom be persisted in (and these ancient ones die hard), we should recommend at least that our suggestion should be taken, and that any keys when presented should be considered given out and out. It would however be still more an amendment of the matter, if a bunch of grapes were substituted for the bunch of keys. The presentation of a pound or so of juicy cool Black Hambro' would be a graceful act of homage to HER MAJESTY when travelling; and a much more refreshing ceremony to stop for, than the presentation of some tasteless specimens of metal-work. We are not in general rabidly utilitarian, but in this matter of the keys we feel certainly disposed to ask, What can be the use of it? and till some one solves the mystery, as we consider it affects HER MAJESTY's convenience, we shall hold ourselves excused for feeling so key-urious.

LEARNING AND POLITENESS.

IF Latin and Greek are meant by the ingenuous arts which, according to the parliamentary quotation in the Eton Grammar, soften men's minds and do not suffer them to be brutal, the quotation is at fault, and should cease to be made in the House of Commons, the Mansion House, and elsewhere. Scholars, engaged in any dispute about words, have always been peculiarly abusive; and some of the disputants in the late "Telegram" controversy have very signally exemplified this characteristic of the scholastic mind. Short of calling each other dunces, fools, blockheads, simpletons, and jackasses, they have used towards one another the most contemptuous language possible. It is very odd that pride and vanity should be so often found associated with Greek and Latin—that proficiency in those two particular dead languages should so frequently be combined with insolence. The want of classical knowledge is sometimes ascribed to the circumstance that the deficient individual was not properly whipped, but the possession of it seems to be frequently accompanied with a very serious need of horsewhipping.

TITE BARNACLE'S CUR.

THE cur that on a recent grave
Betrayed his nature's failing,
Continues still to misbehave,
And kicks invite by railing.

What earnestness of would-be scorn!
What eagerness in sneering!
Not Hate, of smarting Envy born,
Could be more persevering.

Was his tail trodden on, one day?
His ear, all sore with canker,
Wrung hard, to make him thus display
His little dogged rancour?

APROPOS OF THE GREAT BONNET QUESTION.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I AM delighted to see that the Reviews are, at last, beginning to give their attention to really important subjects. The last *Westminster* for instance, has an article on Female Dress, which I hope will be followed by others on 'Housekeeping,' 'Cookery,' 'The present treatment of Wives by Husbands,' and so on. These are matters which *really* come home to people's businesses and bosoms. I should like to know how many readers honestly care a bit about '*The Life of Michael Angelo*,' or '*The Works of Bacon*,' or the '*Present Aspect of Æsthetic Philosophy*:' or any such far-fetched out-of-the-way matters, as now fill up two-thirds of all the Quarterlies. They are all very well for the men who write them, because they have got up the subject, and like to show off.

"But if the publishers want to sell a hundred copies of their reviews for one, they should take up things that everybody knows something about, or ought to know something about. They ought to have more lady contributors, like the authoress of that article in the *Westminster* upon 'Dress.' All I complain of is, that the subject is too cursorily treated. You can't deal with Dress as a whole in a single paper. You want one article for the Bonnet alone, and another for the Mantle, and another for the Morning Gown, and another for Evening Dress, and so forth. So as to complete the female wardrobe, perhaps, in twelve articles.

"Take the Bonnet for example. Only think what a *range* the reviewer ought to traverse to exhaust *that*. Why to deal with 'the Bonnet' alone in a way commensurate with its importance, would take volumes instead of a single article, much less a few paragraphs of an article. I venture to offer a hint, or contribution, to this article whenever it is written.

"When we were at Scarborough this year—I say *we*, for I have

sisters, and if you have any curiosity to know what we are like, some of us sat for the faces in the drawings I send with this letter—we were wearing round hats, which *we* thought very becoming; but we found to our astonishment that it was considered quite *improper* to go to church in them.

"Now I wish to ask you, *Mr. Punch*, to compare No. 1 and No. 2 of the accompanying sketches.

"Now, if it is quite out of the question to wear, in church, the same hat we may wear on the cliff, or the castle-walks, or the sands, or anywhere else out of doors, I *do* think one might invent a more church-going style of bonnet than the frail and flashy little *chignon* of flowers, lace, ribbons, and bugles, which I have tried to sketch in No. 2.

"It ought to be something demure, modest, and nun-like. At the same time, you know, dear *Mr. Punch*, it needn't be absolutely ugly.

"I can't help thinking this would be very devotional, and decidedly becoming:—

"I have put in both the front and side-face, that you may judge of the effect, as a whole. I am wild to try one of my '*Coiffures à la Carmelite*,' if you say you think it the right style of thing.

"Your devoted reader, LUY."

[We congratulate "LUY" on her invention, and heartily recommend it to milliners, with a church-going connection.]

Cheering for the Spanish Bondholders.

IT seems that the great man of the new Spanish Ministry is our old friend MON. We do not think that MON will feel comfortable, or be able to do justice to himself as well as others, until he gets TON by his side. We all know if there is a greater characteristic than another of a Spanish Ministry it is its special talent for looking after the *Meum* and *Tuum*; and MON and TON, we imagine, will be an agreeable suggestion of the fate that is in store for *Le Mien* and *Le Tien*. That is decidedly the Alpha and Omega of a Spanish Ministry. Every other interest is a complete dead letter.

CIVES ROMANI.

In Quod—*rectius, we shall probably be informed*, In quo.

WE are two Roman Citizens,
Two Englishmen, we mean,
Confined in one of BOMBA's dens,
In scorn of England's QUEEN.
No cause for our imprisonment
Can Bourbon BOMBA show;
And why in dungeon we are pent,
Is what we wish to know.

On board the steamer *Cagliari*,
We happened to be found,
Upon our lawful business, we
Were in that vessel bound,
When by insurgents she was seized,
Against our wish and will.
So here we are. Is England pleased
That we should lie here still?

We ask that BOMBA would our case
To open trial bring;
Against that claim he sets his face,
Unjust, despotic King!
Has England nothing like a fleet,
And no such things as guns,
To teach a tyrant not to treat
In such a sort, her sons?

There was a DON PACIFICO,
A subject of the Crown,
Your teeth for him you did but show,
And OTHO knuckled down.
Quite true it is that Greece was weak;
Is Naples then so strong,
That, with submission tame and meek,
You'll pocket BOMBA's wrong?

A TALE OF A TIGER.

A FEW days ago (the narrative is in all the journals) a Bengal Tiger, on its way from the docks, where it had been landed, to the premises of MR. JAMRACH, an importer of such luxuries, broke loose, and after running crouchingly along the street, sprang upon a poor child, and mangled him cruelly. MR. JAMRACH rushed to the rescue with a crowbar, and was dealing the savage animal a series of heavy blows, in order to deliver the boy, when the editor of a penny humanitarian paper came up, and begged MR. J. not to be hard on the poor beast, who knew no better than to mangle children, and had also a grievance, in being restrained from his wild liberty. But MR. JAMRACH rudely shoved the mediator out of the way, and with a few more vigorous strokes discomfited the brute, and saved the child's life. The editor is virtuously indignant, and declares that JAMRACH is no better than HAVELOCK and WILSON.

To Disraeli.

BIG BEN is cracked, we needs must own,
Small BEN is sane, past disputation;
Yet we should like to know whose tone
Is most offensive to the nation.

What Shall we Do with our Convicts?

IN answer to the above question—and it has been waiting long enough for an answer—we beg to say: "Send your convicts out to India"—and make them associate with the natives. It cannot possibly do them any harm, and there is just a chance that they may civilise the Sepoys. They may teach them acts of gentleness, and other lessons of humanity; for really, compared to the Sepoys, our convicts are respectable human beings. Our blackest criminal, by the side of NENA SAHIB, would appear of an angelical whiteness.

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A HINT TO THE ENTERPRISING.

Boy. "HERE YOU ARE, SIR. BLACK YER BOOTS, AND TAKE YER LIKENESS FOR THE SMALL CHARGE OF THREEPENCE!"

ODE TO FRANCATELLI,

After a Dinner at the Reform Club.

HAIL, FRANCATELLI, mighty chef,
Whose culinary sway,
Which all allow, has made thee now
First Artist of the day.

The feast divine, by thee prepared,
Which stands recorded here,
Enjoyed last night, though lost to sight,
Is still to memory dear.

Who can describe the Consommé
Which spreads thy fame so far,
What language paints, that food for saints,
KRÖMESKY'S de Foies gras?

What honour was it for La Dinde
Picked from the flock with care,
By thee truffé, by us mangée
With Jambon au Madère!

Proud must have been those partridges
If they when dying knew,
That they would be, in thy Salmi,
Dressed à la Richelieu!

Thy perfect entremets will live
In glory ever green;
Who would not praise thy Mayonnaise,
Or Croque-en-Bouche d'Avelines?

Who tasted once will ne'er forget
Thy Gélée au Noyau,
Immortal fame surrounds the name,
Of Tartalettes d'Abricots!

In humble verse, great chef, I thus
Acknowledge thy success;
But still I wish, of every dish,
I 'd eaten rather less.

A MUSICAL RECEPTION.—When the whale was stranded at Scarborough, an ex-baritone went down and serenaded it with the air from *Il Trovatore*:—"*Il Baleine.*"

WE CAN'T MAKE A BRIDGE.

WE can't make a monument, and now it seems we can't make a bridge. A poor simple suspension bridge is completely above us. It is worth while walking down to St. James's Park, merely to see how clever we are in making a failure. All lovers of the grotesque should make the muddy pilgrimage. If a prize had been offered for an ugly bridge, we doubt if a finer specimen could have been selected than the one which rears its puny head over the ornamental water at the old spot, where the ferryman used to feather his oar with so much dexterity. Surely, ornamental water deserved a bridge with some pretensions to ornament. As it is, we believe a long plank, stretched across, would have been less stuck up, and far more ornamental. The worst is that, since the water has been purified, you have the hideousness twice over. Not only do you have the eyesore above, but the bright reflection of it, also, below. The advantage of this improvement is, that you have two eyesores instead of one. It lies so squat on the water (as though it were taking a sitz-bath), that the poor birds can hardly swim underneath it. Some of the swans have already got stiff necks, from stooping so continually to avoid receiving a knock on the head. It would not astonish us, as the winter advances, to see them with their throats wrapped up in flannel; an aged swan, with an old stocking tied round its neck, would certainly be a most moving object of sympathy.

We suppose we shall get accustomed, in time, to this new disfigurement of our mutilated metropolis, as we have done to others of a kindred ugliness; but it is very trying at first. To complete the mockery, we hope that a board will be put up with the following entreaty:—"The Public is respectfully requested to protect this valuable bridge." On our word, it is such a malefactor against the rules of good taste, that it richly deserves being hung, as it is, in chains not less black than those that are suspended over the Felon's Gate at Newgate.

To give it an air of additional lightness, we must not omit to state that the iron-work has all been painted a deep funereal black, that imparts to the structure a rich coal-barge heaviness, worthier one of the wharves at Blackfriars than the pellucid banks of St. James's. It is so black, that we fancied the drawing must have been made by COLE; only for the credit of our Schools of Design, we cannot and will not believe it. Let us trust that Art has not sunk so low in this country as this Suspension Bridge in the St. James's Park would indicate. Without any offence to the Chinese, we must say that it would be a disgrace to the Willow-Pattern Plate.

LOCUS PŒNITENTIÆ.

ROME aids a work her priests have shunned,
If, from his Holiness's banks,
The POPE has helped the Indian Fund
To (journals say) Two thousand francs.

Come, CULLEN, humble that stiff neck,
Good men should pull in the same boat, all,
Cry *Mea culpa!* Draw your cheque.
Salute the Toe, and swell the total.

THIEVES BEFORE AND BEHIND THE COUNTER.

A CASE FOR LEGISLATORS.

IF I go into a Grocer's shop, and steal two or three pieces of sugar, I am a thief. But if the Grocer sells me a pound of sugar, and there are one or two ounces short, he merely sells things by false weight. I am imprisoned. The Grocer is fined a few shillings, and escapes. I am guilty of but one theft. The Grocer, it may be, is guilty of a thousand, for he robs every person to whom he sells goods with those false weights. Now, can you tell us, by what strange anomaly of the Law, the greater Thief is allowed to get off so much more cheaply than the lesser? Why shouldn't there be the same Law for both?

A NEW ORDER OF CHIVALRY.

DID any gentleman ever buy a horse without being cheated? Is not the brute always found, within some short time after the purchase, to have something or other the matter with it, which must have been well known to the vendor, and which rendered it worth less than its price? To these questions there can be but one answer, which is so obvious, that all equestrians, whose legs are of a natural honest colour, will rejoice greatly to hear that an Association is about to be established for the purpose of securing good horses for respectable people, under the name of the Horse Society.

The object of the Horse Society will be to provide purchasers with horses correctly described, and really and truly appraised at their actual value. With this view the most eminent jockeys, veterinary surgeons, and horse-dealers, will be engaged by the Society to pronounce opinions on all the animals offered by it for sale, and as these opinions will be liberally paid for, buyers will, of course, be enabled to depend upon them, how great rogues soever those who deliver them may be. It is calculated that even people accustomed to deal in horses will speak the truth when they know it is their interest to do so, and therefore the Horse Society intends to engage, as professional advisers, some of the greatest rascals on the Turf, that is to say, on the face of the Earth.

The Horse Society will be a joint-stock company; and though it will be essentially based on the principles of truth and honour, some minds, perhaps, will entertain a little doubt whether it will be able very long to preserve its integrity. For Companies, on the one hand, are proverbially said to have no conscience, and on the other, we know that very few indeed, even of the most high-minded men, can be long concerned in horse-dealings without slipping into fraud. The horse demoralizes almost everybody who has anything to do with him more than merely to ride him; and we can only hope that the poisonous moral atmosphere which appears to surround that so-called noble animal may not overpower the Society that will be obliged to breathe it, and degrade a chivalrous band of gentlemen into a set of 'ossy blackguards.

COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.

WE have read an interesting account of a dinner that took place at St. Dénis, at which all the good things were cooked by electricity. According to this, the old *batterie de cuisine* will soon be replaced by a galvanic battery. Our plum-puddings will be boiled by means of electric currents. Dishes of electric eels will become as common as plates of boiled beef at the Old Bailey. Pots and pans will be replaced by Leyden jars, and the old spit will be driven out of the kitchen by the positive, or negative, pole.

An "Electric Cook-shop" will be a new opening in this scientific age. We may live to see at the corner of streets, electric potato-cans, with a stream of electricity fizzing out instead of the jet of steam. By the bye, we wonder if, in Telegraph Offices, the accounts will be "cooked" by electricity? It will be as well for Directors to abstain from the Stock Exchange, and to give up the practice, after receiving an important dispatch, of rushing to their broker's two or three times a-day, or else the public may be raising the cry that the accounts are "highly charged." In the meantime, we shall look out anxiously every time we go to the City, to see if there has not shot into existence a scientific JOE'S, where the visitor sees his mutton-chop cooked in the same room by means of electricity!

THE CAMBRIDGE BANQUET.

How the City can ever forgive itself for having delayed an opportunity to eat, drink, and flatter, so long as it has postponed these performances in the case of the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, GOG only knows—unless he has told MAGOG. Usually, the instant a man, no matter what his antecedents, has reached the top of the tree, pole, ladder, or whatever other good or bad eminence he has coveted, the citizens are at him with their turtle and flummery. *Punch* need not name names, now that all is serene, but he has not the faintest doubt that were WISCOUNT VILLIAMS himself, at the head of a rabble of his vassals, to rush into the royal palace, terrify the FIELD-MARSHAL P. A. into a fainting fit, and by menaces obtain (not that he would, if we know our courageous SOVEREIGN) the promise of a Dukedom and estates to match, the City of London would be at the DUKE OF LAMBETH'S door, simultaneously with the milk and cat next morning, begging his Grace to fix a day to receive the Freedom. Drawing a veil over the terrible picture, and simply noting that the City measures men, and measures, by one test only, Success, *Punch* cannot but record his astonishment that the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, who has really merited, and received, far better things than City honours, should so long have been permitted to enjoy the golden opinions he had won, without the additional daub of Guildhall gold-leaf being smudged upon them.

Amends, however, have been made this last week, when the fated COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF was *fêted* in the City, and after enduring a long address from SIR JOHN KEY, one of the few civic magnates who can speak English (LORD MELBOURNE said so) had to sit out a Mansion House dinner, whereat assuredly his fellow-guests were of a mixed order. It might be amusing to sit down with the Siamese and American Ambassadors, all of whom are acquainted with our language, the hero CARDIGAN is not unimposing at table, PRINCE VOGORIDES may have entertaining anecdotes from Moldo-Wallachia, and there were some distinguished soldiers, whom even *Mr. Punch* would gladly see at his board. But these were the plums of the City pudding, and most of the remainder might be what is called in Hebrew "a feast of Fat Things," but by no means what a decent Duke is accustomed to. However, good fortune makes us acquainted with strange dinner-fellows.

SIR JOHN KEY gave the Duke some well-deserved praise in some well-rounded periods, one of the best of which was that in which the CHAMBERLAIN (not the LORD CHAMBERLAIN—copy the address) paid an admirable tribute to "a pen, as fearless in its exposure of abuses as unsurpassed by the vividness of its graphic power" in dealing with the Crimean Campaign where the Duke's laurels were won. Nevertheless, we do not observe the name of the applauded WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL in the list of guests at the banquet, and we congratulate him thereon, for this was not "empty praise," and was far preferable to the "solid pudding" *Mr. Punch* has mentioned.

The City gave the Duke a sword in the afternoon, and a knife and fork in the evening. The inscription on the former must have been revised by some intelligent foreman at HANCOCKS', the manufacturers, for it presents no grammatical error that we can detect. Long may H. R. H. behold it hanging over his chimney-piece among his pipes and Crimean relics. The knife bore only one word, namely, "ROGERS," and the fork was impressed with the City device. Both had been unexceptionably cleaned, the one by the rotatory knife-cleansing apparatus, the fork by a piece of wash-leather bought by the LORD MAYOR'S servant from a Jew named, we believe, ISAACS.

The earlier speeches at the banquet demand, and received, no particular attention, except from PRINCE VOGORIDES and one or two other foreigners who could not understand a word of them. The American Minister was good enough to say, in reference to the ceremony of the day, that he knew nothing about titles, but "could understand" a prince being a very decent kind of critur, and also that he hoped the Indian scoundrels would be tarnation well licked. He then liquored, and the MAYOR gave the President of the Council, the EARL GRANVILLE.

Now GRANVILLE'S speech was really the event of the week, because this is the first time that a Minister of any standing has come out upon Indian affairs. It was clear that the Earl had been getting up the steam, for he had a lot of notes to help him, in case, *Mr. Punch* supposes, the Mansion-House champagne might make him more ecstatic than rationalistic. He went to work like a man, and after the expected praise of the Duke, began to praise LORD ELGIN, for his noble conduct in coming across to India when he had nothing to do in China.

Having thus got the audience into a laudatory state of mind, GRANVILLE began to eulogise LORD CANNING, and set forth how he had not begged for the office of Governor-General, but, being appointed, took off his coat to think the more intensely how he should improve India, and then, putting it on again, went out and improved it until India rebelled. But GRANNY is a clever man, and was very cautious, and begged only "Fair-Play" for CANNING. This he is sure of, but what was asked from him in return was Fair-Work, which is not exactly apparent from any dispatches *Mr. Punch* has seen. GRANVILLE solemnly promised that if CANNING should have acted in a "maudlin" manner, he, GRANVILLE, would be the first to serve him out, but he revealed that in a private letter LORD CANNING had spoken most severely of the Sepoys, and called them Devils. The rest of the speech was apologetic, but hypothetically so, for LORD GRANVILLE evidently knew nothing more of what has been going on between the authorities in India than *Mr. Punch* does, and we have no doubt that the only brief he received *in re* CANNING was the following note from Broadlands:—

"Dear GRANNY,
Go and puff CANNY:
Lay it on thick,
And swear he's a brick."—P.

But when the laying on comes to be looked at, it is really very little that the President of the Council can say for the GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA. For once in his life, GRANVILLE tired his hearers, and PRINCE VOGORIDES was observed to be fast asleep long before the oration was over, while the Aldermen were yawning like mad.

An artful dodge had been contrived in order to get LORD CRANWORTH a hearing. The MAYOR proposed the House of Lords, and the citizens who love a real lord dearly, and would marry him to their daughters, or do anything but his "paper," waited for the expected aristocrat. And when they only found a law-lord, who had been not very much better than one of themselves in early life, they could not exactly run away, especially as the bottles were not empty. So CRANNY got an audience, and even a cheer, and went home and dreamt that he was DEMOSTHENES and was sitting upon LORD BROUGHAM.

Punch is happy to know that his friend the DUKE has, since the banquet, been as well as could be expected, and is highly thankful for his Freedom from the City.

THE ART OF SINKING A TELEGRAPH.

MR. PUNCH has received a good-humoured letter from MR. JOHN DE LA HAYE, of Manchester; a remarkably good-humoured letter as coming from a gentleman who thinks that *Mr. Punch* pronounced his invention absurd. *Mr. Punch*, however, in noticing a newspaper paragraph, relative to MR. DE LA HAYE'S contrivance for the sinking of submarine telegraphs, took particular care to guard himself from being understood, and misunderstood, to impute absurdity to the plan of MR. DE LA HAYE, even taking the paragraph in question as correctly describing it. However, the paragraph is inaccurate; and here is MR. DE LA HAYE'S own specification of his patent:—

"In order to prevent the cable from breaking through the strain caused by its weight in sinking perpendicularly from the ship, we propose to render it partially buoyant by surrounding it, its whole length, with a light substance, such as coopers' rushes, so that its specific gravity would be about one-sixth more than that of water. This would allow the cable to sink slowly, a sufficient depth, so as to be safe from the effects of the waves; but would prevent its sinking at once on the bed of the ocean. As the rushes would be only temporarily connected to the cable, by means of bands of tape, made to adhere by a compound soluble in water; it would be freed at any given time; and resuming its original specific gravity, would sink on the bed of the sea, but only at a considerable distance from the vessel paying it out."

Mr. Punch has still to ask, as he asked before, concerning the invention above detailed, How about the waves, and Will it wash? or Won't it wash too well? That these questions may not be satisfactorily answerable he does not say. His hope is, that it will wash in a perfectly successful manner. In that happy event, the sub-Atlantic cable, although really submerged by the help of coopers' rushes, will doubtless be said by execrable punsters, to have been sunk by means of DE LA HAYE-bands.

PROFITABLE PARTNERSHIP.

WE have heard of two brothers (their united ages do not exceed 27, and their united heights cannot soar much above 5 feet 10), who have gone into partnership at the West End. They have commenced operations at the corner of two fashionable streets. One is a Crossing-sweeper, and the other is a Shoe-black. Their places of business are, you may say, next door to each other. The first dirties, as though by accident, the boots of those Swells, who do not give him anything, as they step over his crossing, and the second comes in for the benefit of cleaning them. In this way, they play into each other's hands, and divide a considerable sum at the end of the day. Their system is doubly sure, for it is rare that a Swell gets off without paying one or the other. If he escapes the broom of SCYLLA, there is the brush of CHARYBDIS that is certain to be down upon him at the next step. So lucrative has the partnership hitherto been, that we understand as much as a hurdy-gurdy, a monkey, and a cage full of white mice, besides a central lamp-post, where a good penny paper business is done, has been refused for it.

A ROMANCE OF THE POST OFFICE.

WITH A MORAL FOR ALL LONDONERS.

PRETTY FLORA ST. CLAIR was a milliner fair,
Her smile it was pleasant to view,
And so thought the grave ALEXANDER BOLAIR,
And so thought the gay HARRY BLEW.

Pretty FLOSSY ST. CLAIR didn't very much care
Which Swell her devotion should bless;
BOLAIR had dark eyes and magnificent hair,
But BLEW was a stunner at dress.

She would wait till one chose for her charms to propose:
Not long her suspense was to be,
For the very same Sunday both gentlemen rose,
Determined to write to MISS C.

Each penned his best vows that, if she'd be his spouse,
He'd be true as that nuisance, Dog Tray;
Each posted his letter, to be at her house
The very first thing the next day.

On Monday MISS FLOSSY, with ringlets so glossy,
Received at 9·30, BOLAIR'S,
And instantly wrote and accepted, because he
Had chanced to be first with his prayers.

But at 10·45 did BLEW'S letter arrive,
Too late: she was pledged to the first,
And the elegant HENRY'S intention to wive
Has (perhaps for his good) been reversed.

"But," asks a sharp *vox*, "why with different knocks
Were the letters delivered?" All fair.
BLEW *simply employed a Receiving-House Box,*
A Pillar-Box clinked for BOLAIR.

The latter they clear ere the dawn-streaks appear,
And Aurora's red fingers make sign,
While Receiving-House letters, O lovers give ear!
Are not fetched from the shops until IX.

And FLORA ST. CLAIR is now MRS. BOLAIR,
And like NOURMAHAL (in edged frills),
She whispers, and twines his magnificent hair—
"Remember the Pillar of HILL'S."

AN INCIDENT WITH THE O. P. Q. HOUNDS.

MISS DIANA SLIPS OFF AT A FENCE, AND IS SO UNFORTUNATE AS TO LEAVE THE BETTER HALF OF HER HABIT ON THE PUMMELS OF HER SADDLE.

A VULGAR FELLOW.

WE never heard of one ABSALOM DELL, a Brighton auctioneer, until reading the following advertisement, and after reading it few people will wish to hear of the man again:—

THIS DAY.

A SAIL! A SAIL!!

What life-inspiring words to shipwrecked fellow creatures!

MR. ABSALOM DELL is instructed by the owner to Sell by Public Auction, at the King and Queen Hotel, Brighton, on Thursday (THIS DAY), October 29th, 1857, at Half-past Three o'clock,

THE FORE AND AFT MAIN-SAIL of the unfortunate Ship "PILGRIM," recently wrecked off Brighton. Her fate, alas! was the reverse of our good friend BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim*. Also, at the same time and place of sale will be offered, &c. &c.

The heartless flippancy with which ideas of the saddest and gravest character are used by this man DELL to make up an advertisement needs no comment. But what does he mean by saying, in his abominable English, that "the fate of the *Pilgrim* was the *reverse* of BUNYAN'S *Pilgrim*." The latter went to HEAVEN—the ship came to Brighton. It is really dangerous for fools to play with serious words, and we recommend this DELL to adhere to the legitimate clap-trap and cackle of his calling, and to abstain from topics which belong to another pulpit than his.

ONE OF DOVOR'S POWDERS.

A FAVOURITE underling of the Admiralty rushed one day last week, with the speed of the "hurried Hudson," into the room of the Hon. Member for Shakspeare's Cliff, and exclaimed, breathlessly: "Have you heard the last report, Sir? They say that our friend BEN'S cracked!"

"Poor DIZZY!" involuntarily exclaimed the melancholy OSBORNE. "Well, do you know, it always struck me that it would come to that!" and he was pumping up a flood of sympathy, when it was explained to him who the "cracked" object was that he was pouring his lamentations over.

REVEREND JOCKO.

CONSIDERABLE astonishment has no doubt been created by the following advertisement, which appeared in most of the papers:—

EXETER HALL SERVICES for the WORKING CLASSES, under the sanction of the BISHOP OF LONDON.—The SERVICE fixed for TO-MORROW (SUNDAY) 8th instant, WILL NOT TAKE PLACE. The REV. A. G. EDOUART, Incumbent of the Parish, has, by a notice served yesterday, FORBIDDEN THE SERVICES. Until the legal question shall have been decided, the Committee will therefore suspend the course. SHAFTESBURY, Chairman.

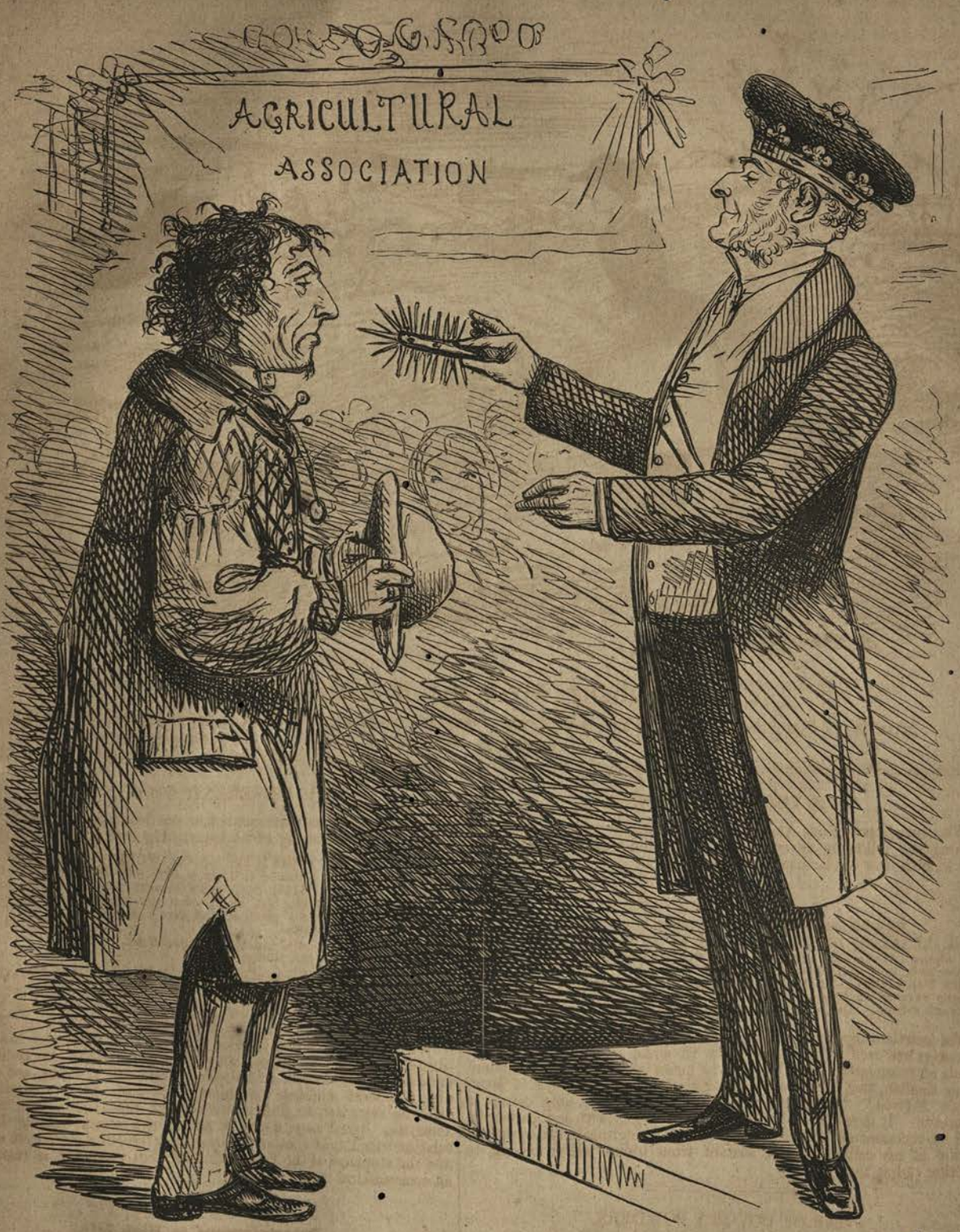
Office of Special Services Committee, 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, Nov. 6, 1857.

Now that patent theatres have been abolished, so that SHAKSPEARE can be lawfully performed elsewhere than at Drury Lane, it seems hard that a clerical manager should have the power to interdict the performance of the Church Service in a rival House of Worship. Manager, we say, because this prank which the REV. MR. EDOUART has played the Exeter Hall Committee, looks very much like the proceeding of a member of that histrionic sect which affects stoles, copes, and candles, and in general imitates the antics of Roman Catholic priests. We shall be surprised to find, if we do find, that this divine is not a Puseyite. The Puseyite may be said to be a fanatic bearing the same relation to a Papist that an ape bears to a fool, or a monkey to a monk; and the stoppage of the Exeter Hall services can only be regarded as an ecclesiastical monkey's trick.

Entertainment in High Life.

AMONG the fashionable intelligence we find the announcement that the DUKE and DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND are entertaining a select circle of visitors. What a funny Duke and Duchess! We hope their entertainment is received with roars of laughter.

ADVICE TO YOUNG ENGLAND.—To ridicule Old Age is like pouring in the morning cold water into the bed in which you may have to sleep at night.—*Hermit of the Haymarket.*



INTERESTING CEREMONY.

THE DUKE OF BROADACRES PRESENTING A HANDSOME KNIFE WITH A HUNDRED BLADES TO BEN D—ZZY, A TIME-SERVER OF THIRTY YEARS' STANDING.

SEBASTOPOL AVENGED!

(An Article supposed to have been written for the Penny Morning Startler.)

HE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS has wreaked a subtle vengeance on us. With our arms away in India he feels we're at his mercy: as hot-pressed and defenceless as a sheet of cream-laid foolscap. The sheet is in his grasp: he can "crumple" it at pleasure. But first he writes on it our DOOM in the plainest Russian text. The English nation shall be struck off from the face of the earth: nay, their very language even shall be forthwith obliterated. The tongue they speak shall not survive, even as a dead one. Henceforth there in fact is no such word as "English." See how he has done it. We quote from a contemporary'; our foreign staff is limited:—

"The EMPEROR OF RUSSIA has annihilated the English language by a stroke of his pen. German is no longer to be taught in the College of Iskutsh (where there is a considerable trade with California), and the programme of the studies announces that '*la langue Americaine*' is to take its place."

Perhaps, though, we are hasty. In the blindness of our fear we may have jumped to false conclusions. The CZAR may only mean to act the part of a wise sovereign, and have his subjects taught the language of the countries where they trade. Yet why draw this distinction between Yankee-tongue and English? Is it simply from a wise, paternal, kinglike reason? Is it simply because Yankee-slang is more uncouth than our "QUEEN'S English," and therefore would assimilate more closely with *langue Russe?* Does the CZAR think *langue Americaine* would come more easy to his students; and that tongues used to such sounds as *Istvostschik* and *Golopschin* would give congenial glibness to *Slogdollagise, Absquotilate, Gin-juleps,* and the like? Yet may it not embroil us with our brother JONATHAN—this giving him the credit for a language of his own—this subtle snake-like hint that he speaks doubtful English? JONATHAN is touchy. His dander 's easy riz. 'Twould be a dark day for Old England should this elevate his monkey. 'With Cotton in war's balance,' how Manchester would tremble! And when MANCHESTER were fallen, where would stand Great Britain!

Alarmists we are not; but there is fearful cause to quiver. Flesh is however fallible: we *may* be mistaken. From our hearts we hope it. But our knowledge is but human. There is no telling what may happen. It is as well always to be on the safe side. If our hints be not taken by our Slumbering Government, let it not at least be forgotten that we gave them. We have sounded the alarm. *Ruat Hanglia!* WE have done our duty. On the Russian horizon the least cloud is portentous. Let Ministers have heed to that which we have shown them. Though no "bigger than a weasel," it may overspread Great Britain. In our present hour of peril, precaution is our policy. Let Official Benches look to it. Let PALMERSTON, with bated pride of place, condescend for once to take a morsel of advice. Far-seeing he may be (for he has somehow scrambled to a high position), yet the "smallest monstrous" penny-a-liner of the MIGHTY PRESS sees farther. Bear witness this Great Russian Portent! *Eureka*—we have spoken!

SWEEP FOR THE SWEEPS.

THE City authorities seem to be taking a step to get rid of a nuisance. The statement may appear incredible, but the facts are before the world. The highwaymen, who under the name of crossing-sweepers, plunder the nervous and molest the brave, are to be got rid of. Their intolerable pertinacity has brought this upon them. Any person who has a walk of twenty minutes between his residence and his place of business, is persecuted by at least a dozen of these pests, who have either a right to his money, or have not. If they have a right, who pockets the rate for Paving and Cleansing; if they have not, where 's the police?

It is idle to say that giving is voluntary. People pay rather than be bothered, perhaps splashed, by the whining mendicants, and no one has a right to annoy another. So the Sewers Commissioners think, and they have granted the prayer of a Ragged Brigade to be allowed to fix money-boxes at certain crossings which they will sweep, without importuning passengers, who can give or not as they please. This is only half a reform, because the parish officers who take our money are bound to keep the streets in order, and it is still a swindle that we should be even "invited" to pay twice. But it is better than the old system, and now ladies and other timid persons will approach a crossing without double terror, that of being badgered by a mendicant, and that of being run over by an omnibus.

As for the proposed folly of calling the Brigadiers Path-wardens, that is simple boobyism, and we solemnly swear never to be a Church-warden if such a profane mockery of the title is permitted. Why, the sweepers must be as silly as THWAITES and his central Scavengers, with their seal of office and their pomposity. Wardens, indeed! Look into a cookery-book, and see what a Warden-pie is, and then think whether it is anything like a Dirt-pie. New brooms, but no new names.

A TWO-FOOT RULE.

OF course we adore pictures, and the new Paul Veronese (our £14,000 bargain) is worthy of all homage. But really SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE has proposed, to all who came to see *Alexander and the Ladies,* such a preposterous ceremonial that we trust he will reconsider the matter. He, or the authority in charge of the National Gallery, has fixed up a notice, requesting Visitors "to scrape and wipe their *Feet.*" Now we really cannot do this. When our boots are once buttoned up, we hate unfastening them, and then the pulling off one's socks on the steps of the National Gallery is a great bore. And for ladies such a process must be singularly inconvenient. We repeat that with all reverence for Art, we cannot consent to go through a more than Oriental humiliation at the shrine of Paul Very-uneasy.

THE GREAT BERKELEY BUSINESS.

(Summary, to the very latest Electric Dispatch.)

SAYS GRANTLEY to BOODLE,
"EARL BERKELEY'S a noodle
Whom you all lead along in a string like a poodle;
And I've just diskivered
He 's sealed and delivered
Some deed by which all my own fortunes are shivered."

Writes BOODLE, "Suspicions
Or even propositions
Like those, we discuss on no kind of conditions;
But a scolding you mention,
Though bitter as gentian,
SIR MAURICE served out with the kindest intention."

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

TO THE COMMERCIAL WORLD AND TRADERS GENERALLY.

—SACKIT, KITE, and SWAG, Bill Manufacturers and Accommodation Paper Makers, solicit the attention of the heads of shaky firms and tradesmen (large or small) of exhausted capital and credit, to their unrivalled manufactures of an artificial currency, whereby the solvency of bankrupt traders may (one time in ten million) be securely re-established. Without much labour and at no expense, SACKIT, KITE, and SWAG have set up the most perfect machinery for turning out "good paper" with the greatest possible despatch, and from their unbounded means of manufacture the largest orders can be executed at the very cheapest rates. Their "first-class bill" may be pronounced a most superior article, and well worthy of inspection: the neatness of its make concealing almost wholly its flimsiness of texture, and rendering it negotiable at any rate as waste-paper. Their blank acceptances are also strongly recommended, as being highly serviceable in cases of emergency; the body of the draft being left in blank, the filling up is left to the discretion of the holder, who may insert whatever sum and date and drawer's signature he chooses.

SACKIT, KITE, and SWAG, likewise beg inspection of their Imitation Autographs, which are got up with such nicety of finish that only the expertest Banker's clerk would doubt their being genuine. The names, being those of perfect Rothschildren in credit, may be used with much advantage as endorsements to a Bill, and will impart a good appearance to the very worst of paper.

SACKIT, KITE, and SWAG would also direct notice to their List of References, which will be found a highly useful appendage to the counting-house. It contains some hundred names of non-existent persons, to whom inquiries as to solvency may safely be permitted. In case of such inquirers applying through the Post Office, care is requisite, of course, to have them taken in, by providing proper agents to receive their letters, and so preventing their return through the Dead department. The answers sent can then of course be made in any terms that may be deemed advisable. In cases where inquiry is to be made in person, S. K. & S. can supply efficient representatives at the very shortest notice, and will guarantee their playing any part that is assigned to them, whether it be a LADY CROESUS living in the country, or a retired—to—Bayswater commercial millionnaire.

Note. The principles, or want of them, on which S. K. & S. conduct their business will not allow them to send out their manufactures upon approbation. All articles are warranted, but no trial is allowed. Parties in need of them must buy out and out. Terms, cash down, and no money returned on no pretence sumever.

Observe. S. K. & S. being determined to maintain their reputation for supplying their goods genuine as made, have resolved not to trust to any Agents for supplying them. Their manufactures are therefore not to be distinguished by any known trade-mark, but are to be had only at the Manufactory, Front and Back Cellars, 19, Cadger's Rents, Whitechapel. N.B. No admittance to the works except after nightfall. Knock three times, and whistle '*Nix my Dolly.*'

☞ Country applications must be accompanied with cash, or they cannot be attended to. No cheques taken, and bad language returned.

SOMETHING LIKE A PANIC!

Crossing-Sweeper. *"Things keeps werry tight in the City, Jimmy?"*

Costermonger. *"Tight! I b'lieve yer, they jist does, indeed! Why there, you has my word o' Honner as a Gen'elman, I haint so much as touched a bit o' Gold this Three Weeks! And as fur getting of one's Paper done, why them ere Banks is so pertickler now, they won't do it at no price!"*

EXTENSIVE ROBBERY OF CORN.

REALLY, the Court of Quarter Sessions is not a fit tribunal to entertain such a case as that which is thus stated by the *Sherborne Journal*:—

"MARTHA ALLEN surrendered on bail to take her trial on a charge of stealing a quantity of wheat of the value of one penny, the property of JAMES PHIPPEN, farmer, of Frome, on the 1st of August last."

On a charge so grave and important as the above a culprit ought, manifestly, to be arraigned before a Judge at the Assizes—if arraigned at all. The prisoner was proved, in evidence, to have been nursing some children in a field, and one of these little robbers plucked several ears of corn, and gave them to her. All a set of rogues in grain together. The receiver was clearly as bad as the thief; yet why was not the thief indicted as well as the receiver? Perhaps, because any jury would have declared the thief innocent: as the jury before whom this case was tried actually did declare the receiver to be. MARTHA ALLEN was acquitted of the penny, or Phippeny, accusation which had been brought against her. Her case might have been summarily disposed of, but she, with a due sense of its character, refused to be tried by the Magistrates. Three courses were then open to those gentlemen: they might have committed her for trial at the Assizes, they might have done what they actually did, or they might have dismissed the case. The wonder is that they did not do the first of these things—the last was, of course, out of the question.

MR. PHIPPEN appears to have been compelled to bring MARTHA ALLEN to what he fondly hoped would be justice by the fact that he had lost several pennyworths of wheat by the ravages of small depredators; sparrows, probably, as well as children. Might not a farmer, by a new statute for that case made and provided, be empowered to employ old men and boys to shoot the nursemaids and children as well as the sparrows, that come to prey upon his corn?

MARTHA ALLEN—a young woman, but evidently an old hand—acted wisely enough in electing not to have her case disposed of by the Great Unpaid of Zummersetshire. As they did not dismiss it, perhaps, had they adjudicated on it, MARTHA ALLEN, for receiving, at the hands of an infant, unlawfully plucked wheat, value 1*d.*, would now be tripping it on the treadmill.

JUVENAL TO CANNING.

"I, NUNC, curre per Indos,
Ut Asinis placeas, et Proclamatio fias."

A LOVE OF A DOG LOST.

REALLY, people set their affections on the strangest objects.

We do not use this latter substantive in the feminine acceptance of it, as meaning "perfect frights:" in which sense it is mostly used for human application. We admit, though, that our strikingly original expression might with some truth be received as including human "objects;" for, CUPID being blind, it is no strange thing to find people make the queerest "objects" objects of affection. But the reflection we began with was induced by a perusal of the following advertisement, by which it will be seen that an objective passion can be kindled by another object than a human one:—

DOG LOST.—STRAYED, on Wednesday last, from No. 11, Westbourne Villas, Harrow Road, a small WHITE POODLE. He has a paralytic affection which occasions him to throw up his head every moment. If brought back a handsome REWARD will be paid.

If we lived in the neighbourhood of Westbourne Villas, we should certainly consider it a melancholy duty to call twice a-day at least at No. 11, for the purpose of inquiring if their treasure had returned to them. As it is, we trust they will accept our deepest condolence for their irreparable loss. We are induced to use this adjective, because we fancy that a dog which "throws his head up every moment" is not to be replaced for either love or money. Of course, throwing up his head involves its coming down again: so that this extraordinary animal performs, in fact, twice sixty distinct movements of the cranium per minute. This is an amount of head-work such as no dog could be trained to, and indeed it puzzles us to fancy how it can have been accomplished. Two movements per moment amount to nearly constant action, and the animal that made them may be almost viewed as the exponent of perpetual motion.

We are naturally unwilling to confess a want of taste, but we own that had we owned such a pet as this, we should have carefully abstained from advertising in the case of having lost him. We do not think a paralytic poodle can anyhow be looked on as a healthy object of affection, and if we happened to have so misplaced our own, we should have accepted our bereavement as a salutary lesson. However much affection we might have felt for such a creature, we can but think his constant twitchings would have fidgeted us somewhat, and that we should have regarded his evaporation as a happy release. Although the reward is a "handsome" one, we cannot well believe the poodle to have been so; and we regard it as a part of the extravagance of the age that his late possessors should have gone to the expense of an advertisement about him. It seems preposterous to fancy he was valued as an ornament: and as for being useful, the only use one could have put him to would have been as a performing dog, to execute a capital accompaniment to the popular street-tune of *Bobbing Around*.

We trust we shall escape being thought unfeeling in our comments, but we candidly admit, that there are other reasons than his smallness for which we think that this "small poodle" can be viewed as no great loss.

INFANCY AND RACES.

AMONG the racing intelligence we observe mention made of a race at Newmarket, the prize contended for being denominated the "Nursery Stakes." The horses entered for these stakes, one would think, should be cock-horses, and the jockeys very young gentlemen. The Nursery, in connection with the Turf, is suggestive of pleasing, but perhaps illusory, ideas of innocence and verdure. We should like to know what the Nursery Stakes consist of. Perhaps they are comprised in a little drinking-cup, bearing the inscription of "A Present from Newmarket," or, "For a Good Boy." Such a little cup would be a suitable reward for a lesson learned in the "*Child's First Betting-Book*," a work which should be procured by all trainers who wish to train up their children in the way best calculated to develop the stable mind.

MR. PUNCH AT THE Llaunch.

MR. PUNCH went to the Great Ship Yard, on Tuesday, the 3rd of this present November, but not with the slightest idea of seeing the vessel launched. He knew, in fact, that the experiment would not succeed on that day. He knew it from having read on the card of admission—

"The Directors have not been able to determine the period of launching, and *consequently* have been unable to provide refreshment for visitors."

The want of logic in this announcement made it clear to *Mr. Punch's* mind that something would go wrong where the reasoning power was so inadequately put forth. He wept, in fact, as he got into one of the dirty carriages on the Blackwall Railway. Why, he mournfully said, did not the Directors think for a moment. Why not have printed,—

'Launch when we can, Lunch at 1·30."

A gloom was over his soul, and it was in keeping with the dismal, muggy day selected for promoting MR. SCOTT RUSSELL'S gigantic Baby from its cradle to the bed of Thames.

He reached the quarter, termed by the Railway officials, Limos, without any accident to speak of, or any event of more importance than his threatening to give into custody a kind of marine commercial gent unless he took his exceeding muddy boots off the cushion on which a lady would probably take her place at the next station. The snob obeyed. But there are scores of snobs who commit the same offence, and encounter no *Mr. Punch*. This little act of chivalry somewhat brought up his spirits, and at the Limos Station, he cheerfully scrambled to the top of an omnibus, in company with thirty or forty other gentlemen, and the vehicle went off at a rattling pace through the narrow lanes, supposed to be streets, in Limos. A new line of passenger-traffic seemed to be open for the occasion, to the discontent of the aborigines, who scowled at the omnibus in savage dislike, scarcely justified by the driver's evident determination to run over some of them, if he could, in memory of the Launch.

For about a mile, between Limos and Millwall, and up to the very yard, a sort of fair was being held, where was congregated a great mass of ruffianism. The honest artisans of the neighbourhood, of whom there are thousands, had gone with laudable curiosity to see what they could of the great experiment, but no such healthy excitement had charms for the scoundrelism of the Isle of Dogs. A very brutal assemblage was gathered, and it yelled, larked, hooted, gambled, and emitted foul language, and made some of the spectators consider whether MR. CHARLES SELBY'S bold device of a Press Gang for recruiting, might not be tried with advantage at such re-unions. Their material might be used up in the coarser work of war, and the educated soldier might be reserved for duties worthy of him.

The mounted Police seemed quite aware of the character of the mob, and rode about and across it with diligence, and passengers received no worse treatment than vile tongues can bestow. And the yard was reached, and in two minutes more the two Greatest Facts of modern time, the *Eastern* and *Mr. Punch* (he gives the sex the *pas*) might be beheld together. The cheers with which the latter was greeted on his entrance were only less flattering than the welcoming smiles his appearance called up on the lovely faces of the ladies, who were perched everywhere, like beautiful birds, on the rugged timbers and beams, and to whom circumstances, viz., the damp and muddy character of the scene, afforded considerable advantages for displaying the piquant red petticoat, and the exquisitely-fitting military-heeled boot. These opportunities were not entirely lost sight of by his delightful friends, and he hereby records his gratitude. Also he beheld the Siamese Embassy, smoking very complacently, and this reminded him to do the same. He had at this period occasion to observe the perfectly helpless air with which the majority of spectators regarded the launching machinery, and to note the insane explanations which others were giving of it. *Mr. Punch's* amusement in this respect was largely shared by some of MR. RUSSELL'S intelligent workmen, who grinned grimly at the amateur engineers.

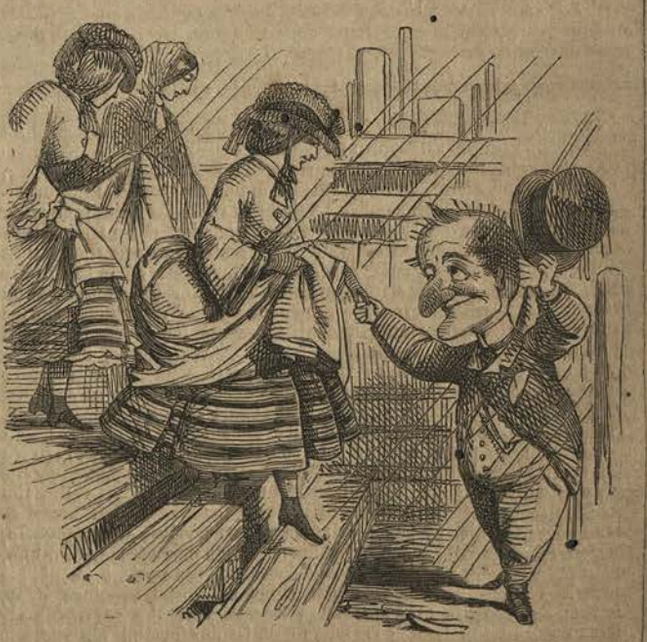
But the time approached for the christening of the Baby, and *Mr. Punch*, invited by general acclaim, advanced with his usual preternatural courtesy, took the fair hand of the young lady who was to perform the baptismal rite, and escorted her with great devotion to the platform near the bow. Her graceful yet emphatic dash of the flower-encircled bottle against the vessel was the only success of the day. The *Great Eastern* was christened, and it is surely a fortunate omen for her that the officiating clergywoman's name is HOPE. This would be a good place for a Latin quotation, only *Mr. Punch* doesn't happen to remember one. He has, however, set a young friend to search the Delphin HORACE for every *spes* and *spem* in the index, and if that party finds anything appropriate, it shall be added in a note. Is nobody to use hack quotations but a *Saturday Reviewer?*

Well, there is not much more to be said. The wonderful machinery was brought into play, and the monster suddenly and certainly shifted the spot on which she had reposed for four years. She gave a grunt, and got a little nearer the water. The moving of that mountain instantly wrought disaster to which light reference must not be made. And it is no wonder—the miracle would have been the absence of casualty—that against the strain of that awful mass some of the machinery could not hold its own.

Whether the officials are right in blaming workmen, or workmen were justified in what they did, matters not much. The mighty experiment was brought to a stand-still, and cannot be renewed for three weeks to come. The vessel, though christened, hesitates to renounce the Works of MR. SCOTT RUSSELL. She will be taught her duty better, *Mr. Punch* hopes and believes, early in December. There seems no cause for discouragement. A difficulty, we are informed by LORD LYNDHURST, means a thing to be overcome, and MR. BRUNEL agrees with his Lordship.

Soon after it had been announced that there would be no more launching, and while a small gentleman in a state of excitement was frantically adjuring the police to clear the premises, and abusing them as sticks dressed up as policemen, because they took the process rather easy, *Mr. Punch* happened to discover that he was wet through. With his usual prompt intelligence he decided that it must be raining, and this he speedily perceived was the case. Therefore, having helped a good many red petticoats to jump off wet beams, and having been rewarded with a good many charming smiles, *Mr. Punch* threw his fine form into a Hansom cab, and returned to his native metropolis, singing,

BRUNEL is a Brick, and SCOTT RUSSELL 's a Bean,
And their ship is the grandest that ever was seen,
And shall still have the aid and protection of *Punch*,
Though to-day he saw neither a Launch nor a Lunch.



A Knowing Beggar.

A BEGGAR posted himself at the door of the Chancery Court, and kept saying: "A penny please, Sir! Only one penny, Sir, before you go in!" "And why, my man?" inquired an old country gentleman; "Because, Sir, the chances are, you will not have one when you come out," was the beggar's reply.

Youth. "HERE'S A NUISANCE, NOW! BLOWED IF I AIN'T LEFT MY CIGAR-CASE ON MY DRESSING-ROOM TABLE, AND THAT YOUNG BROTHER OF MINE WILL BE SMOKING ALL MY BEST REGALIAS!"

AN INVASION OF PRIVILEGES.

AT a Court of Common Council, held last Friday, there was strange language used, which astonished us rather, though we were perfectly aware that Common Councilmen were speaking. Amongst other elegancies, one gentleman advised another "to wash his dirty linen at home," whereupon MR. LAWLEY, protesting, said that:—

"In such a place he should think gentlemen might use respectful language, although he knew how difficult it was for some animals to leave their dirt at home. (*Confusion.*)"

MR. LAWLEY's notion of "respectful language," judged by the language he makes use of himself, seems to be drawn from somewhat impure sources. We think the Waterman on the cabstand of the Haymarket, even late at night, would have reproved a "cabby," if he had indulged in such an elegant retort as the above. No wonder that the LORD MAYOR rose to order,—though whether he ordered *eau-de-Cologne*, or lime, or burnt feathers, or rose-water, or whitewash, or what peculiar deodorising mixture, the report omits to state. However, the beauty of the satire has yet to come.

The very next piece of business of the Common Council turns on Billingsgate Market, and an orator jumps on his legs, to move:—

"That it be referred to the Market Committee, to examine into the rights of the Corporation to let standings at Billingsgate Market, &c., &c."

Oh! yes, a perfect right, we should say, not only a right to "let standings," but thoroughly qualified, as tested by the above specimens of oratory, to hold standings likewise. But few fishfags, we should think, would like to enter into verbal competition with Common Councilmen.

However, the close partnership between Billingsgate and bad language, in the above report, amuses us amazingly from the force of old association, living, as we do, in a hard prosaic age, when so very few associations are left to us. Even now, a friend assures us, that you might go into Billingsgate Market for an entire month, and your ears would not be assailed with a personality half so offensive as MR. LAWLEY'S.

If so, the Market and the Common Council had better change places.

ANOTHER ILLUSION GONE!

IT seems that there are to be juvenile crossing-sweepers dotted all over London, on the same plan as the Shoe-Black Brigade. Now, we always thought that a good crossing was a most valuable property. To our ignorant minds, twelve yards of mud, in a populous thoroughfare, fetched full as much money as a share in the New River Company. We implicitly believed that a crossing was handed down from father to son, and was reverenced by grateful generations as a heir-loom that nothing but a personal calamity, such as an involuntary trip to Botany Bay, or a fit of apoplexy from over-feeding, ever forced the happy owner to part with! What becomes of all the marvellous stories about crossing-sweepers upbraiding their wives for having neglected to bring them a lemon with their breast of veal, and of daughters having incurred their father's wrath for putting jugged hare before them on the door-step without the usual accompaniment of currant-jelly? We always looked with reverential eyes on a crossing-sweeper, as a superior being, who was lined with venison and bank-notes, and had his family pew, and sent his sons to college, and engaged MADAME PLEYEL to teach his daughters the piano. It was only necessary for him, we fondly imagined, to go into the City at any time to alter the rate of Discount.

We pictured *him* at home, in a magnificent velvet dressing-gown, sitting by the side of a comfortable fire, with his pine-apple before him, and a Turkish pipe coiled like an American sea-serpent about his feet. The room, in which he lolled his ambrosial evenings away, breathed—so we drew the gorgeous vision—a Hyde-Park-Gardens air of luxury and the damask D'Oyleys had, to our mental nostrils, the perfume of choice wines. Did we not hear of his bequeathing stupendous legacies to friendless old gentlemen, who occasionally had dropped a stray penny into his huge Midas-gifted palm, which, like a banker's scoop, was busy in taking up money, all day long? And do all these glorious fictions topple down, like so many others, into the mud, and betray to us the sad truth that the crossings of London are no more "paved with gold" than any other part of the dirty metropolis? It would seem that a crossing is not sold, like a milk-walk, or a copper-mine, or a gold-field, but is to be had, as Delhi was, merely for the taking. Like any other path through life, the only value of it depends upon the industry you devote to it. Well, if these *désillusions* continue much longer, the time will come when we shall begin to doubt whether sailors fry watches, and eat sandwiches of fives, tens, and fifties; and, growing gradually credulous of the wildest improbabilities, we shall actually learn to put faith in the existence of a Policeman!

BIGOTRY, INTOLERANCE, AND FIREWORKS.

WE have great pleasure in announcing that the observance of the Fifth of November was very general, and very signal this year. No less than 5,000 persons were employed in letting off fireworks on Tower-Hill. At Hammersmith—a place which is greatly infested with Roman aliens—numerous GUYS were paraded; among them there was a living reality on horseback; a gentleman who had got himself up in a style combining FAWKES with FALSTAFF. These displays of popular bigotry and intolerance are greatly to be commended; and they are very seasonable just now, when Popery is trying to enslave the Continent, and genteel Puseyites at home are slyly doing its work wherever they can; as, for instance, in a certain Review.

As saints, and thorough-going adherents to Exeter Hall, we rejoice in the demonstration which was made on Thursday last against the subjects of a foreign power, who are plotting, and scheming, and intriguing, and chanting through the nose, in the view of setting up their Italian Empire in HER MAJESTY'S dominions. May the British Public continue to burn the POPE annually in effigy, so long as there exists a British gander capable of allowing his goose to frequent the confessional! Squibs and crackers are not arguments exactly, but they are very good answers to dogmatic lies. They cannot hurt the feelings of our Catholic fellow-subjects, because we have no such fellows. What fellowship is there between the subjects of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND and those of the POPE OF ROME?

THE SNOB'S DEFINITION OF THE SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN.—Self-satisfaction.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, November 14, 1857.

A NEW FORCE IN THE ARMY.

WE are at liberty to announce the contemplated formation of a new regiment of infantry. It is to be composed, on a principle suggested by the organization of the Russian army, of the grimmest and ugliest fellows that can possibly be found; and "Wanted a number of frightfully ill-looking Young Men" will be the heading of the advertisement of the recruiting sergeant. The idea of this corps has been borrowed from the Russian service, for an object indicated by the Chinese: in order that we may more effectually carry on the war in China by fighting our Celestial enemies to a certain extent with their own weapons. It is hoped that our ugly soldiers will the more speedily put their Chinese antagonists to flight by the repulsiveness of their looks; and, to further that end, their drill will partly consist in instruction in making faces; in which they will be tutored by a Clown Sergeant; and they will be daily practised in horse-collar exercise.

But the principal feature of this regiment, which is expected to be more terrible in effect than all the monstrous noses and horrid squints which will render it formidable, will be the Band. This will be composed entirely of foreign musicians; namely, of the Italian organ-grinders, who infest our streets, and lacerate the nerves of our countrymen whilst they might be employed in routing our enemies.

The dreadful noises which they make in playing *Keemo Kimo* and the like airs, which, instead of being "airs from heaven," may be said to be musically, "blasts from—" another place, are obviously calculated so to terrify ignorant barbarians as, immediately on being heard, to set them running away with the utmost possible expedition. This regiment, of which no troops whatever will probably be able to stand the onset, will be called The Stunners.

EGLINTON TO THE RESCUE!

WE have much pleasure in extracting from the celebrated Morning Journal which especially devotes itself to the publication of fashionable intelligence, the following announcement:—

"LORD EGLINTON AND FINANCIAL CRISIS IN SCOTLAND.—The EARL OF EGLINTON announces that he will take payment of the rents on his estates due at this term in deposit receipts of the Western, or in the notes of any Scotch bank."

The name of EGLINTON was already celebrated in connection with a modern tournament; but the bearer of it will now have earned a reputation for serious chivalry. To rush to the rescue, to dash into the midst of a fray, and, regardless of personal safety, to rally a retreating host, and arrest a panic, is just that particular kind of exploit the performance of which is characteristic of a true Knight. It was also customary for knightly heroes to scatter largess among their followers, occasionally, when they happened to have a little money about them. Their followers very often consisted of the rabble, and the money which they caused a parcel of knaves to scramble for was generally thrown away. But the largess which the EARL OF EGLINTON has virtually bestowed on his tenants, will doubtless be the means of saving from ignoble insolvency, and preserving from capture and durance vile, a goodly multitude of true lieges; right worshipful citizens and burghers and stout yeomen.

THE IRISH SEPOY.

OUR execrable contemporary, the Irish *National Sepoy*, raves in the following terms:—

"No one now denies that *England has received her mortal wound*—that however long or short she may linger, her days are numbered. A unanimous feeling seems to be taking possession of the public mind, that England, in a sorer strait than she was in '82, will ere long be glad to act as she did then, if we ourselves will only use *our* opportunity *as our fathers did theirs.*"

The *National Sepoy* should not say too much about opportunities. Language apparently meant to excite rebellion may afford a certain opportunity. That opportunity may be taken; and then, some fine morning, about eight o'clock, we may see the Irish *National Sepoy* suspended. The *National Sepoy* is allowed plenty of rope, and he is at least putting it about his neck. A trap-door may, in a very short time, fall down beneath the soles of his boots, unless, before its descent, he shall have kicked his boots off, in order to falsify the predictions of his friendly monitors. He may be sure that any attempt to create another Sepoy mutiny will be crushed in the bud without ceremony; and that if he does not even now meet with a more ignoble punishment than that which *Punch* recommends to be inflicted on him, the reason is, that in the opinion of HER MAJESTY'S Government, and the British Public, as well as that of *Punch*, it is sufficient to annihilate him by blowing him away from a popgun.

PHYSIC FOR THE FAIR.

AMONG the various cures through which relief is promised, by advertisements, to suffering humanity, may now be enumerated the "Movement Cure." Not knowing the nature of this remedy, we cannot say whether it is a novelty or a method of treatment known for a considerable time. Dancing, if it has been successfully prescribed and practised in cases of bite by the Tarantula spider, was a species of Movement Cure; and it may be supposed to form an element in the system advertised under that name. Accordingly, the position of the dancing-master will be greatly elevated, so, indeed as to become quite a first position, for he will henceforth take his place as a professor of the toe-and-healing art. Balls will be given instead of boluses, and polkas and waltzes will be prescribed, to be danced at bed-time, and repeated every few minutes, to the great delight of interesting invalids: though as a movement cure, the dancing would be more effectual if taken in the morning and during the day.

The Movement Cure would also greatly benefit many delicate young ladies, if they resorted to it by walking several miles daily at a good brisk pace in the open air. This is a well-known cure for the effects of champagne, and cheaper beverages, imbibed in excessive quantity over-night: but as the complaint is chiefly confined to the grosser sex, so is the use of the remedy. The skipping-rope may afford one means of adopting the Movement Cure; and that noble animal the horse may furnish another to beautiful beings who would be so much more beautiful because so much more healthy than they are, if they would but put themselves under the Movement Cure by taking plenty of exercise. Not only would the Movement Cure of walking remove numerous headaches and most of the similar complaints to which young ladies are subject; but it would also put an end to a complaint, not medical, with which they are assailed. In order to take proper walking exercise, it would be necessary for them to wear clothes which they could freely step out in, and which they would not be obliged to keep holding up with both hands out of the mud.

MR. PUNCH'S POLICE.

BRUTAL TREATMENT OF A HUSBAND.—Yesterday, after the other charges had been disposed of, a rather mild-looking, well-dressed man, named *Moses Joseph Veal*, aged about 40, was placed in the dock, charged by his wife with having stayed at his club until two in the morning, and having then come home in a cab, and a state of obfuscation. The charge was heard by all present, including numerous females, with a shudder, and the prisoner, who seemed desirous to speak, was indignantly ordered by the worthy Magistrate to hold his tongue.

Margaret Veal, wife of the prisoner, deposed that they had been married several years, during which time he had treated her tolerably well until of late, when he had taken to use very strong language in her presence, had frequently absented himself from the house at the dinner hour, had committed outrages upon her relatives, and had refused her the necessaries of life. She had borne all this with patience, but on the preceding night he had committed the offence with which he was charged.

Judith Tigertail, mother of the witness, corroborated the daughter's evidence in every respect, except in declaring that the latter had not told half the wickedness of the prisoner.

James Diddle, driver of cab 198,276, gave evidence of having brought the prisoner from the Taraxicum Club to Somers Town, and was convinced that he was drunk, inasmuch as he had disputed the amount of the fare.

Rosa Johnson, servant in the family, deposed to having opened the door to her master, who was unable to come in with his latch-key. In reply to a question from the Magistrate the witness said, that this might have arisen from her master's being intoxicated, but also from her mistress having put the chain up.

The worthy Magistrate, with evident disgust, asked the prisoner whether he would be sent for trial, or summarily punished.

The prisoner said, that if it was all the same to the Magistrate, he should like to say a few words, and he made a statement which not only completely met the allegations of the prosecutrix, but excited the liveliest sympathy from every one, except the females, in court. He said that he had been a good husband to the complainant, had allowed her plenty of money, and never inquired where it went to, and that he had frequently, after taking off his boots on a wet night, put them on again, and gone out to buy her some delicacy for her supper. That she had behaved herself well until in an evil hour he had permitted the witness Tigertail to reside in the house, since when all had gone wrong. He could never get his breakfast punctually, though, having a situation it was important to him to be to his time in the city. He had (and here the prisoner shed tears) had cold meat for dinner three times in one week, though the complainant and her mother had always a hot lunch. He had not, he said, a button on his shirt, and here the poor fellow turned up his sleeves, and the condition of his wristbands caused a sensation among the spectators. When he had remonstrated he had been abused by the witness Tigertail, who had asked him whether he fancied he had married a needlewoman, and had flung into his face her deceased husband, an officer in the Excise. (*Sensation.*) He admitted that on the occasion in question, after a long series of snubbing and privation, he had so far forgotten himself as to say he would be hanged if he would take the complainant and her mother to a Little Bethel at Clapham, instead of keeping his promise to spend an hour or two with an old schoolfellow. As for being intoxicated, the Magistrate might, as a married man, know that a woman always threw that charge into her complaints, as an honest baker adds the lump of bread that makes up the quartern. He had been sober enough to take the cabman's number, and begged to charge him with extortion and insolence.

The witness Tigertail, who had been very violent during portions of the prisoner's statement, here flung a corpulent old umbrella at him. The complainant offered no further evidence beyond hysterics.

MR. PUNCH said that this was a case which showed the advantage of hearing both sides, a plan which he had always adopted. The charge was dismissed, and the accused might, if he pleased, place his wife in the dock. This the latter declined, but manifested no disinclination to see his mother-in-law there. Ultimately after a feeling remonstrance with Mrs. Veal, and a severe lecture to the witness Tigertail, the Magistrate sent the cabman to prison, and recommended Mr. Veal to forgive his wife this time on her promising to amend, and giving Mrs. Tigertail notice to quit. The parties then left the court.

THERMOPYLÆ AND CAWNPORE.

THE glory of LEONIDAS
Eternal will and should remain,
With his small band who held the Pass,
When those three hundred men were slain.
England has sons as good as he,
As hard a brunt as well who bore;
Old Sparta kept Thermopylæ:
Old England longer held Cawnpore.

And Lucknow was relieved and won,
Against an overwhelming mass,
And HAVELOCK, conquering chief, has done
Yet better than LEONIDAS.
How Lacedæmon nobly failed,
Will History never cease to tell:
How England, in like strait, prevailed,
And Britons triumphed as they fell.

The Spread of the Fashion.

A Scene at a German Fair Bazaar.

Fashionable Infant (rejecting contumeliously a Quakerish-looking Poupée). "No, Mamma, I won't have that doll—I want one that has got lots of Crinoline!"

A NOTION OF TALKERS.

IT seems that the French language has 5,000 more words than the English. Upon this fact being mentioned to a lady, she said: "Well, I'm sure they must want them all, for the French talk ever so much more than we do."

THE REAL "RELIEVING OFFICER."—SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

EVENING RHYMES.—BY A MAN OF FEELING.

How sweet the perfume in the streets
About the hour of six one meets;
The steaming soup, and savoury stew,
Commingling with the rich *ragout!*

What nasal bliss to me afford
The odours from that kitchen stored
With condiments so choice and rare
As venison roast and jugged hare!

The homely peasoup here I smell,
And there the richer vermicell;
While haply next-door I inhale
The sweetest perfumes of ox-tail.

Such fragrance as the turtle yields
Were meet for the Elysian Fields;
No nectar-fume could rival that—
Rare odorous essence of green fat!

Soon of fried sole a sniff I get,
And turbot makes me happier yet:
While the red mullet down the street
Renders my ecstacy complete.

'Tis useful too by frequent smellings
To note the fare in friendly dwellings;
GREEN hath a savourless *cuisine*—
I would not care to dine with GREEN.

At neighbour WHITE'S a smell of pickles
With souring twinge my nostril tickles;
Cold meat I love not: therefore *Mem.*
To be engaged when asked by them.

Nor do I envy neighbour JONES
His devilled chops and grilléd bones:
The sniffs I catch on bid me hurry,—
Bad meat is often cooked with curry.

But ah! my bump of friendship's big
For BROWN, who loveth sucking pig!
It wafts a fragrance so divine,
I die to enter in and dine!

Here lovingly boiled fowl I sniff,
Or of stewed oysters catch a whiff;
And there at once my practised nose
Tells me to pot the calf's-head goes.

I smell a goose at Number Ten,
And feel the happiest of men:
Until the odorous grouse next door
Bid me on goose reflect no more.

In short, where'er my steps I wend,
New fragrances my nose befriend:
E'en now my nasal memory dwells
With rapture on those evening smells!

THE PANIC AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

FORTUNATELY, the City is becoming gradually itself again. The tightness of the money-chest with which it was attacked, has been relieved by the remedy which DOCTOR PAM prescribed for it. The current of the currency is returning to its channels, and the banks are in no danger of breaking with the pressure. Respiration for a while had very nearly ceased. Men feared almost to breathe, for there was such infection in the air that a breath might have destroyed them. But, the crisis once past, signs of health are quickly returning. PHYSICIAN PAM'S prescription has been followed by a "Ha, ha! cured in an instant!" As a proof of how much easier things are daily getting, it is enough to say a Scotchman yesterday was seen to take a ride upon a penny omnibus.

Eighty-five, Fleet Street, being in the City, *Mr. Punch* of course was much affected by the panic. With his usual noble heroism he held himself in readiness to play the part of CURTIUS, and plunge into the gulf as soon as it was asked of him and he was shown its whereabouts. Besides doing this, he sacrificed his pocket on the altar of his country, by expending a considerable portion of his capital in collecting fullest details of the progress of the panic, and getting all the earliest and latest of intelligence. This he sent by special Tobygrams half-hourly to the Treasury, and thus apprised the State-Physician of the symptoms of the case. It was in this way that the crisis was perceived, and was prescribed for. Bankruptcy impended, like the Sword of DAMOCLES. All England was, in fact, just going through the Court. A *deus ex machinâ* was of course in requisition; and the demand was of course supplied by *Mr. Punch*.

And now, the country being saved, *Mr. Punch* serenely contemplates the fact of its rescue, and with untiring energy applies himself unrestingly to a new Herculean labour for it. Sparing no expense in cabs, *Mr. Punch* has gathered some statistics of the consequences of the crash, and as cautions to posterity, he now proceeds to print them:—

The Editor of one of the pro-Sepoy penny papers, was in such consternation at the tightness of his money-market, that he exclusively confined himself to monetary "leaders," and abstained for a whole week from abusing that wretch HAVELOCK.

MC. FLIMSY and Co., the great North Country house, had been preparing to smash for upwards of a twelvemonth: and now, it is believed, will attribute their misfortune entirely to the Panic, and no doubt will be rewarded with a first-class certificate.

The wife of a respectable and highly cautious stockbroker was so alarmed by what she heard her husband say about the "low state of the bank resources" and the "drain of gold from the establishment," that she made haste to realise the notes she had for housekeeping, and in her hurry purchased more things for her wardrobe than the larder.

MR. LARKER was so "engaged in the City" while the money pressure lasted, that he never once reached home until long past mid night, and then was so much overcome that he could not take his boots off.

A "pious" maid-of-all-work, holding a situation in a serious family, being confidentially informed by the baker's boy that his master said as hern were gitting in a mess and worn't to have no credit, acted on the hint that very afternoon, and decamped with her piety and half-a-dozen teaspoons.

A constant rider in the comfortable New Saloon Omnibuses was so distracted by the panic from his usual intelligence, that he jumped into one of the French Company's Menageries, and did not find out until afterwards how he had been bumped and battered.

No less than nineteen done-up gentlemen made excuses to their tailors, on the ground that money was so tight they had really no loose cash for them.

The Chairman at a Meeting of an Agricultural Society was so affected by the sight of the new sovereigns he was awarding to Prize Labourers, that he immediately wrote off a letter to the *Times*, declaring that there need be no fears of distress among the working classes, for the peasantry he knew had hoards of gold which they, when out of work, could well fall back upon.

A Belgravian footman who had been "inwesting" some spare "puckwisits" in the Three per Cents, was so overjoyed at the suspension of the Bank Act, and the consequent advance of Government Securities, that he actually returned a civil answer to a lady who called to apply for a governess's place.

At least ten dozen stingy husbands who had promised to escort their wives and families to JULLIEN'S, took advantage of the Panic for the postponement of their visit.

MR. TIPPLER found his nerves so shattered by the influence of the Panic, that he was forced to take more than ordinary measures of relief, and he therefore took three extra half-pints daily to fortify his confidence that things were all serene with him.

One of the most eminent of the Hebrew bill-discounters had worked himself one day to such a pitch of excitement that he swallowed three pork-sausages for supper without discovering his error.

Another bill-discounter, of strictly Christian tenets, was thrown in such a state of mind by finding that some "paper" he had been "doing" had in fact been doing him, that to compose himself for rest he was prescribed the strongest anodyne, and even MR. SMITH'S Poems failed to set him nodding.

MR. BROWN'S wife's mother, chancing to be staying with them, took occasion of the Panic to read a lecture on economy to MR. B. at dinner-time, in answer to his grumbling at "that blanked cold mutton!"

These are some of the effects of the late monetary crisis; and the nation may determine if they are not of a monitory nature.

GOOD NEWS FROM OXFORD.

WE were much gratified by the perusal of the following announcement in the *Guardian*:—

"DR. PUSEY.—Our readers will be glad to hear that DR. PUSEY has returned to Christchurch considerably benefited by his residence at Malvern."

What has been the matter with the celebrated leader of the Tractarians, our contemporary and *Guardian* does not state. We apprehend it to have been a sort of ague or *malaria* which, as DR. HOOPER informs the medical student, "attacks people in the neighbourhood of Rome."

MORE NOVELTY.

THE MISSES WEASEL THINK CRINOLINE A PREPOSTEROUS AND EXTRAVAGANT INVENTION, AND APPEAR AT MRS. ROUNDABOUT'S PARTY IN A SIMPLE AND ELEGANT ATTIRE.

MRS. FANNY FERN ON THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

ELL, I never! No! Snakes and bracelets, darned (as stockings are darned, you know) if I ever did. MOSES and AARON! So it's us—us, women, ladies, us, the delicious little blue-eyed tremblers, at whose tiny tootsicums you've been kneeling for nobody never knows how long—it's us who have been and done it, and got you all into debt, and stopped your banks, and made your bills good for nothing but to light the beastly cigars you've got on tick, ain't that the word? By Diana and the mischievous urchin Dan Cupid, that is what you've concluded to come to, is it? And you call yourselves men! If I could blush, I'd blush for you, but I calculate it wouldn't do you more good than emptying my teapot into the almighty Niagara.

"And what have we, poor timid slaves, been doing, if it please my lords and masters of the Creation to certify. Let us hear our crimes, anyhow. What? Buying too many robes, and spending too much in jewellery, and perfumes, and soap, and gloves, and flowers, and slippers for our dear little trotters. Those are the things that you are not ashamed to throw into our faces. Grant me patience, gracious Jupiter, while I write such matters down. Why, a right minded man, not to say American, would down upon his marrow-bones to his wife, and humbly thank her for having at all events got some pleasure out of his money while it lasted. And she, if she was a dear, warm, kind, affectionate, sweet, good, darling little rib (as we all are till you make us more t'other), would say to him, shaking her lovely curls over his face, 'SAM,' or 'BILL,' or 'ALCIBIADES,' as the case might be, 'I forgive you,'—and I don't know—I say I don't know, but if he looked very penitent indeed, and was a handsome fellow—I don't know, but she might just—there, it's out—give him a kiss. Ah, and a good one too—not one of the touches that wouldn't make a dew-drop absquotulate from a rose-leaf, but one as if she meant it. But the notion of a husband charging his ruin upon one of those angels, who in the disguise of wives, float about your homes, and fill the air with essence of Paradise—well, there!

"In course it's all *our* doing too. No little trifle of extravagance on your side the table. Nothing about poker, or any other little game. Nothing about racing or bets on horses to be sent over to England, to have their hearts broken by the cheating of JOHN BULL's jockeys, or to be poisoned by dukes and marquises for fear the Stars and the Stripes should bang the old country on its own turf. No oysters and portwine, and such like, monkeying the aristocrats of Britain. No chests of cigars as big as umbrellas. No Gumticklers, and Neck-twisters, and Brandysmashes, and Bullsmilk, and Tonguescrapers; nor any other of your nasty excuses for liquoring when you're ashamed to call out, like free citizens of the noblest empire in the world, for what you *really* mean. No opera-boxes that ain't always filled with your own wives, but are sometimes sent as presents to somebody else's—same remark as to shawls and trinkets, my masters. Oh, no! nothing of all this. Ask about these things and the lords of creation are as mute as a dead nigger in a coal-hole. But there's something in all this, girls, notwithstanding, I swear it by the memory of ST. WASHINGTON.

"But come, girls, up and be doing! If we've done the mischief, (and my lords say so, and therefore, of course it must be so) we must repair it. We'll have a good time.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

MR. BULL (TO HIS EXTRAVAGANT CHILD). "THE FACT IS, JONATHAN, BOTH YOU AND YOUR WIFE HAVE BEEN LIVING TOO FAST."

They 've shown that they ain't up to the pace required in these go-ahead days, so now we 'll try our luck. Let them be off to Saratoga or SARAH anybody they like. We conclude to take the business in hand. Yes, Siree. We 'll begin by making one big bonfire in Broadway of all their books and bills and botheration, and the gallant firemen of New York (far nobler fellows, as I have said elsewhere, than any of the haughty aristocracy of England, or the Upper Ten either) shall see that we don't set the City afire. Then we 'll take business into our own keeping, and whip me for a fool if by next Fall everything ain't slick and slivery. No more loaning, and discounts, and protests (except about our beauty, eh, girls?) and all that bletherumskite, as the poor Irish exiled patriots prettily call it. We will have the almighty dollar naked in all its silver loveliness, and he shall be wrapped up in no paper of any kind. That 's our basis, our Declaration of Independence, and we 'll fight any number of Bunker's Hills upon it. Hail, Columbia, happy land, the gals have took your cause in hand. What do you say to *that*, my Cats?

"FANNY FERN."

HINT TO THE ANTI-DIVORCE LEAGUE.

ALL the Puseyite Clergy, and their allies, roused into fresh wrath by the announcement that MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL is to be the grand arbiter in Matrimonial Disputes, have got up a sort of memorial protest against the new Divorce Act. Their document reads like a sneering joke, and will be received as such a joke should be. Their point is, that the Act of Uniformity (usually one of the grievances of the Church-above-State party) ordains that a clergyman shall proclaim his approbation of the marriage service, which, according to these interpreters, declares marriage indissoluble under any circumstances. It is not worth while arguing with such gentlemen, and indeed, as was said about GIBBON's irreverences, "who can refute a sneer?"—but as the Divorce Act is, happily, law, and is not going to be altered to please certain priests, whose professional whims have already been largely considered, suppose they go on doing what they have been doing for years past, namely, altering the Marriage Service. *Mr. Punch* has given away about a hundred brides, and has wept among a thousand bridesmaids and never once heard that remarkable service read throughout, every parson exercising his own discretion, and mutilating according to his own notions of decorum, tediousness, or modern manners. The remedy is evidently in the hands of the Puseyites, and it is a little unworthy of them to affect respect for Acts of Parliament.

CANNING *PÈRE* ON CANNING *FILS*.

So great a stress has been laid by LORD PALMERSTON, EARL GRANVILLE, and others, as to LORD CANNING and SIR COLIN CAMPBELL being the best of friends, that we are reminded of the celebrated line in *The Rovers*—a production written by a very near relative of the GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA, viz:—"A sudden thought strikes me. Let us swear eternal friendship." We have no doubt, after the very strong assurances that have been publicly made, that LORD CANNING, the moment he saw SIR COLIN, delivered, with due theatrical emphasis, the above noble sentiment, and then, retreating a few steps, and baring their manly breasts, they rushed into each others' arms. You may be sure that on LORD CANNING's side, "the wish was father to the thought." The "eternal friendship" has already lasted three weeks! and why, pray, shouldn't it last three weeks longer?

THE UNIVERSAL ALPHABET.—It has only three letters, but they are understood all over the world; viz. "*L. S. D.*"

MOTTO FOR QUEEN ISABELLA.—"The pleasure that we love physics (S)pain."

MERCY FOR NANA SAHIB.

BY A HUMANITARIAN.

TUNE.—"*Guy Fawkes.*"

FIRST catch your NANA SAHIB; then, though you may speak your mind to him,
Oh! pray do not harsh language use, or be at all unkind to him.
Point out how naughty 'twas of him with cruelty to slaughter
The mother and her little boy, and helpless infant daughter:
But there stop.
Don't doom your brother NANA SAHIB to the drop.

Reprove him in a gentle way, and don't severely scold him,
And if he weeps with penitence, in soft embraces fold him;
Say all you can to comfort him, should he remorse exhibit;
But be not so hard-hearted as to swing him on a gibbet.
No; there stop, &c.

Say nothing calculated to distress, or pain, or frighten him;
Sing DOCTOR WATTS's hymn to him, in order to enlighten him,
And teach him that according to the principles of charity,
His little hands were never made to perpetrate barbarity.
And there stop, &c.

Obdurate should he show himself, and of rebuke a scorner,
As it is possible he may; then put him in a corner:
Till he shall say that he 'll be good, and promise reformation,
Keep MASTER NANA SAHIB in that weary situation:
But there stop, &c.

If for an inconvenient time, he stand there, contumacious,
Confine him to a lonely room, but one that 's light and spacious;
And threaten, merely threaten, though you prove a story-teller,
'Mong toads and frogs and beetles, that you 'll put him in a cellar:
But there stop, &c.

His spirit should these measures fail, as fail they may, of breaking,
Lay hands upon his shoulders then, and give him a good shaking;
If in his course of obstinacy still you cannot stop him,
Then say, but only say, mind, that you 'll take him up and pop him.
But there stop, &c.

All these means of correcting him in vain when you 've gone through with him,
Then let him go, and tell him you 'll have nothing more to do with him;
But leave him to the Bad Man, and let Bogy fly away with him,
And take him to a wicked place, where nobody will play with him:
But there stop, &c.

Though NANA SAHIB may have done some deeds of slight atrocity;
In fact, though he has far surpassed a tiger in ferocity;
Oh, never hang him like a dog—for hanging him would hurt him
But preach to him, and leave him, if unable to convert him.
And there stop.
Send not Cawnpore's gory butcher to the drop.

ANOTHER STOPPAGE.

WE regret to have to announce the sudden stoppage of one of the largest firms at Poplar. We allude to the *Leviathan* steam-ship, that was obliged to bring its operations to a stand-still on the third of this month. A run was expected on the banks of the Thames, but this calamity, by resorting to measures of the most vigorous nature, was fortunately averted. The fix of the *Leviathan*, we are informed by persons possessed of means almost as extensive as the ship itself, is only a temporary one. The moment the "pressure" begins to relax, there is but little doubt that she will get off her difficulties, and go on most swimmingly. In fact, business is announced to be resumed at the beginning of next month, when every effort is to be made to ease her present position. It is confidently asserted that all expectations, as soon as the ship commences "paying out," will be honourably liquidated in full. It has a large floating capital at command, if it could only get at it. The most stirring energy will be brought to bear upon it in order to surmount this passing difficulty.

A CORK SAYING.—You may take your health to the whiskey-shop once too often, until it gets broken.

ADVICE.—To a fool, Advice is like an Almanack—it goes in at one ear, and flies out at the other.

"VANDERDECKEN, BY JOVE!"

DOES THE BANK DO BILLS?

THE *Times* having announced that notwithstanding the financial crisis the Bank of England refused no good bills tendered in good faith, our young friend, MR. LARKINGTON BEAN, of the Temple (somewhat incited by the appeals of his laundress and the menaces of his tailor) made his way into the City yesterday morning, and, arriving at the Bank, demanded an interview with the Governor. The porter was at first inclined to give our young friend into custody for profane chaff, but finding that he was serious and very persevering (having screwed himself up with some pale ale) the official pointed out the Governor as he happened to cross one of the courts. MR. BEAN immediately introduced himself.

Mr. Bean. I say, Governor.

The Governor (*very much disgusted and haughtily*). Some—mistake—er—porter—

Mr. Bean. No porter so early in the day, Governor, thank you. I want to have half a talk with you.

The Gov. Quite impossible, Sir. (*Tries to pass on.*)

Mr. Bean. Not at all impossible, my dear old fellow, but very probable, and highly likely. My name is BEAN.

The Gov. Neither officially nor privately, Sir, has that fact, or rather statement, the slightest interest for me.

Mr. Bean. Talking of interest, Governor, just brings us to the point. You've been and raised the rate again, I see. Ten per cent, eh?

The Gov. Really, Sir, I have neither time nor inclination to discuss that topic or any other. You are taking a strange liberty.

Mr. Bean. Pardon me; pardon me, Governor. That sort of thing won't do at any price. You are an official, created for the benefit of society. I'm a member of society, and when I ask you a civil question, I have a right to be answered.

The Gov. (*amused*). Granting that I were disposed to answer a question, Sir, I have heard none. Your conduct, certainly, is very questionable.

Mr. Bean. Neat enough, Governor, and now we come to business. The question is, will you be good enough to give me a cheque for this bill?

The Gov. O! Ah! You are the clerk of one of my tradesmen. When he sends a proper person to ask for his account in a proper manner, he will be paid.

Mr. Bean (*in his turn very much disgusted*). I a clerk, Sir! I a snob, Sir! I collect a tradesman's debt, Sir! I am a gentleman, eating my terms in the Temple, and in all probability shall one day be a Member of Parliament, and overhaul your Bank Charter, Sir.

The Gov. When that time arrives, Sir, if I am spared, we will recommence our conversation at the point at which we now drop it. Good day, Sir.

Mr. Bean. At that time, Sir, I shall ask you whether it is consistent with your notions of mercantile propriety to publish an advertisement inviting gentlemen into the city to do business, and then treating them with rudeness.

The Gov. Are you out of your senses, young gentleman?

Mr. Bean (*having recovered his excellent temper*). Not a bit, Governor. The *Times*, which of course represents the moneyed interest, announces that you do all good bills, if the people who bring them really want the mopuses, and are not trying to make a pot against a rainy day. Now, here is a capital bill, fifty at three months, three safe names on the back, and I want the money awfully. So, having complied with all your requisitions, just come in and write us a cheque, unless you happen to have the tin in your pocket.

The Gov. (*smiling*). Without endeavouring to disentangle your meaning, MR. BROWN——

Mr. Bean. BEAN, Sir. Think of a brick.

The Gov. I am entirely at a loss to understand the object of that last suggestion; but to dispose of your application at once, I will just mention that the dealings of the Bank of England are with commercial bills, and will wish you, MR. BRICK, a good day.

Mr. Bean. BEAN, Sir. And you are so hasty, Governor. I thought city men piqued themselves on their caution. This is a purely commercial bill. I want every shilling to pay tradespeople, and specially a tailor, a wine-merchant, and an oyster-monger; and though I must give a pound or two to my laundress, her husband keeps a sausage and cat's-meat shop, so that amount of currency will flow in a commercial channel, too. Now will you hand over the money?

The Gov. You don't understand what you are talking about, Sir, and I cannot waste my time in explaining. Pray go away.

Mr. Bean. But, Governor, I am bound to say that this is a very rotten and fishy way of administering the national cash. I don't want to make offensive allusions to SIR JOHN PAUL and MR. REDPATH, but really to be told to come for money, and then to find all sorts of shady excuses thrown into one's face, is rather a bit of everlasting humbug which one would not expect from a British merchant.

The Gov. I am not a British merchant, Sir, so the remark is perfectly inoffensive.

Mr. Bean. Now, I consider that you are, Governor, and that you are trying to sell me. Come, give us the money.

The Gov. I trust, Sir, that when you are at the bar, you will be as pertinacious, but more discriminating, or your unfortunate clients will regret having instructed you.

Mr Bean. Sorry to hear you descending to abuse, Governor, because it shows you haven't a leg to stand on. What nonsense you talk about my affair not being commercial! If I didn't deal with tradesmen, they wouldn't want to give orders to manufacturers, and if I paid 'em, they wouldn't want money from you. So that I am at once encouraging commerce, and promoting the interest of your Bank, and yet you boggle over a fifty pound bill.

The Gov. My dear Sir, every one to his trade. Do you go on giving orders to tradesmen, and not paying them, and we, here, will do our best to accommodate them with the means of executing the commands with which you favour them.

Mr. Bean. That is the most immoral doctrine I ever heard from an elderly gentleman in a white choker.

The Gov. What appear the immoralities of commerce are not incompatible with social prosperity.

Mr. Bean. Horrid principles! Besides, Governor, the thing is impossible. I can't get any more credit.

The Gov. In that case, Sir, you must revert to cash payments.

Mr. Bean. But I have got no cash.

The Gov. In that case, Sir, you must suspend operations.

Mr. Bean. But I can't suspend eating and drinking, and wearing clothes.

The Gov. I regret your inability to comply with the dictates of mercantile honour, Sir, and must decline further intercourse with a person so unfortunately situated. [*Effects his retreat.*

Mr. Bean. But stop, Governor. Hoy! I say!

[*But as the* GOVERNOR *does not stop,* MR. BEAN *reflects for a few moments, and thinks he will call on the "Times," and apprise the conductors that they are misinformed by their City Correspondent as to the proceedings of the Bank. On second thoughts, he goes into* BIRCH'S, *and has some turtle-soup and punch.*

Extravagance.

CLEOPATRA was the first to fling away jewels in the piggish manner, condemned by the proverb. She was in the habit of throwing pearls to ANTONY'S (s)wine.

A REMARKABLY QUICK PASSAGE.—Put a Lawyer on your horse, and he'll soon drive you to the Devil.

THE DEMONS OF PIMLICO.

EDWIN is a Young Bard, who has taken a lodging in a Quiet Street in Belgravia, that he may write his Oxford Prize Poem. The Interlocutors are Demons of both Sexes.

Edwin (*composing*). Where the bright fountain, sparkling, never ceases
Its gush of liquid music
Female Demon. "Wa—ter—creeee—ses!"
Edwin. Where plashing on the marble floor it tinkles
In silver cadence,
Male Demon. "Buy my perriwinkles!"
Edwin. Where the sad Oread oft retires to weep
Her long lost love, her unforgiving
Black Demon. "Sweep!"
Edwin. And tears that comfort not must ever flow
At thought of every joy departed,
Demon from Palestine. "Clo!"
Edwin. There let me linger, stretched beneath the trees,
Tracing in air fantastic
Italian Demon. "Imagees!"
Edwin. And weave long grasses into lovers' knots,
And wish the spell had power to silence
Demon in Apron. "Pots!"

Edwin. What varied dreams the vagrant fancy hatches,
A playful Leda with her Jove-born
Ragged Old Demon. "Matches!"
Edwin. She opes her treasure-cells, like *Portia's* caskets,
And bids me choose her
Demon with Cart. "Baskets, any baskets!"
Edwin. Spangles the air with thousand-coloured silks,
That float like clouds in dying sunset
Old Demon. "Whilks!"
Edwin. Garments of which the fairies might make habits,
When *Oberon* holds his court and
Lame Demon. "Ostend rabbits!"
Edwin. Visions like those the *Interpreter*, of BUNYAN'S,
Displayed to *Mercy* and young *Matthew*
Demon with a Stick. "Onions!"
Edwin. And prompted glowing utterances, to their's kin
Who sang, when Earth was younger,
Dirty Demon. "Hareskin! hareskin!"
Edwin. In thoughts so bright the aching sense they blind,
In their own lustrous languor
Demon with Wheel. "Knives to grind!"

Edwin. Though gone, the Deities that long ago
Haunted Arcadia's perfumed meads
Grim Demon. "Dust-Ho!"
Edwin. Though, from her radiant bow no Iris settles,
Like some bright butterfly to
Swarthy Demon. "Mend your kettles!"
Edwin. Though sad and silent is the ancient seat,
Where the Olympians raised their proud
Demon with Skewers. "Cat's me-e-et!"
Edwin. There is a spell that none can chase away,
From scenes once visited by
Demon with Organ. "*Poor Dog Tray.*"
Edwin. There is a charm whose power must ever blend
The past and present in its
Demon with Rushes. "Chairs to mend!"
Edwin. And still unbanished falters on the ear,
The Dryad's voice of music
Demon with Can. "Any Beer!"
Edwin. Still Pan and Syrinx wander through the groves,
Still Zephyr murmurs
She-Demon. "Shavings for your stoves!"
Edwin. The spot, god-visited, is sacred ground,
And Echo answers
Second Demon with Organ. "*Bobbing all around.*"

Edwin. Ay, and for ever, while this planet rolls,
To its sphere music
Demon with Fish. "Mackerel or Soles!"
Edwin. While crushed Enceladus in torment groans
Beneath his Etna, shrieking
Little Demon. "Stones, hearthstones!"
Edwin. While laves the tideless sea the glittering strand
Of Grecia
Third Demon with Organ. "*O, 'tis hard to give the hand.*"
Edwin. While, as the cygnet nobly walks the water,
So moves on Earth the fair
Fourth Demon with Organ. "*Ratcatcher's Daughter.*"
Edwin. And the Acropolis reveals to man
Thy stately loveliness
Fifth Demon with Organ. "*My Mary Anne.*"
Edwin. So long the Presence, yes, the *Mens Divina*
That once inspired both
Sixth Demon with Organ. "*Villikins and Dinah.*"
Edwin. Shall breathe o'er every land wheresoe'er the eye shoots,
Or ocean plays
Six dirty German Demons with Brass. } "*The Overture to Freischütz.*"

(EDWIN *Goes Mad.*)

WHAT IS A TUBMAN?

AT THE sitting of the Court of Exchequer on Monday week, it is reported that—

"At the sitting of the Court to-day, MR. OGLE was called upon to take his seat as *Tubman*, he having been appointed to that ancient and honourable office, vacated by the elevation of MR. LUSH to the dignity of Queen's Counsel."

We are curious to know what a Tubman is? Will MR. JOHN TIMBS, in his next edition of *Things not Generally Known*, kindly inform us? It is so far satisfactory to know that it is an "honourable" office; but in what, pray, does the honour consist? Mythology acquaints us that the residence of Truth was at the bottom of a well. Our legal reports now give us the information that Honour resides, like a second DIOGENES, inside a tub. What does the Exchequer want with a tub more than any other Court? Is it to carry away the fees? The Court that of all others needed the assistance, we should say, of a tub, would have been the Bail Court; and, for what we know, the duties of this very Tubman may consist in lending a hand occasionally in bailing out the different suitors. A cab-stand has its waterman, and why should not a Court of Law have its Tubman? In our ignorance of his "ancient and honourable functions," it may come within the sphere of this Tubman to hand "refreshers" to the various Counsels and, speaking at random, it is probable that, for convenience sake, he keeps all his Tubs in the Rolls' Court? You may be sure that it is some meaningless and lucrative office, that, in sense and decency, ought to be abolished. We should like to see this rotten old tub sent rolling down hill after our Silver Sticks, and Gold Sticks, and numerous other sticks and forms that block up the entrance to our Courts, royal, legal, and otherwise.

Before concluding, we will make one more guess. We are all of us familiar with the Æsopian illustration of the lawyer swallowing the oyster, and handing the Plaintiff and Defendant each a shell. Now, it may be the office of this Tubman to be in attendance—like the one at the Albion, SIMPSON'S, and other places—and open the oysters for the lawyers!

IRISH PROVERBS.

EVERY goose thinks his wife a duck.

No news in a Newspaper isn't good news.

Manners make the gentleman, and the want of them drives him elsewhere for his shooting.

A miss is as good as a mile of old women.

Too many cooks spoil the broth of a boy.

It is a good head of hair that has no turning.

It 's foolish to spoil one's dinner for a ha'porth of tarts.

There are as fine bulls in Ireland as ever came out of it.

Necessity has no law, but an uncommon number of lawyers.

Better to look like a great fool, than to be the great fool you look.

A soft answer may turn away wrath, but in a Chancery suit, a soft answer is only likely to turn the scales against you.

One fortune is remarkably good until you have had another one told you.

Don't halloa, until you have got your head safe out of the wood, particularly at Donnybrook Fair.

THE FRENCHMAN'S TRANSLATION OF "*Queer* STREET."—Leather Lane.

THE TURNING-POINT OF LIFE.—See grey hair, and then dye.—*Truefitt.*

DEER-STALKING MADE EASY. A HINT TO LUSTY SPORTSMEN.

A LESSON IN TOLERATION.

IN DICKENS'S *Household Words*, an old Thug, in India, is described as putting his five children through the Thug exercise; making them go through the business of strangling and robbing a victim—much as MR. DICKENS'S own *Fagin* practised young thieves in picking pockets. The narrator informs us that among the lookers-on was "a very interesting looking woman of about two-and-twenty years of age." He asked her what she thought of the exhibition, and her answer, prettily couched in a proverb, was:—

"The mango always falls beneath the shade of the parent tree?"

The moral view of the case did not seem to present itself to the young lady's mind; so her interrogator naturally turned her attention to that, by asking her opinion of the crime. Mark her exquisitely beautiful reply:—

"She looked up with as lovely a pair of eyes as ever saw the light, smiled, and responded, 'Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!'"

What a lesson of kindliness and charity this gentle Thug, of the softer sex of Thugs, should teach us bigoted and intolerant English people! When devotees of a different persuasion from our own, commit, on the Continent, and elsewhere, little outrages upon humanity; such as the denial of decent burial: when they imprison those who forsake their sect: when they impose other little restraints upon personal liberty: when they suppress the sale of books merely for being inconsistent with their opinions: when, as now at Vienna, they hinder the study of medicine and surgery by forbidding dissection: when they side with tyrants who torture statesmen, and oppose and malign liberal Sovereigns and their enlightened Ministers: when, nearer home, they foment sedition, intimidate voters, and evince sympathies more or less ill-disguised with our enemies, and particularly with murderous and inhuman rebels: when they exultingly anticipate our downfal, and gloat over our reverses: when they employ the political power with which in our once liberal and tolerant mood we trusted them, for the obstruction of our public business, and in subservience to their own sectarian views;—why should we allow ourselves to be so enslaved by our narrow prejudices as to take any notice of such trifles?

Doubtless many of these things are done in perfect sincerity. "Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!" And what if those, whose ideas of veracity are more liberal than ours, occasionally cause the eyes of a picture or a statue to move, or get up a supernatural apparition, in order to feed a faith of which the appetite is more craving than our own? Why should we have the bad taste to ridicule the sanctified imposture? The motive was good; or even if it were bad, what then? "Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!" And why, if the zeal of the predecessors of certain religionists was once so burning that it consumed other religionists at the stake, should we remember, far less commemorate, any such painful matter of history? Let us forget it. Let us bury it in oblivion. If it could be now repeated—if several hundreds of martyrs could be burned in Smithfield to-morrow, an enlightened politician would ignore that event the next day. "Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!" And besides that, when men go into Society, they meet lots of fellows who have formed connections which render any allusion to such subjects as those above mentioned an unpardonable offence against good taste. Besides not being genteel, it is also a bore. What if a band of pious conspirators, at home and abroad, are saying and doing all they can to injure old MRS. ENGLAND and her vulgar institutions? "Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!" Give us a cigar.

An Extract from 'Bell's Life.'

MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, being asked at the Reform Club what was the resemblance between BIG BEN and the Ministry, replied knowingly: "I suppose, because there is a *split in it*." We do not know whether MR. OSBORNE'S is the real answer, but we have no doubt it is just as good as the real one. We have no great admiration for the riddles of the Reform Club. ROEBUCK'S, WALMSLEY'S, COX'S, and WILLIAMS', are all detestable—but especially WILLIAMS'.

"WE'LL HANG THE BANK CHARTER AND THEM IN A ROPE."—*Lillabulero.*

WE are, generally, opposed to specifics. But the same cure seems available for the Sepoy Mutiny and the City panic—Suspension.

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OMNIBUSTERS.

THE occasional rides we have taken in the vehicles of that remarkable institution, the General Omnibus Company, had not led us to suppose it within the compass of probability that an accusation of fast travelling would ever be brought against them. Anybody who will get into one of the Company's Westminster Omnibuses (out of humanity to the conductor we do not recommend the process to any irascible gentleman with a good stick for prodding), and will endure the progress from Warwick Street to the Abbey, will have at once a good notion of the speed of the caterpillar and of the Company. For no amount of money would we incur the guilt of causing the execrations which burst forth from the insides (when there are any) during that alternation of crawling and halting. The Association is a foreign one, and foreigners have seldom any real idea of the value of time. But it seems that the Company's drivers can "wake up" sometimes, as befits the servants of a society that by creating a monopoly was to reform a system. Twice, last week, the Company was brought under the notice of the Courts of Law, and in each case it was heavily mulcted. In the first case, had it not been that a poor horse was injured, our sympathies would not have been with the plaintiffs, for the vehicle assailed was one of those abominable nuisances, the Vans, which the other abominable nuisance, the Corporation, permits to block up the traffic, and round which *Mr. Punch* and the world in general dance a frantic dance of triumph whenever the monstrous and over-loaded piles come to grief. But as the Company's omnibus so wounded a horse that he had to be killed, the jury's love of justice triumphed over its hatred of Vans, and a verdict was given against the Company for Fifty-six pounds.

But the Second Case was more amusing. The Company have proclaimed, in a published document, that it is determined to promote its interests by the usual means—or some such words. The usual means would appear to be what is called "nursing" any omnibus that presumes to carry passengers on the Company's line of road. "Nursing" means the driving one vehicle close before, and another close behind, the objectionable omnibus, so as to prevent its getting custom, or, should it have secured a rider, to present to his alighting the mild obstacle of a pole and a couple of horses. But matrons tell us there is such a thing as over-nursing, and in one case the efforts of the Company to drive opposition off the road seem to have been something of that kind. In fact, if the rival was nursed, the Company has been brought up by hand, and brought up pretty sharply—the hand being that of a conductor of the opposition omnibus. The nursing experiment having crushed and maimed his hand, a jury was again appealed to, and a verdict was given against the Company for One Hundred Pounds.

Let us hope that the apparently misplaced energy of the Company will henceforth be exerted in a way more advantageous to the public and to the Society. Let the omnibuses run fast and run fairly, and the rest may be left to the public. Omnibuses that require such Pulling-Up as backs them into a Court of Law, can hardly be remunerative in the long run.

A HERO AND A HUMBUG.

LIFE assurance does not prosper in France, owing to the priests, who have a well-grounded objection to a man's arranging his money affairs except when he is upon a sick-bed. But there is another kind of Assurance which is proverbially French, and of which our diverting friend MONSIEUR JULLIEN has brought over an exceedingly large supply. We had indeed no notion, until a recent Thursday, how much of the article the musical Hebrew possessed. Upon that occasion—and upon occasion of his producing at the Promenade Concert a piece of blatant quackery called a *Delhi Quadrille*—MONSIEUR JULLIEN certainly developed an audacity to which, were we writing of anybody not a mountebank, we should apply a harder name.

If he had only taken the most serious subject of the day as a theme for fiddles and fifes, and for the delectation of his patrons the gents, *Mr. Punch* would scarcely have noticed it. Such topics have been selected so often, that such dodges have almost become legitimate devices for folks of the JULLIEN order. To be sure, at the very moment that M. JULLIEN's trumpets were braying or piccolos squeaking in imitation of the sounds of battle, the real thing might have been going on, and his audience's fellow-countrymen might have been slaying and being slain, with all the ghastly accompaniments of the battle-field. But we agree to forget these things. A quadrille is named from Delhi, because everybody is thinking about Delhi, no matter in what connection, and we are really grateful to M. JULLIEN, or to the ingenious writer who supplies his literature and advertisements, for taking as his theme the terrors of Delhi instead of the horrors of Cawnpore. This piece of delicacy, this concession to English feelings could hardly have been expected. We should have repaid his forbearance by silence, but for his subsequent proceeding.

The wife and daughters of the noble soldier who has been fighting a battle every other day, and, under Providence, saving India to us, had received a box for the concert, and had occupied it. At the close of the quadrille a noble idea struck M. JULLIEN—unless, indeed, he had all along planned his *coup*, and had entrapped LADY HAVELOCK in order to execute it. He, the great MONSIEUR JULLIEN, conductor of the fiddles, He would be the man to present to the public the wife of the victorious English General. He would do her that honour—it was a great one, doubtless, from a Frenchman and a musician—but He would not be proud. So, waving his arms as gracefully as adiposity permitted, he pointed out LADY HAVELOCK to the crowd, and graciously commanded that they should give her some token of their appreciation of her husband's valour. And there was no escape, the lady was dragged forward, and the first public recognition of SIR HENRY HAVELOCK's heroism was actually performed in England at the bidding of the French conductor of a Shilling Concert! O! bravo, M. JULLIEN, and again bravo!

Perhaps to the lady whose name has been brought into his comment *Mr. Punch's* apologies are due for his having commemorated such an exploit of unmatched effrontery. Perhaps, too, he should add—though it is almost needless to do so—that though he treats the simial feats and frisks of a JULLIEN with good-nature, there is but one feeling among *Mr. Punch's* readers, that is to say, English society, touching the impertinence that made a Lady its victim for the sake of giving *éclat* to a piece of musical quackery.

Mr. Punch to Mons Jul—en. "LOOK HERE, MONS., YOU 'RE A CLEVER FELLOW IN YOUR WAY, BUT LET THE BRITISH LION ALONE—HE ISN'T A POODLE!"

PRIZE LABOUR IN LONDON.

IT delights us to announce that the happy notion of rewarding years of service by a moment's exhibition on the platform at a meeting, and the presentation of a sovereign or so by way of prize-money, will no longer be confined to the provincial districts, but will be yearly carried out in those of the Metropolis. In each of the Ten Towns initialed by the Post-office steps are being taken now to set on foot Societies, whose aim will be to give encouragement to a protracted course of industry, by holding out rewards to those who labour longest. Extremely odious comparisons have recently been drawn between the never-publicly-rewarded lives of servants here in London and the far more favoured lot of those residing in the country: whose services are sure (provided only their employer have paid up his subscription) to meet with their reward at the hands of a Society, with perhaps an ex-Exchequer Chancellor attending, all alive, to see the premiums distributed. "*O fortunati nimium!*" has been the general exclamation of all the London men servants acquainted with the Georgics:—

> "O fortunati nimium, sua si bona norint,
> Agricolæ! quibus ipse, procul politicisque criticisque,
> Fundit humi facilem plausum DISRAELI facundus!"

Besides, as that great orator has stated his conviction that such societies are "wise and prescient undertakings, and have raised the character of all classes of the Community," it is felt that as Londoners are part of the community, they will clearly be found raisable by this great elevating influence. Moreover, it is known that the machinery for raising them will not be very costly, if worked upon the principle adopted in the country. "The vulgar test of money," which MR. DISRAELI disapproves of for the valuing of conduct, will be, so far as it is possible, discountenanced. Cheap but nicely suitable rewards for merit will be chosen, and annually submitted to a public competition. The selection of the prizes will be entrusted always to the strictest of economists, and a committee of Scotchmen will be yearly called upon to certify that the articles selected are of the lowest market value. In short, every care will be adopted to ensure the presentation of the cheapest of rewards, so as to leave no doubt upon the minds of the recipients that it is not the "mere moneysworth" of the prizes which are given, by which "the excellence of the individual" is appraised by the community.

It will, in fact, be the object of these Metropolitan Societies to extend the sphere of usefulness, which is limited at present to the Agricultural Associations; whose members have for years enjoyed an enviable monopoly in the annual production of their crops of prize labourers, to whose existence the research of MR. DISRAELI assigns eleven-twelfths at least of our national prosperity:—

> "Commerce and corn may languish and may fail;
> Consols decline till there be found no sale:
> Still our Prize Peasantry, the platform's pride,
> With funds anew Old England will provide."

To facilitate the growth of the Prize-Servant Crop in London, the system which has proved so efficacious in the provinces will be generally adopted by the metropolitan producers, and as fruitful results are as confidently looked-for as those which have attended the provincial cultivation. It is conceived that the effects of "emulative competition" will be shown in our Ten Townsmen as well as in the rustics; and that the "spirit of improvement" will prove as strong a stimulant, whether those to be excited by it are countrymen or cockneys. We are ourselves unwilling to admit that we are ever ignorant of anything, but we must candidly confess we know of no sufficient reason for forming any different conception of the matter. Indeed, we entertain no doubt that if the public-platform system, praised by orator DISRAELI, have really as he says "imparted life" to country clods, this one successful trial is enough to prove the fact of its "vitalising influence," no matter where that influence may happen to be exercised.

As the Town Associations have not actually started, it is only with an eye to futurity that we regard their institution. Some preliminary steps have, we are told, been taken; and by those who support the old associations they will doubtless be deemed steps in the right direction. We are not at liberty as yet to divulge any more than we actually know; but we at least shall break no confidence, if we give a pen-and-inkling of the nature of the premiums, which, we have our own authority to state, will be most probably awarded.

Beginning, as our sex inclines us, with the other, we believe that the First Prize for the reward of female merit will be a corkscrew and liqueur-glass to the oldest chamber laundress, on service in the Temple or any of the Inns: her age to be computed by competent authorities, and to date not from her birth, but from the commencement of her legal practice. Candidates will all have to produce their testimonials, supplied by the gentlemen whose chambers they have tended; and in cases where the gin-corks of any one employer are shown to have been tampered with above a dozen times per diem, the candidate shall be meligible to receive a premium.

To the Prize Maid-of-all-work, serving in a lodging-house, will be presented a new cap, of the value of two shillings. No applicant, however, will be suffered to compete unless provided with certificates that in at least three situations held within a twelvemonth, the duration of her service has been longer than a fortnight. Extra premiums of ribbon will also be awarded, if sufficient proof be furnished that, in five times out of twelve, any candidates have wiped the black-lead from their fingers before trifling with the jam-pots; and a pair of worsted mittens, of not less cost than fourpence, will be given where two lodgers shall be found attesting witnesses that they have ever had their shaving-water brought up hot enough to use, and within twenty minutes from the time they rang for it.

A Prize Snuff-box, priced at Sixpence, will be publicly contended for by workers-out as charwomen, being offered as a stimulus to their competitive exertions. Any candidate attested by the master of a dwelling-house to have gone through a day's charring without leaving her pail for him to break his shins against, will be presented, in addition, with a new pair of pattens.

All early-rising housemaids who can prove they have got up within five-and-twenty minutes after "missus' bell have rung" for them, will be rewarded for their merit by a cotton nightcap; and the Prize Cook, who brings evidence of having kept her temper, during dinner-serving time, once a week upon an average throughout a twelve months' service, will be entitled to receive an ornamental pepper-box, engraved with an appropriate inscription of the fact. Small pecuniary premiums will also be awarded to maid-servants who prove that they have entertained their "cousins" not more than twice a week where followers have been forbidden; and any cook who shows that she has passed a fortnight in a family, without having asked a policeman in to sup with her, will receive a wreath of daisies from the hands of the Society, in recognition of her virtuous and self-denying abstinence.

The Prize Monthly Nurse who never makes excuse of her weakly constitution to have sweetbreads for her dinner, and "somethink otted hup" for supper, with a rum-and-water nightcap medicinally after it, will receive a child's mug, mottoed in gold letters with the words "*Reward of Merit*," and a satin ribbon book-marker inscribed "*For a good Girl*," will be presented to the nursemaid who can take her charges to the park, without reading a romance, or flirting with a soldier. The prizes for male servants will be similarly chosen. A whisker-brush and pocket-comb will be awarded to Adonises in plush and powder, who can now and then so far forget their ornamental qualities as to make themselves of use to anybody but their masters; and a prize of a new shaving-pot will be publicly presented to any British footman who can so far forget the precedents of plush as to treat the "fambly" governess with an occasional approach to something like civility. The groom who never lends nor lets his master's horses will get a pair of riding-gloves and half-a-crown for beer; while the Buttons who is proved to have ever gone an errand without stopping on the way to have a game of marbles or a pennyworth of suckers, will be awarded six large brandy-balls and a prize penny whistle.

We have said enough to indicate the nature of the premiums by which deserving servants will in London be rewarded. It will be owned there is no fear of the prizes being prized for their intrinsic value; and we see no reason why they should not prove as strong "encouragements of industry" as those which are provided in provincial districts. We have little doubt ourselves that the prizes we have mentioned as awardable in town will be as thoroughly "appreciated" by their praiseworthy recipients, as are the sovereigns presented for long service in the country: of which appreciation MR. DISRAELI's insight has enabled him to state that "the manner of receiving them" is a convincing proof. "Miserable critics" may sneer at the sheer worthlessness of the articles presented, but we may remind them that merit, like virtue, is its own reward; and that, since good servants are in fact beyond all price, it is idle to attempt to present them with a prize which should in any way pretend to represent their money value.

"We reward," as MR. DISRAELI has so analogously put it; "we reward with prizes of blue and red ribband acts of the greatest patriotism and heroism;" and surely therefore Servantism need not be affronted, if the rewards it is presented with are as intrinsically valueless. A sovereign

"received in the spirit in which it is offered" is doubtless quite as much appreciated at the end of fifty years of service, as the presentation of a cottage to be held rent-free, and five-and-twenty pounds or so per annum for a maintenance. To encourage length of servitude the honours of the platform are honours long deferred, however much the critics may denounce them as shortcoming; and if the system has proved one of such bucolic benefit, it is time that London Servants should likewise be improved, upon the plan of Slow Rewards and Very Little Profits.

THE INVISIBLE PICTURES.

EARLY every one has heard of pictures that can only be seen in a certain light, and of others so contrived that they can only be seen from a certain direction. But the most magical paintings are those in the National Gallery. They are invisible, except by glimpses, from the opening of the doors until one o'clock in the day. The phenomenon has been variously explained, but while trying, for an hour or two, the other morning, to get a view of the new VERONESE, we fancied we had solved the problem. At one o'clock children must go home to dinner; so nursery-maids must depart, and, soldiers having no further reason for lounging against the rail, the pictures come into view.—*Q. E. D.*

A SCENE IN A CHURCHYARD. GROSS OUTRAGE ON THE ACTORS.

WE are sorry to say that, at Lewes, the other day, the British Public allowed itself to be betrayed into excitement and violence. It rushed upon a reverend gentleman and seven or eight Sisters of Mercy, turned them out of a churchyard, hunted them through the streets, and tore the ladies' dresses and the priest's surplice and hat. It chased them into a public-house at Southover, and then remained outside, yelling and shouting "No Popery!" The poor priest contrived to slip away from the public-house, and bolted in his shirt-sleeves across a field to the railway-station. Whether his shirt-sleeves were all the clothes he had on, or not, the contemporary from whom we derive the particulars does not state. By the help of the police the Sisters of Mercy were conveyed to the same place in a fly, followed by the British Public and the boys, who continued whooping and crying "No Popery!"

What provocation could have so highly exasperated the British Public, and so inflamed its noble mind with rage as to urge it to hoot a priest and a party of ladies through the streets, and tear the clothes, not only of the former but also of the latter, forgetful of all respect for the cloth, and even of all reverence for the Crinoline?

It appears that after the conclusion of the burial service, the priest, the REV. MR. NEIL, attempted to read an additional service, contrary to the desire of the officiating clergyman, and also to the wish of the father of the deceased. One of the bystanders then cried, "No Popery!" another exclaimed, "Muck him out!"—and this suggestion seems to have been immediately acted upon. The Sisters of Mercy apparently involved themselves in the reverend gentleman's calamity, by acting with him, or taking a part in his performance as supernumeraries in a very melancholy scene.

The priest who thus contrived to attract the British Public at his heels, and the heels of his female attendants was not, we apprehend, a regular Roman, although his pursuers bawled "No Popery!" We suppose that he was merely one of those imitative English parsons who ape the alien original. Nor do we imagine that his assistants of the softer sex were genuine nuns; we surmise that they were but mimic sisters, and not so much even, as half-sisters.

Of course such mock-brothers and sham-sisters have a right to play Popery if they please; but they should choose some other theatre than a churchyard. However we may deplore the maltreatment which they experienced at the hands of an infuriated British Public, we cannot wonder that such actors were hissed off such a stage.

A Question in Bankruptcy.

A BANKER, ere accused of fraud,
The country left, and went abroad,
To mend his health; he took a dance
Out of England into France,
Out of France and into Spain—
And when will he come back again?

CASE OF CLERICAL NERVOUSNESS.

SOME years ago, an advertisement was continually appearing in the papers, announcing that "a Clergyman of Cambridge University," having cured himself of a nervous disorder with which he had been afflicted for many years, offered, "from benevolence rather than gain," to cure others. For some time we have missed this old familiar advertisement; and we are afraid that its author sleeps with his fathers, and with DR. DULCAMARA. But if that divine and empiric, and ornament of the University of Cambridge, is still in the land of the living, and if he really can cure others of nervous diseases, it would be desirable, for the friends of a nervous patient, to invoke his assistance in a case thus reported by the *Caernarvon Herald*:—

"The REV. D. R. DAVIES is an extreme Puseyite, holding very high doctrines on Priestly authority and the powers of the Church. On a recent occasion he declined to be present at a festive treat given by a gentleman of large property in the neighbourhood to the children of the various schools, alleging 'that he could not sanction with his presence any communication between the children of the Church and the children of Dissenters, heretics, and schismatics, who were out of the pale of salvation.'"

The above forms the conclusion of an account of a scene which the reverend gentleman named in the narrative is reported to have caused in Rhos-y-medre Church, Rhuabon, during Communion, by extraordinary behaviour exhibited towards a brother clergyman. If it is correct as to facts, Benevolence rather than Gain should be instantly appealed to on his behalf, provided that Benevolence can do anything for him, even although not without deriving considerable gain from the transaction. He must, indeed, be very far gone in Puseyism, and ought to have his hair removed in time, and before his malady shall have reached that final stage in which the sufferer often shaves his own head. That head has taken unto itself the notion that the children of Dissenters are out of the pale of salvation. It is a pity that such a head, whilst it continues to be so hot as it is, should long remain out of a pail of cold water.

APPALLING LEGAL NEWS.

MR. JUSTICE ERLE did one day last week, administer to MR. SERJEANT THOMAS the following rebuke:—

"The licence of questioning allowed to Counsel had become a public nuisance. For some questions a barrister ought to be prosecuted."

In consequence of these observations, a meeting of certain members of the Bar has been held at the Alibi Tavern, and the following resolution has been unanimously agreed to:—

"That this meeting views with alarm and disgust, the possible interference of the Judge with the free and unbridled exercise of speech by the British Advocate, and considers that if a barrister, in the exercise of his vocation, is to be interdicted from questions to any witness, implying that such witness, if a man, is dishonest, and if a woman, is unvirtuous, such barrister is crippled in the discharge of the sacred duty for which he is hired. And this meeting hereby records its conviction, that if such restriction be enforced, no honourable and highminded man can henceforward accept a brief."

The profession is, however, under the circumstances, as well as can be expected—or desired.

THE BANK OF ELEGANCE.—The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street has turned Bloomer. To the alarm and consternation of her relations and friends, she has been exhibiting herself in tights.

"THE CHESNUT HAS SURELY BOLTED? JOE!"

"AY! AY! SIR, HE B'LONGED TO A COSSACK IN THE CRIMEA, AND THERE AIN'T NO HOLDING OF HIM WITH BRITISH CAVALRY IN HIS REAR."

MRS. THREADNEEDLE'S COMPLAINT.

I AM a poor old lady, and my health is rather failing me,
The Doctors are to meet and try to find out what is ailing me,
And, please the pigs, I hope and trust they'll manage to discover it,
And though my time of life is such, perhaps I shall get over it.

'Tis a return of that complaint at intervals that teases me,
Every ten years or thereabouts that regularly seizes me;
A sort of a contraction, with a tightness and a dizziness,
That won't allow a body for to go about her business.

It comes on with a pressure, and a clutching and a clawing,
Then there's a running at the chest, a pulling, and a drawing,
And then there is an emptiness, and sort of feel of sinking,
With a kind of nervous shaking, and a fainting and a shrinking.

And then I've noises in my ears; a breaking and a crashing,
A blowing up and bursting, and a falling, and a smashing,
Which worries me to that degree which is beyond expressing,
None knows but they that feels how them there noises is distressing.

I feel that I must die if this goes on a minute longer,
Then some one comes and cuts my stays and I'm directly stronger.
Which makes them say I lace too tight—I scorn the accusation:
But I must have that support for to maintain my situation.

The truth is this; I'm worrited by nephews and by nieces,
That plagues me, and that bothers me, and tears me into pieces,
They go too fast a pace for me, pursuing some delusion,
And then I lag, and the result is ruin and confusion.

I am too old a soldier to cajole, or coax, or wheedle,
And still enjoy so good a sight that I can thread my needle,
My dwelling is Threadneedle Street, and England is my nation,
And Parliament and PALMERSTON I look to for salvation.

A "WESSEL" OF WRATH.

THE exultation of the Editor of the *Record* at learning that the second attempt to launch the Great Ship had failed was perfectly ecstatic. The amiable religionist had specified his belief that the defeat of the first attempt, and the killing two of the workmen was a judgment of Providence upon the directors of the company for calling the ship *Leviathan*, a name which some interpreters of THE BOOK conceive to mean Satan, while others think it denotes something the *Record* considers a great deal worse, namely, the Church of Rome. The *Record* appears to believe that unless the name is changed, the vessel will, if launched, sink. The ill-success of the new attempt, on Thursday, the 19th, has confirmed our contemporary's convictions. Yet, if the name of a ship is really of such awful import, what would the *Record* say to one who should set out on a missionary excursion, deliberately embarking on board a vessel named after two Pagan demi-gods, who, when on earth, were the foulest criminals, treacherous murder being one of their offences.

The so-called Evangelicals are not celebrated for their learning, and therefore we will explain that we allude to the Dioscuri, better known as CASTOR AND POLLUX, whose names were borne by the Alexandrian vessel selected by the great APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES to take him to Italy—and which did take him there in perfect safety. But it would not in the least surprise us to find the *Record*, with its superior lights, accusing ST. PAUL of "presumption"—the school to which our contemporary belongs is by no means reverent when its Pharisaical tenets are controverted.

Fellow Feeling among Foreigners.

SOME of our continental contemporaries are greatly shocked at the severity with which our conquering troops have punished the miscreants who outraged and tortured English women and children. Perhaps they can more easily apprehend the unpleasantness of the punishment than the atrocity of the crime.

WHERE THE MONEY REALLY IS!

MR. P—NCH (TO HIS FRIEND PAM). "THERE, MY BOY! I'M NOT FOND OF BOASTING, BUT THESE ARE SOME OF THE RESULTS OF UNTIRING INDUSTRY, COMBINED WITH EXTRAORDINARY GENIUS, GREAT ENERGY AND PRUDENCE. COME, NOW, REWARD OUR INDIAN HEROES PROPERLY, AND I'LL HELP YOU OUT OF YOUR DIFFICULTY!"

PARAGONS IN PETTICOATS.

THERE is something afflicting in the observation that, in spite of Matrimony Agencies and match-making Mammas, not to speak of the quatrennial recurrence of the opportunities of Leap Year, there is still kept up a standing army of those blighted beings yclept Bachelors, who are actually driven to make known by an advertisement their eagerness to present arms, and receive into them a wife. Being of a sensitive and sympathising nature, we generally lose an appetite a-week from the saddening announcements which appear in Sunday papers, headed with the word "Matrimony," and tailed with an address where addresses will be paid to ladies who apply for them. Were we of either French or fashionable *de* extraction, we should confess that we are "desolated" weekly by regrets, that these lone ones have as yet found no philanthropist to help them, and save them the expense of advertising their heart-wants. Surely an appeal might be urged to the Benevolent, asking aid to set on foot a Connubial Humane Society, where proper means of rescue from a life of single wretchedness might be had on application at the *dépôts* or receiving-houses. Ladies of all aspects might be kept on show by the Society, and cards to view supplied to the forlorn ones who required them: substantial guarantee being furnished by the applicants that their better halves would be inducted into comfortable quarters.

Meanwhile, in the absence of this charitable institution, we think that we may do the single state some service if we suggest another way of filling up the vacuum which the advertising gentlemen announce in their affections. If we happened to be single (*Judy*, pardon us the thought!) and felt doubtful where to look for a heart-treasure of a wife, we really think we should betake ourselves to a Domestic Out-of-Place Office, and ask some highly recommended housemaid to be partner of our bosom. Judging from the requisitions we see daily in the papers, we feel sure that if perfection exists anywhere in petticoats, it is personified on this side of the Channel by a maid-servant. See here, for example, what a bundle of requirements we found the other day inserted in the *Times*: and the catalogue is really not much longer than is now becoming usual. We quote word for word, merely changing the address to one which, we conceive, if there be anything in names, reads rather more appropriate:—

WANTED, for a gentleman's family, TWO MAID SERVANTS; one as good cook, with a thorough knowledge of foreign dishes, to assist in the housework; the other as nurse and housemaid, good needlewoman, to wait well at table. Both must be early risers, with personal recommendations for strict honesty, sobriety, cleanliness, activity, good temper, trustworthiness, and respectability. Wages,—Housemaid, about £10 per annum, everything found; beer money, three half-pence per day. Apply by letter only to MRS. FIDGETS, Omelette Villa, Grub Street. A French person, with good references, preferred. No Irish need apply.

There is somewhat of ambiguousness in the verbiage of this: for instance, how a knowledge of foreign dishes is "to assist in the housework" it is not slightly puzzling to a male mind to conceive: but it is clear at least that persons who respond to MRS. FIDGETS' advertisement must, in addition to their other properties, possess considerable cheek. To own herself the owner of such a string of qualities as is specified above, an applicant must needs be anything but modest; and it is hardly likely she would put so low a value on herself as to come to terms with MRS. F. at the wages above hinted at. There is a vagueness in the phrase "about £10 per annum," which to cautious minds would somewhat seem to smack of the suspicious; but even granting that this sum be paid down annually in full, it would be scarcely giving more than a sovereign apiece for the good qualities engaged for it. Merely in that one sentence which begins with "early rising," and exhausts itself at length in the word "respectability," there are specified no less than eight distinct essentials; and besides all these, the cook must be "good," as well in cookery as temper, and however highly she be thought of by those who recommend her, she must not think herself above assisting in the housework: an assistance which is certainly not more than will be needed, where the nurse, that is the housemaid, is to serve also, habitually, as sempstress and as waiter. One would think the labour-market must be tolerably glutted, when requirements such as these are quoted at so low a figure as a £10 note per annum, *plus* three half-pennies per diem for expenditure in beer; an allowance which might almost lead recipients to fancy that their character for soberness was thought a little doubtful.

It is said that a demand induces always a supply, and we presume that MRS. FIDGETS will find what she was "wanting" at the date of her advertisement. For ourselves, with the experience which we have had as housekeepers, we should as soon have thought of advertising for a pair of female Dodos, as for a pair of female servants such as MRS. F. has pictured. A good-tempered cook and an early rising housemaid, have long been classed in our belief with the extinct creation: and we have imagined that one might as well expect to find the Lost Tribes of Israel, by now inserting in the *Times* a reward for their discovery.

But, really—to conclude as we commenced—if such paragons of femininity as MRS. F. requires, exist, we should recommend all wife-seekers to be on the look-out for them. Such housemaids should at once be offered their promotion from the scrub-brush to the key-basket, and should be no longer let to waste their sweetness upon the dusty air. "Clean, active, and good-tempered"—what more would man require? And "trustworthy" withal! No fear of a new bonnet being, once a-week or so charged among the puddings! Clearly, bachelors at any rate should copy MR. FIDGETS; for were they advertising for a wife, they could not well be more particular. For ourselves, we are most happily in no want of that article; and should we hear of such personified perfections as MRS. F. requires, she may rely, at least, we shall not be connubially deterred from forwarding them on to her. As it is, however, we have not the remotest notion where such paragons in petticoats exist, and we can therefore but assure her of our wish that she may get them.

A SPICY ARTICLE.

IN RE WOOLF LEVY, *alias* HORACE MONTEFIORE, *alias* WILLIAM LANGFELDT, *alias* WILLIAM LYON, before MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS, in the Insolvent Court, the subjoined conversation is reported to have occurred between the learned Commissioner and the unfortunate, but worthy, insolvent; the latter having stated that about 1850 he had visited the United States with another gentleman in partnership as general dealers, and that, in that capacity, they had travelled throughout the Union with American curiosities:—

"COMMISSIONER. What are American curiosities?
"INSOLVENT. Wooden nutmegs, and such things. (*Laughter.*)
"COMMISSIONER. Did you sell them for real spice?
"INSOLVENT. We did. (*Continued laughter.*)
"COMMISSIONER. And did you persuade the Yankees to buy them?
"INSOLVENT. They did not know the difference. We sold them in the cities of the West, Indianapolis, and other places. Others sold wooden hams, but we did not."

Probably this respectable merchant deceived himself in the supposition that the Yankees actually took the wooden nutmegs for real ones. Of course, they were far too 'cute to make any such mistake. They affected to receive them as genuine out of that politeness which is characteristic of American gentlemen. MR. WOOLF LEVY, in the simplicity of his nature, could not conceive them capable of such dissimulation; but doubtless the fact was, that the Yankees knew very well what sort of nutmegs they were buying, and bought them to sell again.

When we ascribe innocence to MR. WOOLF LEVY, perhaps we are in a measure wrong. We may be incorrect as to the name. It would probably be better to say WILLIAM LANGFELDT. WILLIAM is a Christian name, and LANGFELDT does not seem to imply descent from ABRAHAM. And the funny little trick of selling wooden nutmegs for real spice is just that which one can hardly imagine a gentleman, who really rejoices in such names as WOOLF LEVY, playing.

TALK ACROSS A TURNIP FIELD.

Farmer Holloway (*bawling*). What is this here bisnus as Parlimunt 's gwaiun to meet about in such a hurry?

Farmer Hooper (*replying in the same key*). Currency question, accardun to what they sez in the peapers.

Farmer Holloway. I'm afeard they'll play old gooseberry wi' that are currency.

Farmer Hooper. Make gooseberry fools o' theirzelves.

Farmer Holloway. Ah! and o' we too.

Farmer Hooper. Ees; and we be ate up moor nor enough already.

Farmer Holloway. Well, but what 's this here currency question all about?

Farmer Hooper. What is a Pound?

Farmer Holloway. I thinks they ought to know that pu[illegible] well by this time, zo many stray Jackasses as they 've got among us.

THE SIMPLE HISTORY OF A PORTRAIT. (Price £3 3s.)

Husband. Who has been tearing off one of these Photographs?

Wife. I did, dear. I hope I 've done no harm?

Husband. Harm! You have simply destroyed the value of the Stereoscope. It 's only a dead loss of three guineas, that 's all!

Wife. Dear me! Well, I 'm sure I 'm very sorry—but the truth is, dear, I saw two portraits—one by side of the other—and they were exactly alike—and I did not altogether see the object of having two portraits, you know, and not a hair's difference between 'em—and so, as old MRS. JONES was expressing her very great admiration of it, I said, "I 'm sure, you are perfectly welcome to one of them, if you like, MRS. JONES," and accordingly, I tore one off, and gave it to her, dear, there and then. The good old soul was so pleased, you can't tell, and she has promised me her portrait, and, if you are very good, I will tell you, pet, what I 'll do for you? You shall put hers' in your stead, dear. There!

[*The Wife looks delighted at this proposition—but the husband, apparently, is not equally charmed. Perhaps, he is thinking that he is young, and is endowed with the richest black whiskers; and, on the other side, he is recollecting that* MRS. JONES *is old, even for an old woman, and wears an antediluvian cap, with an inner border of false curls, that are black and curled tightly round, like small black puddings. He is wondering how oddly their portraits, placed stereoscopically, phiz-à-phiz, would look together!*

THE HUSBAND. OLD MRS. JONES.

This is how the young husband and old MRS. JONES would have looked, when, by the unitive effect of the stereoscope, their two physiognomies were rolled into one:

OUR FRIEND MR. COX.

"THE opinion of the two Divans has been obtained upon the question of the union of Moldavia and Wallachia." Having perused this statement in a Daily Paper, and being particularly anxious to know what the opinion was, MR. COX, M.P. for Finsbury, hurried off, the other morning, to ascertain the fact for himself. He first called at the Divan in the Strand, and began his inquiries. MR. RIES politely replied that he had not heard anything on the subject, but thought that MR. COX had better take a bone ticket and go up-stairs and ask in the place itself, when, if he did not receive the information he wanted, he would at least have had a cigar and a cup of coffee. MR. COX said he would consider before he incurred the preliminary outlay, and, going out, ran up Southampton Street to MR. KILPACK's, where he anew propounded his inquiry.

MR. KILPACK, after some meditation, said that he did not think any question about Moldavia had been raised in his Divan, but he certainly had heard some gentleman speaking about the Wallachs, though whether it was JAMES or HENRY he was not sure. He invited MR. COX to enter the American alley, and see whether anybody there looked likely to be able to satisfy him; but MR. COX, who has a general notion that every American carries a revolver in one hand and a bowie-knife in the other, and shoots or stabs anybody who asks him a question, declined somewhat hastily, and went away, declaring that he would bring the want of information, remarkable in the Newspapers, before Parliament.

Latest about the Bell.

POOR MR. WARNER,
Is put in the corner,
For making a bad Big Ben;
And now it appears
That the good MR. MEARS
Is to furnish a new Bell. When?

MR. CHRISTOPHER CLOD UPON THE PRIZE SERVANT SYSTEM.

"MESTER PUNCH, SUR,

"I BAINT much of a scollard, but ise got a pair o' ears, and as i wur down at the black Lion last toosday was a week, i heerd a chap a readun of a speech as wur spoke lately somewheres in the Midlands at a meetun for promotun aggericultur and Sarvunts. Sur, i wur so tickled with a good deal as wur said that I had the Curosity fur to ax who twos as wur a Speekun, which i larnt as how it wur MESTER DIZZY RALY, him as used Fur to call hisself the Faermer's frind, which as he duzzent stand so I in parliament as formally, he 's now a condessendun fur to call hisself the Labrer's. You see Sur, they 'd a bin 'encurryjun o native Industry' by givun Suvverings to Sarvunts as had worked the longest—nigh ¼ a sentry some on em twur said—and i thort as this year observation wur a speshul tickler:—

"In giving rewards for excellent moral character we do not pretend to measure the excellence of the individual by the mere money value of the prize, but to single him out from the crowd and show that his services are appreciated by the community in which he lives."

"Sur, i got my boy BILL, him as goes to the Nashnal skules, fur to coppy this year out for me, that you mite have it giniwine and not spilt wi' my bad spellun, fur i jest Wants to ax this MESTER DIZZYRELLI (which peraps you'l print is anser in yure kollums—*when you gits un*) weather as How the crackters as air guv by the commoonity air of Sarvice to a labrer as is lookun fur a plaice. Praps MISTER DIZZY RALY will be good enuff to say if e'd consent to ire a sarvunt as ad bin 'appreciated by the kommoonity' vithout inquirun if his Maister had appreshiated of un also. Seems to me as a sarvunt is a sarvunt of his Maister and not o' the kommoonity, and ise doutful wur I out o' plaice if a krakter as wur got from the commoonity ud help me.

"MESTER DIZRELLI he also torked a deal (uncommon gift o' Gab he have, sure-LY!) about us fairm sarvunts bein 'elevated by the spirit of competition' and beun most on us 'stimulated by the spirit of improvement' and Jennyrally 'raised in the public estimation by the public recognition of good conduck.' ise not quite Sartin as i knows the Public he makes mention on, but Us at the Black lion we wos all on us agreed as how a Public wornt exackerly the Plaice as wun ud goo to fur a crackter. I cant o course say anythin agin them Sperrits as he talks on, seeun as how i haint yet been so fortnight as to git a Taste on em. but as fur beun stimmilants and elewatun of a man, us at the Black Lion we wos pretty ginrelly agreed as Beer wur quite suffishunt.

"Awaitun your reply, leastways MESTER DISRELLIS, i remane sur your obajent umble sarvunt To comand,

"KRISTOPHER CLOD."

"uppuds a Thutty yeal plowman down tunstle Way
"nigh FAIRMER FLATS, suffuk."

John Thomas, his notshun of wot the Arms of the Ile of Man had ought to be—with a "Motter" which its 'is hone inventshun and he thinks very approbriate.

SILLY SOLONS.

CERTAIN Magistrates of Wakefield have (if a report before us be trustworthy) singularly illustrated the extreme fitness of the country gentleman for the judicial duty. One of those foreign rascals, so dear to our female population, one of the scoundrels who import unfortunate creatures to grind organs for the torment of rational persons, was charged at Wakefield with brutal ill-treatment of a poor German girl. Her hurdy-gurdy, or whatever nuisance it was, had not brought sufficient hushmoney on a particular day, and so the fellow—her fellow-countryman—is sworn to have assaulted her abominably, and taken away her shoes and stockings, and some other portions of her dress. The case was clearly made out, and then the Magistrates made fools of themselves, collectively, by inflicting a trifling fine, and one of them made himself a fool, individually, by an offensive and silly speech. The ruffian was amerced in twenty shillings, and the Justice said "Such things might do in Germany, but would not do here." The ridiculously slight fine speaks for its own absurdity, and anybody who knows the Germans is aware that brutality is the very last charge which can be brought against them. They smoke, and drink beer, and talk queer philosophy, and do very little, but they are a very humane people, and far in advance of ourselves in the knowledge of what is due to the so-called weaker sex. We assume the accuracy of the report, but should be glad to learn that it is incorrect, for the sake of the British bench and British courtesy.

AN END OF EVERYTHING.

HOPE, where wilt thou cast thine anchor?
Faith, where wilt thou make thy nest?
If we cannot trust our banker,
Where is confidence to rest?

Earth below will seem forsaken,
Sky appear a blank above,
When Commercial Credit's shaken,
Who will dream of Woman's Love?

HUMOURS OF THE CITY COMMISSION OF SEWERS.

WE record with pleasure a few amenities of language interchanged between some worthy members of the City Commission of Sewers, which afford a fresh indication that the City is beginning to be itself again, and to transact business after the worshipful old fashion. At a meeting of the Court of that civic Commission, the Chairman announced that the Ilford Cemetery had been consecrated the day before by the BISHOP OF LONDON, and highly praised the arrangements made on the occasion, by the Burial Board Committee, for the convenience and comfort of those who had been invited to attend. He also strongly eulogised the conduct of the Bishop, and the discourse delivered by the Right Reverend Prelate. In the praise of the arrangements one gentleman, however, could not concur. MR. DEPUTY LOTT complained that "he himself was shut out from the chapel after struggling and fighting his way through a dense mob, and was unable to witness the ceremony." Whereupon DEPUTY BOWER, after making some laudatory remarks on the Bishop's address, which he described as "so wise and so impressive, that every Dissenting clergyman in the Kingdom would have been proud to have delivered it," observed that—

"DEPUTY LOTT, no doubt purposely kept in the background during the performance of the ceremony, in order that he might find an opportunity of making a complaint, which was his invariable custom. (*Hear, hear.*)"

Strange to say, this extremely personal imputation of motives elicited no retort—no reply even—from DEPUTY LOTT—who presently, however, showed that his silence probably was owing to deafness rather than forbearance. The altercation was taken up, with a slightly irrelevant turn, by MR. H. L. TAYLOR, in the following polite and humorous speech :—

"MR. H. L. TAYLOR. I am glad to find that so many people were pleased with the address of the Bishop. I should have been at the cemetery yesterday but for a circumstance which prevented me, and which will prevent me at any future time from visiting it. I allude to the armorial bearings of our clerk, MR. DAW. Three jackdaws form a sort of heraldic device or bearing, which, with the worst taste, has been placed against one of the houses. These are called the armorial bearings of MR. JOSEPH DAW, the clerk to the commission. So long as they remain there, I never will be a party to put my foot inside that place. (*Laughter.*)"

MR. TAYLOR'S heraldry would seem to be small, whatever may be thought of his breeding. On the former point, he was gently corrected by the supposed exhibitor of the symbols which he took for armorial bearings; who gave him the following brief lesson in blazon :—

"MR. DAW. I may state that the armorial bearings referred to by MR. TAYLOR are not jackdaws, they are three crosses. (*Laughter.*)"

The conversation on the ceremony of the previous day—not a word having been uttered about the sewers over which the Commission is supposed to preside—went on a little further without any reciprocation of civic compliments, until, on a vote of thanks to the Bishop,

"DEPUTY LOTT, in supporting the resolution, loudly complained that he was not able to hear the sentence of consecration."

Doubtless he had also not heard the speech of DEPUTY BOWER; for if he had, it would of course have produced a little explosion of feeling, like that evinced in the succeeding dialogue :—

"MR. ABRAHAM. MR. DEPUTY LOTT was in the foremost rank.
"DEPUTY LOTT. You are stating that which you know is untrue.
"MR. ABRAHAM. You were.
"DEPUTY LOTT. I deny it. (*Confusion.*)"

There was a time when the further discussion of this question of veracity might have been adjourned to Chalk Farm, even from a City meeting—a time happily past. The courtesies of debate, however, were thus further exemplified :—

"MR. ABRAHAM. I witnessed it with my own eyes. MR. DEPUTY LOTT was present in the chapel during the whole of the first stage of the proceedings for more than half an hour until we went out to perambulate the grounds. He might have read the sentence of consecration—it was printed.
"DEPUTY LOTT. I had a right to be inside to hear it.
"MR. ABRAHAM. You were standing within a few feet of the Bishop.
"DEPUTY LOTT. That's wholly untrue. (*Confusion.*)"

Here the Chairman interfered—not too soon, perhaps. If he had not, bottles might have been thrown—had there been any at hand.

Such a growling and grunting and barking as that above quoted, we have not heard in the City for many a day. Such a mode of transacting civic business had almost fallen into desuetude. To read of it will make many of our senior subscribers feel quite young again. Some people may think the language, with specimens of which we have been entertaining them, unbecoming. It is not altogether unbecoming. "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,"—and sewers have foul mouths. We need not complete the parallel.

IMPERTINENT CURIOSITY.

Military Man. "WELL! WHAT ARE YER A STARIN' AT—AIN'T YER NEVER SEED A SODGER BEFORE?"

THE MODEL WIFE IN 1857.

SHE dwells in fair Belgravia's halls,
Sweet Fashion's peerless Queen,
And all her soul, in *fêtes* and balls,
Is in her Crinoline.

Her "jupon," like the Nassau globe,
Cremorne did nightly see,
Flaunts its inflated gauzy robe,
Or swirls tempestuously.

And thus expanding more and more,
She fluctuates in her walk,
Subduing SWAN AND EDGAR'S corps
With undulating talk.

She names a time, with kindling eye,
When, soaring through the air,
Sweet maids, balloon-like, up shall fly,
To call in Cloud-land Square.

When PAM, in peg-top breeks array'd,
Shall DIZZY take to see
The realm of fogs whose mists pervade
His speech at Aylesbury.

When airy Dowagers shall skim
Upborne on hoops of steel,
Quiring to old-eyed cherubim
In an "Excelsior" reel!

When Hyde-Park dames aloft shall glow
In surging skirts and frills,
Leaving poor manhood here below
To cash their little bills.

Her husband's purse is small—but no!—
What though her form be slim—
Her jupon still expands,—and oh!
The difference to him!

SIMPLY UNBEARABLE.—WISCOUNT VILLIAMS never said a worse thing than this. He declared that the ruin of Big Ben was caused by two of the ancient tribes of Palestine—the Hammer-wrights and the Hittites.

MORE NEWS OF ALEXANDER POPE.

(*From the Literary Gazette.*)

THE world of letters will rejoice to hear that in addition to the recent invaluable discoveries bearing upon the history of ALEXANDER POPE, the poet, several new facts have come to light. Although these will tend to render useless and obsolete all the existing biographies of the bard of Twickenham, the truth in such matters is too important and solemn not to be received with gratitude even by those who may suffer. Without further prelude, we are enabled to announce, first, that the dog "Harlequin," which was presented to the wife of BISHOP ATTERBURY, was never quite cured of its broken leg, and ultimately died of the distemper, in or about 1724. Secondly, that EDMUND CURLL'S maternal uncle had a severe attack of toothache in June, 1716. Thirdly, that the Christian name of the wife of the Sexton at Twickenham was not JANE, but JOAN. Fourthly, that the poet himself sometimes shaved himself, but not often, though he would frequently apply the lather, leaving the razor to his servant. Fifthly, that though not robust enough for much gardening, he would often remove dead leaves from the bed with a small hoe (by the way, does this throw any light on the line: "Every woman is at heart a rake"?) Sixthly, that MARTHA BLOUNT took very little sugar in her tea, and also liked to sit, in the evening, with her shoes down at heel, because that arrangement gave relief to her corns. (Mark that, MR. CORNEY.) Seventhly, that when QUIN helped POPE on with his scarlet cloak behind the scenes, after *Mustapha*, the poet desired him to let the servant do it. Eighthly, that the poet was much displeased, when, on some one saying that the verse of his *Odyssey* swept nobly along, LORD CHESTERFIELD answered, "No wonder; there is so much of BROOME in it." And lastly, that the little ivory instrument with which POPE used to adjust his nails never came into HORACE WALPOLE'S possession at all, but was given by LADY HERVEY (MOLLY LEPEL) to the grandfather of a Welsh gentleman whose name we have not yet discovered, but who lived, or at all events was in Montgomeryshire in 1819. These facts, though they may tend to overthrow many received theories, and may startle those who deem themselves best acquainted with the poet's history, are all indisputable, and can be proved by evidence. We shall look eagerly to see them embodied in the next biography of "the Swan of Thames."

OUR BROTHER OF PIEDMONT.

THERE appears, at last, a solid ground of hope for Italy. According to the correspondent of the *Times*, at Turin, that city has actually attained to such a height of constitutional liberty as to be capable of supporting a *Punch*, an actual *Punch*, with a real large cut. Our Piedmontese counterpart rejoices in the name of *Fischietto*, and is at present laudably employed in deriding the attempts of the priest-party to get the upper-hand. To this end he has published a work of art, in reference to the pending elections, thus described by the *Times'* correspondent:—

"It is entitled 'The real national arms if the clericals were to triumph.' The design is a huge Austrian eagle, holding in one claw a cudgel, in the other a sh-e, with the papal tiara and the keys of ST. PETER embroidered on it. On a shield covering the eagle's body, a priest and an Austrian soldier, with hands joined, are grotesquely dancing in triumphant joy, with the motto beneath *Viribus unitis*, and below the *Statuto*, or Constitution of Piedmont, is personified in the form of a child hung by the neck and with tongue protruding."

This last symbol is not exactly in the style of *Mr. Punch*—but then *Mr. Punch* appeals not only to free men and Britons, but also to wives and mothers. In addition—

"On small shields surrounding the larger one, are various emblematical devices of the state of things to be expected if the priestly party come into power—the prison gratings of Fenestrelle, boys dressed as priests going to school, the Press personified as a woman put into a sack, with a dog's muzzle on her mouth and a pair of scissors stuck into her bleeding bosom."

Very bad taste, of course all this will be voted by the genteel and refined persons who are shocked by irreverent allusions to red stockings. By the expression, however, of such bad taste and vulgarity, red stockings, and the like trumpery, are brought into that illiberal but popular contempt with which it is desirable that all the symbols of opposition to liberty of the press and freedom of opinion, should be regarded all over the world.

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LAWN-SLEEVES AND SHIRT-SLEEVES.

ANY respectable persons will perhaps be very much shocked by the following statement made the other day by the BISHOP OF LINCOLN, in addressing a meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society:—

"Nevertheless, out-door preaching was a most valuable aid to the minister of a large parish. 'For the first time,' said the incumbent of Nottingham Church to him, a short time ago, 'since I have been appointed to this Church, I saw men at Church in their shirt-sleeves soon after I commenced open-air preaching.' Now, he (the Bishop) did not say that it was desirable that persons should come to Church in their shirt-sleeves, but if they were to be in their shirt-sleeves, they had better go to Church than elsewhere."

Ladies belonging to the superior classes often carry smelling-bottles with them to Church, lest they should faint there; but the precaution of providing themselves with Leamington salts will be even more generally taken by them in visiting a place of worship, if they think they are likely to be horrified by the sight of men in shirt-sleeves among the congregation. The fact that a Bishop has expressed an opinion that shirt-sleeves under any circumstances are admissible in Church, is calculated to excite terror and alarm in exclusive circles. The beadle of every fashionable Church which is furnished with a gallery will, of course, be directed to show all comers in shirt-sleeves into that part of the building, inasmuch as the law will not permit him to turn them back from the doors, for the reason that they are not in correct costume. A grate or screen of ornamental scroll-work will have to be erected in front of every such gallery, in order to conceal the horrid men who sit there, and most of whom not only would otherwise appear in shirt-sleeves, but also in beards of a week's growth. How to dispose of these shocking fellows in the new Churches, which are built without galleries or pews, will puzzle the authorities. In some of these, where the service is conducted in the histrionic manner, the officiating priest will perhaps sprinkle the shirt-sleeved portion of his flock with eau-de-Cologne, and call it holy water. After what the BISHOP OF LINCOLN has said upon the subject, it will perhaps be considered, in elegant society, that he himself stands decidedly in need of some sort of purification. Most sweet voices will vote that he ought to be deodorized, and disinfected, and perfumed. They will doubtless propose to sweeten him with chloride of lime, and then to scent him with lavender-water, or fumigate him with incense.

Where, it will be demanded by the better orders, can people in their shirt-sleeves expect to go to? And how, then, can a Bishop think them fit to go to Church in such a state? The public-house is the place for them; the proper accompaniments of shirt-sleeves are a pipe and a pewter-pot. It is quite clear that the BISHOP OF LINCOLN is forgetful of his dignity, and utterly regardless of the difference and the distance which have so long existed between lawn-sleeves and shirt-sleeves.

REDEEMERS OF OUR NATIONAL CHARACTER.

IT may be, in a measure, true that we are, as a nation, somewhat too intent on aggrandizement, and that we are apt to make a little too much haste to be rich. Yet there are not wanting among us noble examples of disinterestedness, evinced in the most tremendous pecuniary sacrifices. For instance, the *Times* says that—

"The Election Auditor for the North Riding of Yorkshire, has published his return of the expenses incurred at the last Election for that Division of the County, from which it appears that between £11,000 and £12,000 was spent by the three candidates—viz., about £6,000 by the HON. COLONEL DUNCOMBE, M.P., nearly £5,000 by the HON. J. C. DUNDAS, and only £620 by MR. E. S. CAYLEY, M.P."

Now, take even the last and least of these sums; it really would be a great deal for a man to spend for the good of his country, even if the mere expenditure were all. But when we consider that the money is expended in order that the donor may make the additional sacrifice of time and labour for his country's benefit, we are lost in admiration of such munificent patriotism, which, did we not roll in unbounded riches, we should hardly know how to imitate. When we look further, and see honourable gentlemen paying from £5,000 to £6,000 to obtain a seat in Parliament, our admiration rises into astonishment. The worst of this is, that it swamps our veneration for kings who shared their loaves, and saints who divided their cloaks, with beggars, in the days of old. What is such small charity to the romantic generosity of modern Members of Parliament, who strip themselves of so many thousands in order that they may serve their constituents, and that with the severest toil? What excellent legislation ours ought to be, since our legislators are so earnest in their task, and so devoted! And what is their reward? The thanks of a grateful nation? Not necessarily; on the contrary, they are often abused in the newspapers for their conduct, and on the hustings, hissed and pelted with stale eggs. Beyond the applause of a good conscience within, whilst perhaps an ungrateful people pelts and hisses them without, what can these chivalrous gentlemen, who give so much money for a place in Parliament, expect to get for it?

SEVERITY OF THE WEATHER.

As a proof of the extreme severity of the weather, we may mention that we saw last week, at the house of MRS. MATERFAMILIAS, a magnificent Christmas-Tree in full bloom. We have the authority of that respected lady for stating, that she gathered from it, only the evening before, as much as an indiarubber ball, two postilion boots, six pasteboard drums, one walnut-shell work-box, one wooden squirrel (whose stomach, we noticed, cleverly contrived to do duty as a nutcracker), besides a whole apronful of dolls, sugar-plums, tin trumpets, coloured candles, and bonbons. There was a variety of fruit, also—preserved, waxen, cotton, and otherwise. An apple, which could scarcely have been ripe, for it was as hard as wood, belonged to a very curious species, for upon its being opened in the middle, a whole set of baby's tea-things was found inside, instead of the ordinary pips. On looking into it, it seemed to us to be a kind of Hoax-apple.

We believe that it is extremely rare that a Christmas-Tree has been known to bear fruit at such an early period of the year. The 25th of December is generally supposed to be the earliest day on which the various branches of this very fruitful tree arrive at full perfection. Christmas Day is the grand harvest-home of all Christmas-Trees, but MRS. MATERFAMILIAS has anticipated that auspicious event, by nearly four weeks. Her numerous progeny are in a state of the most irrepressible ecstacy over this premature inauguration, though we regret to state that, at the last moment of going to press, the rumour reached us that the family doctor had been sent for in the greatest hurry.

MITRES AND FIGHTERS.

OUR beloved hierarchs have had a meeting, and have resolved, that the real remedy for India is the creating new episcopal sees. *Mr. Punch*, with HAVELOCK in view, begs to turn Dissenter, and to cry, not "More Bishops," but More Baptists.

"BRAVO, SAM!"

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!!

A CLEAN sweep has been made of Holywell Street. The obscene pigeons have been turned out of the dirty dove-cotes. But while the pigeons have been vexed, censure spares the crows. The rookery of the quacks is undisturbed, and their vile and lying advertisements still pollute the country newspapers, and some of the London journals, and lie upon the tables of fathers of families to afford Sunday reading to their sons and daughters. To go through Holywell Street or not was optional: but it is impossible to avoid seeing that which is thrust under one's nose. The Society for the Suppression of Vice is evidently afflicted with partial blindness.

MAKING GAME OF JUSTICE.

IF there be any excellence more than any other for which this publication is conspicuously famous, it is for its unflinching praise and advocacy of all ancient institutions, and for the efforts which it makes to avert their abolition. Conservative to the backbone, *Punch* is always at his post to defend all good old nuisances against the onslaught of Reformers, and proclaim himself the champion of all the vested wrongs which are a Briton's birthright as they are his boast. Every reader will remember how zealously we strove to perpetuate Protection, and avert the doom which robbed us of our cherished Smithfield Market: and we can point with a proud finger to the course we have pursued in upholding Temple Bar, and the throne of GOG and MAGOG, and defending the time-honoured Courts of Probate and of Chancery. In short, whenever any Bulwark of the State has been attacked, we have always pointed out that the nation would fall with it: and whatever follies have descended from the "wisdom of our ancestors," we have always done our utmost to preserve them for posterity.

Quæ cùm ita sint—as we never wrote a school theme without more than once remarking—it may surprise our constant readers to be told that we for once must make exception to our rule, and must claim to be excused from the defending of a Nuisance. It afflicts us to confess that we are at length induced to doubt the wisdom of the Game Laws, and the justice of the Justices who are commissioned to dispense them. The case which has compelled us to forswear our old allegiance, and retire from the championship of both Game Laws and preservers, was brought the other day before the Court of Queen's Bench, and is thus epitomised by the *Daily News* paper:—

"The defendant MR. BALLENY, a person of considerable property, and a Justice of the Peace for the County of Durham, had two men brought before him by a couple of policemen, charged with the destruction of a rabbit on his own property. Instead of at once declining, as an interested person, to act in the matter, MR. BALLENY convicted the delinquents in a severe penalty, ordered them in default of immediate payment to be handcuffed and sent to prison, and finally compromised the matter by liberating them on payment of a sovereign a-piece, which instead of handing over to the County fund, he put into his own pocket."

For this trifling offence a criminal information was filed against the Magistrate, and a jury having found him guilty of corruption and extortion under colour of his office, he was sentenced by the Court to a year's imprisonment and the payment of a fine of two hundred pounds. In delivering this sentence the Court, through the lips of MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE, observed that—

"It was the boast of this country that the greater part of the administration of justice was carried on by the unpaid gentry, as a part of the duty which belonged to them in respect of their property; and he (MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE) fully concurred in what had been said by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, that that duty was in general discharged with strict impartiality to high and low. On the one side there was power, and wealth, and learning, and on the other poverty, and ignorance, and distress; and considering those relative positions, when once a case of extortion was brought before the Court, it was impossible to regard it otherwise than as a crime of great magnitude, and to be visited with very severe punishment. In such a case it was the duty of the Court to deal out its sentences with equal severity, as it would do in the case of the lowest person in the country. Indeed, when the Court considered the advantage which was given to the educated over the uneducated, the offence of the former ought to be visited with greater severity than that of the latter."

There was another little matter too that came out in the evidence which the Court might have commented on with equal indignation: namely, that the Magistrate might not improbably have pocketed his two sovereigns, and escaped his punishment, had he not been so indiscreet as to attempt to tamper with the honour of policemen. MR. BALLENY, it appears, when receiving from the poachers the £2 for his rabbit (that being of course the market-price of the commodity in Durham) presented the two officers, who captured the delinquents, with the insufficient hushmoney of five shillings a-piece. Had there been but one of them, the bribe might have succeeded; as it was, their honesty appeared the wiser policy, and their dual better nature prompted them to peach.

Another feature in the case which also should be noted was the fact, that the two sovereigns which MR. BALLENY extorted were actually subscribed by the friends of the two culprits, whom he, the greater culprit, sat in legal judgment over and threatened to lock up. The men pleaded poverty, and requested time to pay; but neither plea nor request would Justice, as personified by worthy MR. BALLENY, stoop in its unbending uprightness to listen to. Having the bandage of self-interest on its eyes, Justice could not see extenuation or excuse. So the men were kept in custody until the hat had been sent round for them, and their neighbours, from the pence they had been weeks perhaps in saving, had raised the pounds for payment of the Great Unpaid.

It was remarked by the Court, in its reviewal of the evidence, that—

"One of the men had said, and there was nothing to show that it was not true, that his whole offence consisted in his desire to shoot a valueless rabbit, which he wished to give as food to his sick wife."

Rabbits valued by their owner at two sovereigns a-piece cannot well, we fancy, be looked upon as "valueless;" but the Court clearly held that there was some extenuation in the fact of a poor man seeking food for his sick wife, albeit in the Game preserves of his rich neighbours. Necessity, no doubt, is a rather loose logician; and the reasons for abstaining to procure his wife a dinner, will not be closely argued by a man who is in search of one. However much he be disposed to reverence the Game Laws, there are times when his hunger gets the better of his judgment, and when in the cravings of his nature he forgets the existence of an Act of Parliament. Even the best educated would find it hard to reason closely on an empty stomach; and where distress is backed by ignorance and sluggish mental faculties, the causes for abstaining from infringement of the law are still less likely, we opine, to prove sufficiently deterrent.

But however much we may approve the sternness of the sentence which was passed on MR. BALLENY, we cannot help regarding him in some sort as a martyr. It is an especially marked attribute of the Game Law that it touches nothing which it does not dishonour. MR. BALLENY's injustice was no doubt mainly the result of the injustice of the law which he was called on to administer, and, in pocketing himself the fines which he imposed, he merely put in practice and reduced to personal application the principle—or want of it—on which the law is founded. The Game Law is entirely a one-sided institution. Of all protective ordinances it is the most selfish. Being instituted solely for the game-preservers' benefit, the spirit of the act is to a surety carried out by their having the dispensing of it. Self-preservation is the first and strongest law of the preserver's nature; and in dealing with a poacher over whom he sits in judgment, the only thing he thinks of is his own protection. From viewing the law solely as a personal convenience, by no great stretch of mental eyesight he gets to view the fines he has the power to impose, in the light of being personal indemnities for loss, and conceives, like MR. BALLENY, that he is authorised to pocket them.

But we must repeat, that we regard this sufferer in some sort as deserving of our sympathy. There must be made allowance for the strength of the temptation to which he was exposed, and for the demoralising influence of the law he was administering. The Judge who sentenced him commented sternly on the fact that he had sat in judgment as an interested person. "The policemen did wrong" said MR. JUSTICE COLERIDGE—

"In bringing before a Magistrate two persons charged with an offence on his own property; and the obvious course for the Magistrate was to have dismissed the officers with a rebuke, and have ordered them to take the poachers before some other and disinterested person."

Yes, obviously this would have been the juster course: but in dealing with a poacher, pray where is a disinterested Justice to be found? As well expect a cabman to give you an unbiassed estimate of distance, as expect a country Magistrate to administer unbiassed justice in a game case. No matter whether the offence be committed on their own or another person's property, preservers have a natural antipathy to poachers, and are leagued in common cause to compass their extermination. Wherever a bird falls or a rabbit is "picked up," the legal preserver considers himself injured by the illegal destroyer, and having the law in his own hands, will not hold them from dispensing it. So long as England "boasts," of its unpaid gentry Justices, so long will biassed sentences continue to be passed, and the temptation to wrong-doing such as MR. BALLENY's exist. As the law is now administered, full preserves inevitably make full prisons. Peasants become gaol-birds through the keeping up of pheasants: and what is sport to country gentlemen is moral death to numbers of their poorer neighbours. The

Game Law being an ancient institution and of course regarded as a Bulwark of the State, it will be found, (as all these ancient ones die hard,) that there will be no easy work to make it a dead letter. But as anything that tends to bring it into disrepute also tends to bring us nearer to its annihilation, we think the country is indebted to the zeal of MR. BALLENY, whose overstepping of the law we regard as a right step in the direction to remove it.

THE NOSE A TEST OF COLOUR.

REALLY we fancy that the Nose has a sense of colour. It must be endowed with some faculty of the kind, for there is no other feature that betrays so lively a sensibility to the various gradations of colour. It changes, too, according to the seasons. In summer, it is a delicate red colour; in winter, as if to compensate us for the loss of the fog-craped heavens, the nostrils shine out with a beautiful pale blue. We have seen a nose almost turn black, when a bungling servant has spilt some turtle down the neck of its proprietor's coat. At other times, we have discovered a slight tinge of green settle on the nasal tips of certain elderly ladies, when they have been more than usually jealous of the success of a younger rival. Crimson tints, we believe, are common enough on clerical countenances in cathedral towns, and other luminaries who are apt to moisten their arguments with plenty of port wine.

Moreover, have not all of us noticed, when a person has received an unexpected coin from a miser, or a skin-flint, or a practised promise-breaker, or an accomplished swindler, how carefully he approaches it to his nostrils, as though he were anxious, not merely to see the colour of the gentleman's money, but to insniff the smell of it also? We have observed the same peculiarity in picture-buyers. They seem to rub their noses almost against the canvas. The same forwardness is displayed by young gentlemen, when a pretty young lady is introduced to their notice. The way in which they thrust their noses vulgarly forward, is clearly done to enable them to test the colour of her eyes.

ANOTHER PARISIAN EMBELLISHMENT.

A CORRESPONDENT, on whose veracity we can generally place the greatest reliance, has just written over to us to say, that he has seen a pretty woman in Paris!!!*

* On reflection, the above fact seemed to us so incredible, that we thought it our duty to inquire into the truth of it. Accordingly, we lost no time in sending a telegraphic despatch to Paris, and this is the TELEGRAM we have received in answer:—

"No romance! It is quite true!! A pretty woman was seen this morning at 5 m. to 12, on the Boulevards, at the corner of the Rue Montorgueuil.
"The whole town has since been in a state of *émeute*.
"The crowd is tremendous.
"The military are ordered out. "(Signed) COWLEY."

SECOND TELEGRAM (*four hours later*).
"The pretty woman has left.
"Order reigns again in Paris. "(Signed) COWLEY."

THIRD TELEGRAM (*five minutes afterwards*).
"I have left out the most important fact.
"The pretty woman was an Englishwoman!!! "(Signed) COWLEY."

Cultivation of the Pair.

OF late years the Pair has been remarkable for its slow growth. While in India it reaches maturity early in the spring, it is often the latter end of summer before it can be forced in the hothouses of Belgravia. The Pair requires warmth, and should be carefully watched. A little gold-dust sprinkled over the younger branches will frequently produce a very nice Pair.

A GARLAND OF WIT.

THE Editor of the Paris *Figaro* has commenced (we learn from the *Globe*) a series of hebdomadal dinners, for the easier accumulation of witticisms to adorn his lively journal. His plan is to invite anybody of decent social standing, and the invited guest is to pay, as the price of his ticket, ten francs and one new *bon mot*. The plan answers wonderfully, and several English dramatic authors have clubbed to take a copy of *Figaro*, and divide the jokes as honestly as their temperaments will permit.

The Editor of the *Saturday Review*, being equally alive to the advantage of getting some little liveliness into his pages, has, we understand, adopted the same course, and with even more marked results. He has commenced a series of tripe-suppers to his contributors, which are generously given *gratis*, but each guest must bring a joke. The result has been, that the *Review* sparkles with sudden brilliancy. We are permitted to mention that at the first supper, the following delicious things were said by some of the party:—

Mr. Foozle. I have lately been reading some *light* literature, but was glad to *a-light* from that Pegasus.

Mr. Bumbleby. I suppose that you were not in the *joke*-ular vein. (*Great applause.*)

Mr. Nibbles. Vain, Sir! I hope there's no vanity here.

Mr. Bumptious. Ha! ha! fair—in fact Vanity fair.

Mr. Gimblet. Talking of fair, give me the wing of that fowl. (*Loud applause, and the speaker's salary increased on the spot.*)

Mr. Bonassus. I've got the liver-wing, but the joke sticks in my gizzard. (*Murmurs.*)

Mr. Foozle. Another supper joke from me would be a work of supperrogation. (*Not understood.*)

Mr. Nibbles. Ah, FOOZLE, if you could cut up a book as well as you do a bird!

Mr. Foozle. None of your ill-bread sauce, thank you.

Mr. Bumptious (*sonorously*). I believe that very few books are written to be read.

Mr. Gimblet. Surely the Red Book is. (*Cheers for five minutes.*)

Mr. Bonassus. Waiter, a *serviette*. (*The waiter having given the gentleman one, it is obviously not what he wanted*). Ah, I mean an *assiette*.

Mr. Nibbles. Your French is queer—*as yet*. (*Murmurs.*)

Mr. Bumbleby. Well, I think we've all earned our supper, so suppose we leave off sparkling—

Mr. Foozle (*inexhaustible*). And take to still—champagne, eh?

Everybody (*eagerly*). Sham pain to our real friends, and real pain to our &c., &c., &c. (*Roars of laughter and applause*).

It is not always that the borrowing a French hint leads to so satisfactory a result, but the improved tone and sportive liveliness now characteristic of the *Saturday Review* completely justify the bold experiment of its conductors. Any assistance *Mr. Punch* can render to his generous and enterprising contemporary shall be heartily at his service.

LADIES' SCORES AT LINENDRAPERS' SHOPS.

IN RE a fast young lady, who figured the other day in the Insolvent Court, the following dialogue took place between MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS and MR. BUCK, a silk mercer, one of the opposing creditors. MR. BUCK having stated that the insolvent had paid him nothing since he gave her credit:—

"MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS thought MR. BUCK should have stopped his hand when the first quarter was not paid.

"MR. BUCK said that if he adopted such a system with ladies who appeared respectable, he could not, nor could other tradesmen, go on.

"MR. COMMISSIONER PHILLIPS did not know about going on, but he apprehended it would be the best course to adopt."

The law really ought to come to the assistance of MR. BUCK, and other tradesmen of his unfortunate class, and enable them to "go on" without letting themselves in for bad debts incurred by extravagant ladies. We think there is a law which renders a pot-house keeper unable to recover from a sot the value of liquor consumed in tippling. Let a similar statute be enacted with reference to the parties who minister to the intoxication of female vanity. It would then be necessary that all payments for finery should be made in ready money; thus, linendrapers would be secured from bad debts, ladies prevented from getting into trouble, and husbands would not find every now and then that they had bills to discharge which they never dreamt of; so that all parties would "go on" much better than they do now; when the linendraper goes on to bankruptcy, and the customer, or the customer's husband, to Portugal Street or the workhouse.

WOULD YOU?—A Reverend naturalist named WOOD has written a very pretty book, called *My Feathered Friends*. It has had such success in America, that an Abolitionist Missionary has pirated the title, and issued *My Tarred and Feathered Friends*.

PLEASANT FOR "CHARLES DEAR."

Married Sister. "OH, CHARLES DEAR! NURSE IS NOT VERY WELL, AND AS I MUST STAY WITH BABY, WOULD YOU TAKE FREDDY AND THE TWO LITTLE ONES FOR A WALK, ONLY CARRY THEM OVER THE CROSSINGS, THAT'S A DEAR!"

THE CADGER'S MONEY MARKET.

THE tightness in the City has rather seriously affected the mendicant interests.

Children in arms excited little attention; notwithstanding that they were hardly pinched, and made a proportionate noise.

There has been an almost entire absence of quotations among the preaching and psalm-singing speculators in white aprons.

Little or no business has been transacted on flagstones, in Ecce Homos and Mackerels, and the state of the weather having rendered it almost impossible for operators with coloured chalks to draw upon the pavement, altogether precludes the possibility of quoting figures.

Sham Abrahams met with small encouragement; and Epileptics were neglected.

Dropped Lucifers were at a discount; but cripples were brisk, owing to an advance of Peelers.

Poor Blinds were apparently looking up; but the movement was deceptive. Lascars commanded little interest, owing to the Indian Mutiny. Irish were heavy, and Chinese Impostors flat.

A few old gentlemen were done at some of the crossings at from ½*d.* to 1*d.*

GREAT RELIEF OF SUFFERING.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THREE WEEKS OF INDESCRIBABLE AGONY, heartbreaking, distress, feelings of sinking, alarm, and terror, oppression and tightness of the chest, shaking and convulsions, horrible nightmare, frightful visions, gloomy forebodings, increasing incapacity for any kind of business, and a threatening break-up of the whole system.—MARIA JOLLY MOTHERBANK, Threadneedle Street, London, has been completely cured of the above symptoms by the delicious PAPYRUS ANGLICANA Food, administered by PALMERSTON AND CO. This invaluable article of diet acts so beneficially on the constitution as to arrest the most dangerous disorder, to restore its pristine soundness, and renew a healthy circulation, recourse being required to NO BILLS, or ANY OTHER MEDICINE. The Use of Gold in a great measure superseded by this remedy, which acts as a universal solvent. Prepared and issued at the Bank of England, by authority of PALMERSTON AND CO., Downing Street, and to be obtained at all respectable Establishments in Town and Country.

CLERICAL FIDDLERS.

OUR attention has been called to the following advertisement in the *Guardian* of the 11th ultimo, by a friend of ours, who is himself a Curate out of place, a violinist and violoncellist.

WANTED A CURATE, near Town, unmarried, of good address, who takes an interest in schools, and can accompany with the violin or violoncello the pianoforte. Stipend, £100. Duty not heavy. Address, REV. M. A., &c.

The following reply was posted on the 22nd ultimo:—

"REVEREND SIR,

"PERMIT me to reply to your advertisement, and to enumerate my qualifications *seriatim*, according to its requirements.

"I am 'unmarried;' but allow me to add—what I judge from the tenor of your *annonce* will be no disqualification—I am by no means indisposed to change my condition.

"'Of good address.' My native modesty forbids me to dwell on this requirement; but the silver teapot now before me, presented by the fair district visitors of my last cure, inspires me with the hope that I am not altogether devoid of those softer adjuncts of humanity, which appertain to the youthful adherents of our school; since I venture to presume you are, like myself, strictly Tractarian.

"'Takes an interest in schools.' Where the schools are visited by ladies, which I cannot doubt is the case in the present instance, I beg to say my interest in those establishments is intense.

"'And can accompany,' &c. As a pupil of VENTRE-CHAT *fils*, I need perhaps scarcely say the quivering string obeys my plectrum. I am a devotee at the shrine of CREMONA; and beg to add that I should consider no amount of 'duty' of this description as 'heavy.'

"Thus, Reverend Sir, I think I may be permitted to say I can fulfil all the requirements detailed by you as necessary to entitle me to a place in your *pulpit and parish*, and am, &c.,

"REVEREND FIDICEN."

"P.S. Please send photograph of the fair accompanyist."

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

Old Lady of Threadneedle Street. "THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE, BUT YOU'RE THE ONLY MAN AS DID ME ANY GOOD."

PHOTOGRAPHIC TRUTH.

SKETCHED FROM A CASE OF SPECIMENS.

TO MY MURRAY.

AUTUMN, 1857.

THE wind and tide have brought us fast,
The Custom House is well nigh past,
Alas! that this should be the last;
My Murray.

The spirits in my flask grew low,
Mine sinking too, I rushed below,
And in despair cried, "Steward, ho!"
My Murray.

But once on shore, my troubles end,
Sights, sounds, no longer me offend,
I clap thee on the back, my friend!
My Murray.

My classics, once a shining store,
For thee put by this month or more,
Now rust disused and shine no more,
My Murray.

So well thou 'st played the hand-book's part,
For inns a hint, for routes a chart,
That every line I've got by heart,
My Murray.

And though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
My purse now seconds not my will,
My Murray.

Thy shabby sides once crimson bright
Are quite as lovely in my sight,
As mountains bathed in roseate light,
My Murray.

For should I view them without thee,
What sights worth seeing could I see,
The Rhine would run in vain for me,
My Murray.

Companion of my glad ascent,
Mont Blanc I did with thy consent,
And saw wide-spread the Continent,
My Murray.

Once I could scarce walk up the Strand,
What Jungfrau now could us withstand,
When we are walking hand in hand,
My Murray.

But ah! too well some folk I know,
Who friends on dusty shelves do throw,—
With us it never shall be so.
My Murray.

A LADY AND A JUDGE.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I am a Wife, and not in the least likely to be divorced, having a separate settled income of my own, which I allow my husband (who is a tolerably good boy as times go) to spend for me. Therefore I am not personally interested in the subject on which I address you.

"But, my dear soul, what on earth do they mean by appointing MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL to be the head of the new Divorce Court? I think that in all my life I never heard anything so preposterously ridiculous.

"Do you know, but of course you do, that MR. JUSTICE CRESSWELL has had the bad taste to remain single all his life. That he is, in fact, a bachelor. And this is the gentleman whom you lords of creation purpose to appoint as the judge of matrimonial differences. I would not at first believe that such a proposition could be seriously made, but my husband took me into the Vice-Chancellor's Court the other day, and there I saw MR. CRESSWELL as calmly as possible hearing a question in marriage law, to break himself in, I suppose, for his new duties. Oh, it's all settled of course, and a protest comes too late.

"Now, in the name of gracious, what can a bachelor know about matrimonial quarrels. Perhaps, being a bachelor, he dislikes women, or has remained unmarried because married men who ought to have known better or have had more pride, have described their condition as uncomfortable. Pretty kind of justice we are likely to get from such a Judge as that. I should not be at all surprised if he gave a brute of a man a divorce from his wife for the most trumpery causes. Suppose she should not air his newspaper, or should mislay his slippers (though the ungrateful fellow never remembers that she worked out her poor eyes making them), or should give him weaker coffee than my lord likes, or should have a headache and not come down to pour out his breakfast (though some brutes like their rubbishy newspaper and sulky breakfast alone), or should forget to tell him of a bill to be paid until the man's in the hall, or should go out and forget to leave the keys and the pig can't get at his whiskey-bottle, or should ask him for a new dress when he has been losing his money at Doncaster, or should like to have her relations in the house (and what is more natural?), or should in fact commit any of the little offences about which you all make such a fuss.

"Well, a married judge would know that they are the common lot of married people, that accidents will happen, that we must take the sours with the sweets, and that a woman who has condescended to marry a man and look after his interests, is not to be nagged and irritated and found fault with for every slight offence against his majesty. But a bachelor, especially if he has been talked at by married men (who will scoff at matrimony like anything, and yet would as soon part with their heads as their wives), I say what does he know about forbearing and putting up with things? Perhaps he has lived in chambers, with a sycophant valet and a terrified laundress, and has been accustomed to find every pin that he has laid down left in the same place. He expects that a wife is to let things alone, and be afraid to disarrange his tables and books, I dare say indeed, and I should like to know how they are to be kept from the dust, and besides, who has a better right.—[*Our fair Correspondent here departs so utterly from her argument, and wanders into such a general survey of relative duties, that we have reluctantly cut away four pages of very instructive matter.*]

"Then, my dear creature, having shown you that a bachelor judge is unfit for such business, there is another thing. MR. CRESSWELL is specially unfit to decide on our cases, from his own particular habits. DAVID (my husband) asks a good many lawyers to our house—at least they call themselves so, though I never see their names in the papers—and they tell us a good deal about the judges, and what goes on. They all speak very highly of MR. CRESSWELL, and say that he and another judge (is his name EARL?) are the only two who treat what they call juniors with kindness and courtesy. That may be all very proper. But it seems that MR. CRESSWELL likes making short work, and hates long talk and palaver, and so do I, and gracious knows that I never use more words than are necessary to make a person understand a thing, but some people are stupid and then you must say a thing over and over again or it is not impressed upon their minds; and the proof that it is so is their giving way, which husbands won't see, but, while they hold out, they accuse their wives of going on talking in a circle; but as I was saying, he cuts things short. The other day (it has never been published, but it's quite correct) there was a slanderous case, a man had been assailing a woman's character, unjustly, and it had been argued all day, and at last it came to him to—what do they call it—do his Sum up. All the counsel were prepared with their note-taking, and the reporters all attentive, and everybody silent, and what then? The Judge waited to see that all the court was watching, then looked at the jury, and said:—

"Defendant 's a foul-mouthed fellow—what damages?"

"Now, *Mr. Punch*, I say that a Judge who ties up a whole case as

I may say in such a parcel as that, is unfit to sit in judgment on a woman. He would have no sympathy for her eloquence, and would very likely call it nagging, and give the brute who complained a Divorce at once.

"So I hope you will ask them to give MR. CRESSWELL some other honour, which, apart from the defects I have mentioned, I believe he well deserves, and oblige

"Your faithful admirer, JANE ISABELLA SMITH."

SPITE.

Miss Slimly. *"Do you know, Dear, I was asked the other day if you were my Mamma!"*

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF CHELSEA.

THANKS to the *Univers*. That enlightened, well-informed, and unprejudiced print has unmasked a nefarious design of LORD PALMERSTON upon which *Mr. Punch* in his turn hastens to call down the indignation of the country. Early last week the *Univers* announced—

"England is arming everywhere. SHE IS ABOUT TO SPEND HALF A MILLION IN THE FORTIFICATION OF—CHELSEA."

It is too true. The moment we read it we despatched a note by an express boy to LORD PALMERSTON, demanding an explanation. The miserable boy, wishing to ride home, got into a General Omnibus, and arrived late at night, and nearly starved. But we had not waited during that incredible period. We had dashed down to Chelsea to examine whether lines were being traced, guns mounted, or ditches cut. And we had scarcely got to Cadogan Pier when the whole terrible scheme of fortifications became visible. A fearful job is in contemplation. As calmly as we can, we will tell the nation (still mindful of the Martello Towers) what profligate expenditure of its money is about to be made.

The river Thames is to be diverted from its course at Battersea Park Bridge, and is to be carried round the new park, and out at the Old Swan pier. A strong fort is to be raised on the ground that will thus be vacated, and is to be armed with the long Egyptian gun and the great mortar at present in ST. JAMES'S Park. Cremorne Gardens are to be cut up for barracks, MR. SIMPSON receiving a pension of £1000 for three lives, namely his own, the hermit's, and the head-waiter's, and his rifles and targets are taken at a valuation. The fort is to be manned by the Chelsea Collegians. The Grand Junction Water-works have signed a contract to lay the whole district from Sloane Street to the World's End under water at five-and-twenty minutes' notice. All the barges in front of Cheyne Walk have been bought, and are being fitted up as gun-boats, and swivel-guns command the passage and public houses as you go towards Queen's Road. The upper part of the goody-goody shop near this point is to be rebuilt as a residence for the Governor, but until any invasion occurs the juvenile population will be permitted to purchase bullseyes and Albert-toffy as at present. The church tower is being made an observatory, whence to watch an invading enemy, but the Latin inscription on the monument outside is to be kept up, because nobody ever yet got through it. We regret to add, that one whom we believed a patriot, the VISCOUNT OF LAMBETH, is moving heaven and earth and LORD PANMURE to get himself made Governor of the Fort.

Such is the atrocity which the faithful *Univers* has unveiled, and though LORD PALMERSTON'S gold, lavished upon one of the Editors, bribed him to endeavour a few days later to suppress the information, by alleging that when the *Univers* said CHELSEA, it meant PORTSEA, the contemptible stratagem has had no avail. Paris believing, and justly, that Chelsea is to be made a Vincennes, and *Punch* calls upon Parliament to prevent so abominable a scheme.

BULL-DOGS AND RETRIEVERS.

THE fame of England is redeemed
By Indian triumphs won,
The vapours are dispersed, which seemed
Awhile to cloud her sun.
The laurels, that were somewhat nipped
Amid Crimean frost,
Of a few leaves if they were stripped,
Bear loads for handfuls lost.

And yet on Russian ground was shown
What British warriors can,
By hosts in Alma's fight o'erthrown,
Repulsed at Inkermann.
Right well our soldiers did behave,
And, let the truth be said,
Their chiefs approved themselves as brave
As those they should have led.

With valour burning in their veins,
And flaming in each breast,
Undauntedly they risked the brains
Of which they were possessed;
And if those brains had been knocked out
By bullet, shell, or ball,
Save to the owner, it is thought
The loss would have been small.

Yet let us not forget what foe
They had to cope with then;
The rascal, NANA SAHIB'S no
Such man as TODTLEBEN.
Perchance they were not over-wise;
Yet this there is to say,
That second fiddle to Allies
Our leaders had to play.

All whereon Candour can insist
Although we may admit,
Still, that which noble lords have missed,
Have common generals hit;
Reward must correspond to deed,
At any rate this once.
The scholar, by a higher meed,
Distinguish from the dunce.

HOOKIE' MAC WALKER'S CONSCIENCE.

OF all cases of "Conscience Money" ever recorded in the *Times* within our memory, the following is the most wonderful:—

"The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the remaining halves of Bank-notes amounting to £30, on account of unpaid Income Tax from 'Highlander.'"

Fancy ROB ROY, if that worthy were still in existence, sending the Government a lot of money on account of unpaid Income-tax due upon black mail! It is not, perhaps, quite impossible to conceive ROB to have been capable of such a freak of romantic and inconsistent conscientiousness, but that DONALD of the present day could dream of paying any tax of any kind unnecessarily, is altogether incredible. Nobody in the world would be less likely to do such a thing than a Highlander, except a Lowlander.

Besides, there are hardly any Highlanders now, except deer; the dukes having driven almost all the men out of the glens. HER MAJESTY'S once celebrated stag, "Highlander," if he has not been eaten by men or dogs, may have retired on a pension—but Income-tax would have been stopped out of that, as it is stopped out of the scanty dividends of poor young ladies, who are put to the greatest trouble if they attempt to get the undue deduction refunded. The announcement—with all respect for its Right Hon. Author—we conceive to be a facetious fiction, intended to joke Income-tax defaulters into paying up their arrears, by representing that act of reparation as having been performed even by a Scotchman.

THAT HORRID MASTER BOB.

Doggy Young Gent. "*Ill is he? Hah! Sickening for the distemper, no doubt!*"

INFIRMARY FOR AFFECTIONS OF THE HEART.

WE have received the Annual Report of this excellent institution. Though numerous cases have been brought in, there are no complaints of packing; and the proverbial virtue of patients is again strikingly exemplified. The epidemic which broke out last autumn in an establishment for young ladies at Merton is attributed to a French Count who had apartments opposite. It spread with great virulence; but, the noxious agent having been arrested (for debt), the malady was arrested also. Up to Michaelmas Day there were admitted into the infirmary—

Broken hearts 488

Of these, 305 (or five-eighths) were simple fractures, and 61 (or one-eighth) were compound ditto.. The rest were cases of mere temporary derangement, and readily yielded to the appropriate remedies of pungent badinage, or mild rebuke.

We subjoin a few extracts:—

GEORGIANA ST. G., age nineteen. Cautiousness—small. This was a casualty case, commonly called "love at first sight." The patient was riding on horseback in Hyde Park with her papa, COLONEL ST. G., when she was struck by the appearance of a remarkably fair and handsome man, with an auburn moustache. The shock, as may be supposed, was very severe. For some days she had repeated attacks of despondency, attended with irregular respiration and considerable mental disturbance. In this state she was brought to the infirmary, and placed under the care of DR. QUIZ. As it threatened to be an obstinate case, DR. QUIZ at once determined to perform an operation. Having by secret inquiry discovered that the auburn moustache was the symbolic adornment and advertising medium of a fashionable perruquier in —— arcade, DR. QUIZ assumed a white apron and pair of scissors, and approaching his patient with great deference, politely solicited her hand and—a lock of her hair. For some minutes the patient struggled against her sense of the ridiculous. These convulsions were succeeded by a gentle fit—of laughter, and, having expressed her admiration of the doctor's skilful mode of treatment, the patient was discharged—cured.

LYDIA S., age seventeen. Confidence—wonderful. The affection under which this patient suffered was clearly attributable to a pernicious drug administered by an unscrupulous practitioner, the HON. MELTON MOWBRAY, whose flattery given at a race-ball, in allopathic doses, produced its usual debilitating effects. In this state she was brought to the infirmary, and placed under the care of DR. DAMPER. Several other patients having manifested similar symptoms, DR. DAMPER discovered that they also had received prescriptions in the form of billets-doux from the empiric MOWBRAY, the contents of which, upon analysis, DR. DAMPER found to be highly deleterious. The exhibition of these dangerous compounds by DR. DAMPER produced in his patient great nervous excitement. The heart, however, was not seriously implicated, and, having shed one or two small tears, the patient felt herself much relieved, and was given over to her friends, with directions in case of a relapse to administer another reading of the MOWBRAY notes.

ELIZABETH B., age twenty-nine. Dominant feeling—love of the beautiful. This patient being at Paris with her uncle was induced to visit FRANCONI'S Equestrian Establishment, where she became enamoured of an artiste who danced on the tight-rope while playing the violin with inimitable grace. The combined attractions operated magnetically. ELIZABETH looked upon the circus as an elysium. In it she found, what she had long sighed for—a sympathetic cord, and while her heart-strings (to use her own language) were twined around the pole, her reason (to use her uncle's) staggered, unable to maintain its balance. In this state on her return to England she was brought to the infirmary, and placed under the care of DR. SOOTHE HALL, by whom anodynes were administered in copious doses. The inflammatory symptoms still continuing, DR. SOOTHE HALL, with ELIZABETH'S consent, wrote to the artiste proposing marriage. The answer was as follows:—

"MONSIEUR,—Si la jeune femme a du talent, et qu'elle veuille consentir à apprendre à marcher sur des échasses, je l'épouserai, bienque vous dissiez qu'elle n'a point de fortune; mais mon salaire étant assez faible, j'ai besoin d'une épouse qui puisse faire quelque chose dans ma partie pour contribuer à son entretien et à celui de sa famille. Agréez, monsieur, l'assurance de ma considération distinguée.—APOLLO VOLANTE."

(*Translation.*)

"SIR,—If the young woman has talent, and would consent to learn to walk on stilts, I am willing to accept her hand, although you say she has no fortune; but, as my salary is small, I require a wife who can do something in my line towards the support of herself and family. Accept, sir, the assurances of my distinguished consideration.—APOLLO VOLANTE."

This fine tonic, though it created a feeling of nausea, produced its anticipated effect. The patient was restored to consciousness, and has had no return of her weakness. She is now married to a brewer.

ETHEL J., age twenty-one. Beau-ideality—large. This patient—a delicate girl, with large, languishing eyes—was suffering from a heated and artificial atmosphere, engendered by indiscriminate reading of foreign romances. She was brought to the infirmary in a very melancholy state, and placed under the care of DR. DAMPER. Cold applications were made to her understanding; but without producing any sensible effect. She would take no nourishment but a novel. Suspecting that the imagination was morbidly affected by devotion to her favourite author, C—— DE E——, a consultation took place between DR. DAMPER and his colleagues, SOOTHE HALL and QUIZ, when it was thought advisable to dispel the illusion by the exhibition of caustic. DR. DAMPER accordingly wrote to his agent at Brussels for the required escharotic, which was promptly sent, and consisted of the following composition:—"C—— DE E—— is an elderly gentleman, irritable, and addicted to snuff. I found him in his chamber, wearing a faded morning gown, and engaged in boiling his own chocolate." Violent hysterical weeping followed the application of the caustic; but the crisis was past, and the patient, though still suffering slightly from hallucinations, may now be pronounced convalescent.

ANGELA W., age thirty-seven. Predilections—ministerial. This patient, having sat for some time under a young transcendental divine, was admitted into the infirmary with an attachment growing out of her admiration. DR. DAMPER operated. He placed before her a certified statement, by which it appeared that, up to the 1st of April inclusive, the divine had been presented with Berlin slippers, 260 pairs; embroidered braces, 115 pairs; bead-purses, book-markers, dedicatory verses, &c., &c., number unknown. DR. DAMPER then put it to his patient whether, in defiance of such fearful competition, she would longer cherish her hopeless passion. This powerful irritant was repeated at intervals, but without producing any reply. ANGELINA W. still remains in the infirmary, perfect recovery at her advanced age being considered extremely questionable.

ALDERMAN G., age fifty-seven. Constitution—soft. Another casualty case. This gentleman was brought in suffering severely from a wound inflicted upon him by the eyes of a brilliant young widow. For some months his slumbers had been brief and unrefreshing; his appetite, naturally robust, had completely broken down; real turtle was now a mockery to him, and cold punch had lost its fascinations. The case requiring active treatment, the patient was ordered to read *Bardell* v. *Pickwick* (DICKENS'S Reports), also *Re Weller, sen.* (idem.).

After consulting these authorities attentively, the patient expressed himself satisfied, and walked out of the infirmary without assistance. That evening he dined at the Albion alone, having previously ordered covers for three.

The report concludes with a neatly-turned compliment to the ladies of the visiting committee, under whose direction eighty-four threats of action for breach of promise have been attended with encouraging results.

Our Friend, MACLUCKIESPECH, mistrusting those confounded Banks, resolves to carry his Capital in his Trousers' pockets—'Tis so comforting to have a feeling of Security.

A HAPPY END FOR HOGS.

"MR. PUNCH, HONER'D ZUR,

"I ZEE as how, by one o' they Northern peecapers, they've a got a new way up there o' killun pigs. I thought we know'd all as could be know'd about that zubject down Zouth here: but howsomedever I baint so much consarn'd wi pigs as to be pig-headed; and abuv larnun from them as got zummut to tache, whoever they be. The *Carlisle Examiner* 'tis as gies the 'count on't. It sez as how, 'tother day, there wus a pashunt in the Kendal osspuddle, as had to undergoo zum kind o' cuttun or dissecksbun for zummut or other, and was accardunly put under clorifarm fur to have ut done. As luck 'ood have ut, 'twus likewise pig-killun day at the osspuddle. The doctor he heerd the pig squake, as o' course you knows pigs be apt to when they be offended, and cries out afore they be hurt even, aa, as zoon, zumtimes, as ever they zees the pig-butcher. What does the doctor do but perposes to stupidfy the pig wi clorifarm, like the Christian, zo as a shouldn't zuffer nothun whiles they wus a killun of un. Zo sed, zo done. They got a spunge, zoaked ut in the clorifarm stuff, clapped ut on to the hog's nose, and zent un off in a crack, as quiet as ever you zee are a babby rocked azleep. In that are state of nonsensiblenuss they stuck un: and a died, as I may zay, without knowun of 't—gied up the ghwoast without a kick or a grunt.

"Well, now, Zur, the proof o' the puddun's in the atun, as the sayun is, and that are's true o' black pudduns as well as plum, and of becaacon likewise. There's no knowun, afore you tries, whether your clorifarm meddn't spile your poork or your becaacon, or your black pudduns; otherways 'twoud be a gurt help and savun in makun of the latter. But if zo be as how clorifarm doan't hurt the poork, sartun 'tis ut pervents the poork-butcher vrom hurtun the pig. It zaves the poor cretur vrom beun punished onnecessary, and a feller oodn't be more crooler to a dum animle, and, sarve un wuss nor a could help; 'ticklerly a pig as he'd vatted his zelf and took a pride in un. 'Sides witch, pig-killun ain't a musickle opperaishun to naaiburs, them as bain't used to't, and not very meloadjus to sitch as be. The ladies, I heers, complaains on't and sez it disturbs um in bed of a marnun, and spiles their breckvust. Zo, therefour, I thinks I shall try killun my pigs under clorifarm; only I be afeard 'tis rayther dear stuff. In that case I opes to be sported if I claps on a little extry on the price o' my pigsmate; and if you looks out I dare zay you'll zoon zee zum in the shop-winders, wi tickuts on't marked, "Humanaty Becaacon—Kill'd Under Clorifarm—Tenpence Farden a Pound."

"I be, *Mr. Punch*, your Respectful umble Sarvunt,

"*Milbrook, Dec.* 1, 1857. "CLEMENT FATSTOCK."

PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

THERE is an imitation of *Punch* regularly published at Turin.

There is to be a *Punch*, also, in St. Petersburgh.

The latter, at all events, will be a novelty, though we can hardly understand "Wit dancing a hornpipe in fetters." Our vanity will not allow us to believe that *Punch* will be any the better for being "bound in Russia," and for having clasps put by the Censorship to each volume! However, the two facts above are highly promising. As the world grows more civilised, we shall next hear of *Punch* appearing, as a second Pasquin at Rome, or at Naples, perhaps; and who knows but we may yet see a *Punch* in Paris, appearing every week with large caricatures right under the nose of LOUIS NAPOLEON? It is the one remaining beauty that Paris wants, to be perfect.

Lord P.'s Last.

LORD PALMERSTON said rather a neat thing to *Mr. Punch* at the Reform Club, last Tuesday, about a quarter before three P.M. *Mr. Punch* was urging him to give something better than a baronetcy to SIR HENRY HAVELOCK. "He ought to have all possible honours," said *Mr. Punch*, "here, the man has won nine battles." "That's just it," said PALMERSTON, "at Nine, honours don't count." "Let's liquor," said *Mr. Punch*.

"IS OLD DOUBLE DEAD?"

INDIA'S and England's Governments must mingle:
We'll win the Indian Rubber by a Single.

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex.

PUNCH'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

MR. BENJAMIN DISRAELI AND VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

Lord P. MR. DISRAELI! A most welcome visitor. Pray sit here, near the fire.

Mr. D. I thank your lordship. Oriental blood is warm enough anywhere. First, apologising for this intrusion upon a political adversary, and a much occupied statesman——

Lord P. Who in either capacity is always happy and honoured in a conference with the most remarkable of modern Chancellors of Exchequer.

Mr. D. (*bows, coldly.*) I postpone accepting your lordship's compliment until destiny shall have permitted me really to develope the financial ideas of which my LORD DERBY'S tenure of office allowed me but to ventilate a sample. I have called to talk to you about India.

Lord P. As I have said, I am always honoured and happy to see you; but if there were one subject more than another on which I had rather not be talked to, it would be that infernal Peninsula.

Mr. D. Be not afraid. I am not about to condemn or to instruct. I am not even about to compliment you on the neat trick by which you demolished the Indian reformers, and by causing it to be proclaimed that the Company was to go down, when nothing was further from your intentions, you prevented their meetings and combinations.

Lord P. A trifle. It might have been done better, but it succeeded.

Mr. D. I am not about to submit to you my views in regard to the future administration of India. Those you will hear in the proper place.

Lord P. And, I am sure, with pleasure.

Mr. D. I have no such surety; but we are both too old to care about pleasure.

Lord P. Puer Hebræus! I was taking my M.A. degree about the time when you were baptised—or whatever it was that made you the excellent Christian you are.

Mr. D. And your lordship is a judge of orthodoxy. My mission to-day is to make a few inquiries, to which, in all probability you will feel it desirable to make evasive replies.

Lord P. Not improbable.

Mr. D. I am quite aware that I have no right to make them.

Lord P. I trust that you will not adopt the novel course of letting that fact stand in your way.

Mr. D. Distinguo, as the Jesuits say. In the House I claim a right to be as impertinent as I please. Here, we meet as gentlemen and men of the world. I shall scarcely be offended if you tell me nothing, and of what you do tell me I shall make what use may suit me.

Lord P. De deux maux il faut choisir le moindre, and I am less alarmed at your oratory than your epigrams.

Mr. D. Do you know why my LORD CANNING gagged the Indian Press?

Lord P. He never did any such thing.

Mr. D. Right. It was the English Press in India.

Lord P. Do you want a House of Commons answer? If so, the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, Sir, in the exercise of his discretion, of which no public servant ever had more, or employed it more judiciously, deemed it expedient to repress, by special means adapted to the circumstances, —eh? Oh, you *don't* want a House of Commons answer? Well, the civilians hated the journalists, and eagerly pounced on an opportunity of serving them out; so CANNING was badgered into the work under pretence that the papers did mischief.

Mr D. Just so. But why did he not interfere with the native press. Was it not matter of notoriety that the little beastly Indian papers, besides containing all sorts of indecency, were constantly publishing barefaced sedition?

Lord P. The missionaries brought the fact under LORD CANNING'S notice, but you could not expect him to attend to missionaries.

Mr. D. But people about him could read. Did not the *Doorbin* publish in Calcutta a proclamation, under LORD CANNING'S very nose, calling on the natives to rise.

Lord. P. And it was prosecuted.

Mr. D. After an indignant demand that could not be resisted, and what then? The CHIEF JUSTICE, the old new son-in-law of the philosepoy, MR. GRANT, took a verdict of guilty against the conductors and fined them—*one rupee*. Does your Lordship know how much a rupee is?

Lord P. Two bob.

Mr. D. I congratulate you on your general information. This was the only native paper that LORD CANNING touched, though the others were carrying all over the country seditious news and encouragement to the mutineers.

Lord P. Lor!

Mr. D. Not that he was ignorant of the state of the case, for in June he called the native papers "poisoned weapons," and then had the effrontery to say that he saw "no solid standing-ground" upon which a line could be drawn, separating the white editors from the black ones.

Lord P. By Jove!

Mr. D. But now notice, while the poisoned weapons were let alone, how savagely the English papers were treated. Do you know why the *Friend of India*, always the thick and thin upholder of the Company, was "warned?"

Lord P. Tell us.

Mr. D. Because, in the owner's absence it was confided to an editor who had occasionally touched up the civilians. So *he* was touched up for a perfectly harmless article on the "Centenary of Plassy," and the paper was threatened with suspension for another harmless article, but forgiven on condition of the dismissal of the new editor.

Lord P. Sharp practice.

Mr. D. Nothing. The *Bangalore Herald* was actually put down for reprinting the "Centenary of Plassy" before its editor knew of the warning to the *Friend*. The *Madras Athenæum* was only warned for the same crime.

Lord P. Smart practice.

Mr. D. Well, the *Akyab Advertiser* was suppressed without any reason at all being assigned, the Commissioner simply refusing the license.

Lord P. Saves trouble, that sort of thing.

Mr. D. Very true. And then there was a general crusade. The *Madras Examiner* was warned for saying that the Madras Government had recommended the removal of a Government agent at Chepauk, for oppression. The *Dacca News* was warned for a legal article on the Tenure of Land by Europeans. All the Arracan circulars were suppressed, though they have no more politics than prices current. And the *Hurkaru* was suppressed for some sarcasms, but the fiercest sarcasm came from the Government against itself; for, my Lord being afraid that such an act would rouse the London press, the veto was taken off the day before the mail left for England.

Lord P. I call that neat, but not gaudy, as the First Whig said when he painted his tail sky-blue.

Mr. D. The *Poonah Observer* and the *Calcutta Englishman* were warned for reprinting an article from the London *Press*.

Lord P. In praise of yourself?

Mr. D. No. That paper may have its own reasons for estimating highly the merits of the humble individual before you, and in some eyes this may weaken its influence, but its Indian articles are admirable.

Lord P. Well, my dear MR. DISRAELI, you were going to make some inquiries. At present you have done nothing but give me information.

Mr. D. I want to know how LORD CANNING'S three friends in the Cabinet mean to defend him. He has but three—you, who always defend your subordinates; GRANVILLE, who has his own reasons for admiring CANNING; and ARGYLL, who is a very nice little duke, but knows nothing of the subject?

Lord P. Quis vituperavit?

Mr. D. I intend to do it, and in earnest. And I mean also to ask why, when the Calcutta people volunteered to arm, by which means the Calcutta soldiers could have been released, and sent up to save Cawnpore and Lucknow, they were all snubbed and rejected, though now that they have insisted on arming, LADY CANNING is sent down to present colours, and is received in sullen silence.

Lord P. Ah! don't work that subject too much.

Mr. D. No, but I'll work it enough. And incidentally, to show the sweet affection felt for the natives, I shall ask why, when some Mahometans went into one of the Homes of Refuge set up by the Calcutta people for the poor refugees, and when these Mahometans insulted the women, Government neither hanged nor flogged the scoundrels, but, so far as is known, let them go unpunished?

Lord P. I fear you are revengeful.

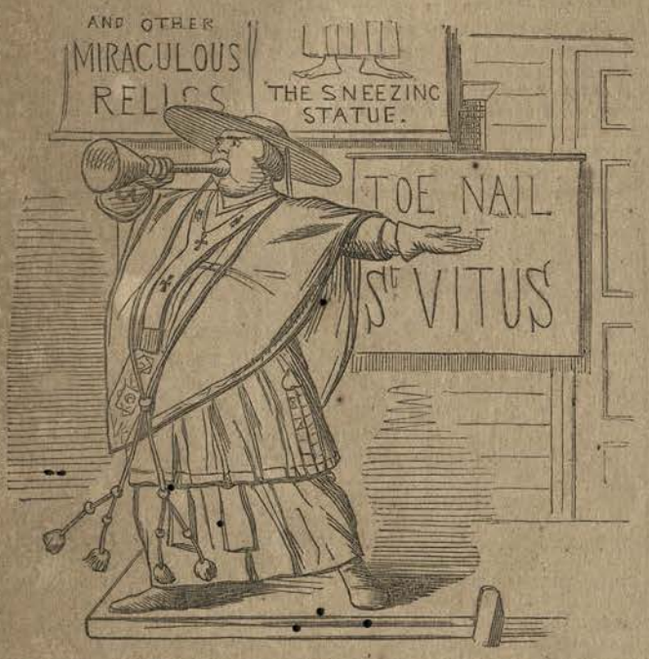
Mr. D. I flatter myself that I am. Well, look out. CANNING is a weak creature, alternately obstinate and helpless, and I know that he was bullied into crushing the Press by HALLIDAY, the Lieutenant

Governor, but his lordship needed not insult it also. LOUIS NAPOLEON don't do that. As I have said, look out; for though you have secured and silenced a good many Englishmen who know the truth, and could make you feel, you have neither secured nor silenced ME. [*Exit.*

Lord P. Confound him! He said he came to inquire, and he has inquired nothing. If he has got up the whole case as well as this specimen, it may be awkward. Deuced rum thing of him to come here making that shillabaloo! By Jove! By Jove, I shouldn't wonder if—

[*Considers for eleven minutes whether he will offer* MR. DISRAELI VERNON SMITH'S *place, and finally decides that he will not.*

MIRACLE-MONGERY.



WRITING from Vienna the Own Correspondent of the *Times* informs us that—

"ANTHONY ERNEST, the Lord Bishop of Brünn, has just edified the faithful in this empire by announcing that 'the oil of ST. WALBURGA' possesses miraculous powers. The Right Rev. Shepherd does not inform his flock what kind of fluid the oil in question is, but he certifies that a girl in an institution kept by 'the Daughters of Christian Charity' did on a certain day kiss a bottle containing the aforesaid oil, and was immediately cured of an inflammation of the eyes, which was so violent that she was almost blind. The Bishop was so much struck by this, that he ordered the Daughters of Christian Charity for ever to keep holy the 7th of November, that being the day on which 'the miracle' was performed. It is said that some heretical writer in Germany has dared to call the Daughters of Christian Charity in Brünn impostors, and the VERY REV. ANTHONY ERNEST a credulous old gentleman."

Although we certainly admit that we put no faith in the miraculous oil of ST. WALBURGA, and that as for its ophthalmic properties, we regard them in effect as being all our eye, still we cannot quite agree with the unnamed German heretic in viewing the Lord Bishop as a simply "credulous old gentleman." We believe, indeed, to use a somewhat free expression, that his lordship is in fact a rather deep old file. With our knowledge of the ways in which the Romans "do" at Rome, and why their pictures wink at Rimini, and how their miracle-machinery is generally worked, we are pretty well convinced, that if the Christian Daughters of Brünn Charity have been guilty of imposture, the very good and saint-like ANTHONY has helped to do the trick. We may depend that his certificate of their eye-healing oil was the result not of credulity, but of preconcerted dodgery. Money being tight, the Sisters were perhaps in struggles with their banker: and hit upon the oil as a means to bring "the faithful" to their Christian Institution, where, of course, all comers have to pay their footing. Having worked their miracle, the next thing they required was to advertise the fact—and no doubt by offering the good Bishop a percentage of their profits, they succeeded in engaging him to make the matter public. We regard his "announcement" therefore as a puff, and in no way as a symptom of delusion or credulity. It being to his interest to bring the eye-specific into popular demand, he makes it his business to exhort his blind believers, in the blindness of their faith, to go and try the article. His certificate, in fact, is just to parallel to those which are furnished by LORD HOLLOWAY and other vouchers of quack nostrums; and we should recommend, that when the oil of ST. WALBURGA is advertised in Austria, the announcement should be decorated with a portrait of the Bishop, represented in the act of kissing a quart bottle, and exclaiming in German the equivalent for, "Ha! ha! Cured in an Instant!"

We suppose if BISHOP ANTHONY'S certificate is ascertained to draw, the example will be followed elsewhere on the Continent, and all the getters-up of miracles, and dealers in infallible specifics for the faithful, will retain a special Bishop as their advertising agent, and set down his "announcements" among their trade expenses. The dodge of the Brünn Daughters in getting their oil certified by a father of the Church will be copied to a certainty by all traders in such nostrums; and doubtless the chief miracle-mongery establishments will offer premiums for the best episcopal advertisement; and in the rivalry of trade, perhaps will find it pay to keep a Bishop on their premises, to certify to customers the genuineness of their wares. Pushing men of business in the quack miracle and medicine line will get episcopal assistance in penning their trade circulars; and with all the unctuousness of language which a Bishop can command, will announce their latest novelties and invite inspection of their stock. The patentees of any Sainted Hair Oil or Holy all-my-Eye Snuff will pay a prelate to attest that he has had his "Baldness Removed" by thirteen bottles of the one, and his eyesight restored by nineteen pinches of the other: and, as usual, his certificate will end with the logical requirement, that the patentees will kindly forward him another large supply of their infallible specifics.

With but very little stretch of our caoutchoutical imagination, we can fancy, if the dodge of these Brünn Sisters is found to be successful, that dealers in old relics will copy their address, and make use of the same means to advertise their treasures. We can readily imagine that the spirited proprietors of old-church curiosity shops would not shrink from posting placards outside their establishments, headed by a picture of their certifying Bishop, with an adjuration in their language to, "Look here! This is the right Shop!!" The fortunate possessors of the toe-nails of ST. VITUS might give episcopal warranty that those articles were genuine, and any wholesale dealer in the corns of good ST. LUMPA might similarly certify the truth of their extraction. Following the lead of the Sisterhood of Brünn, the bottler of ST. BLUBBA'S tears might get a prelate's voucher that his goods were unadulterated, and sound in preservation: and a Bishop might be paid for announcing to the faithful, that the holders had some remnants of the wardrobe of ST. FILTHUS, and that there were still to be obtained a few remaining hairs of the left whisker of ST. HIRSUTE.

The keepers of church peep-shows might resort to the same means of making known their treasures. In their charges to their flocks, Bishops might continually make announcement of the fact, that the exhibition of the Bleeding Statue was still open to believers: and that crowds were still attracted daily to the interesting show of ST. DOMINGO'S hair-shirt. Due notice might in this way be episcopally given of the days on which a picture would next condescend to wink, and of the small charge which had been fixed for the admission; and in short whatever exhibitions were opened to the faithful, recourse might be had to episcopal persuasion, as an inducement to church sight-seers to come and be let in there. We confess we might ourselves be tempted to a peep-show where a Bishop was on hire to officiate as touter, and stood on the outside bawling through a speaking-trumpet words which in his language were equivalent to "Walk hup! Honly thr-r-r-r-r-uppence heach!!"

We have no wish to waste space in the conjecture of remote and improbable fortuities; but if ever England should become a Roman Catholic dominion, and the oil of ST. WALBURGA be in demand among our doctors as a remedy for blindness (events of about equal likelihood to happen), we may expect that the Brünn Sisters will, in their Christian charity, appoint some agent to supply it. Purchasers, of course, would have to bear the cost attending exportation: but in spite of this enhancement of the price of the specific, a sufficently brisk sale might no doubt be commanded, if the Sisters' course of puffing were judiciously pursued. Just to start with, they perhaps would content themselves with advertising "FIFTY MILLION CURES:" every one of which, of course, might be personally certified by the right reverend prelate whom they paid to do so. Should CARDINAL WISEMAN be living at the time, his Eminence perhaps might find it worth his while to undertake the office, for which, indeed, his knowledge of the English language (as proved in his late letters to the *Times*) most admirably fits him.

Not being of "the faithful," we own that we have small belief ourselves in the oil of ST. WALBURGA: and regard the miracles it works as merely optical delusions, which only eyes that are blind with superstition cannot see through. In fact we should not mind confessing, were we privately examined, that if any day be ever set apart in England for the use of this specific, we think it should be, not the Seventh of November, but the First of April.

THE VALUE OF HEALTH.—A good constitution is like a money-box—the full value of it is never properly known until it is broken.

A GENTLEMAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

O the Hedditur of Punch—horfice aty five fleat Street.

"ONERD SUR,

"HIVE got a Bone to pick with this ere MOUNSEER JULYUN which i finds youve bin and guv of him a vipe the other day, So peraps youl b so good As fur to let me give Anuther. you See Sur this ere MOUNSEER J. E ave bin a givin of a *Bal* leastways so e calls it, fokes as isnt Furriners ginrelly says Bawl—and as me and BIL SCOGGINS wich you know is fiting name's the *Smilin Spider* wos told as all the Fashnabbles wood probbable be thare in korse we thought as ow the party wooden be Komplete without Hus. So you must no Sir ve cuts avay herly from a spin as ve vos avin vith the Gloves at JEMMY NIGHTSHADES and ailing of a Ansum ve purseeded horf ful split to ER MADJSTY'S Theaytre weer the bawl was bein eld. But ven as ve Got there wot d'ye think Sur a8 them coves as take the tikkets ad the Cheek to do, Y they sed as how they coont hadmit of us at no price—cos we wornt in proper Toggery! which I on em pints out to our hatention this year speshle notice as were Stuck hup at the pay ole and ad bin put E sed in all the Tizements of the bawl wich ide notished it myself in the kollums of the *Hera*—

"*No one will be admitted except in evening dress or fancy costume. This regulation will be strictly adhered to.*"

"A course tworn no use harguifying of it vith them fellers, wich there wos krushers andy or BIL SCOGGINS e'd So got is Monkey hup that e'd ave tried if fizzicle force of hargymint wouldn ave purswaded of em as hour Togs wos hall serene. my Mawleys was a hitching halso fur to ave a crack at sum of them chaps nuts and if them krushers adut ad their Ise on us i dont say as i mitent jist ave guv a few on em a tap upon the Konk. fur i jest puts it to you mister hedditur wornt BIL and Me in wot you may call right down regler Fancy corstume? Vy ve wos heach on us togged out in reggilar Fancy style wiz: vite Top Coats vith muther o purl buttings bottle green Cutaways vith hornamental glass dittos red welwet wests hand Spicy tight cord kicksys blue birdseye fogle and vite castors vith black crape on em. If that aint Fancy dress peraps MOUNSEER JULYUN ull tell a cove wot is. And prehaps eel forrud BIL and me the 2 arfguineas as we'd paid a week beforeand fur our tikkets, vith a trifle fur to compensate fur the Hinjry to our Krakters in bein stopped as ve wos in the P's of all the public.

"Awatun your reply leastways MOUNSEER JULYUNS i remane mister hedditur your most obeejunt Suvvnt to comand

"SAM BLOBBINS

"wich my fiting Halias is the *Slogging Stunner* & imo allus to be eared on at the Kow & Kowcumber Flash street A market."

GOOD-NATURED THOUGHTS.

BY A STUPID HARMLESS FELLOW.

It is not generous to blame Youth for the follies of young men.

Good wives, like filberts, will remain good for a long time. It all depends upon the care you take of them, and how you husband them.

Supposing Experience does not give us new habits, it teaches us at all events to hide the holes in those we have.

Solid worth is often found in a rough outside. Sovereigns roll repeatedly out of an old stocking.

When a friend is sinking, Hope is like the Anchor that the Deal pilots take out to a ship in distress, and we should all volunteer in carrying it to him.

It is unkind to boast of the English Constitution in the presence of Foreigners. Invalids never exactly like to hear a strong man bragging about his health.

The loss of a joyful illusion is always a painful thing. It is like a child looking at *Clown* after he has washed his face.

A surly reception from a debtor raises a pleasing hope of payment!

If we only said one half of the witty things that, on reflection, we feel we might, and ought to, have said, what clever fellows we should be!

We have often seen a cow part with her milk in the most patient matter, and then turn round, and upset the pail. It reminds us always of a generous action gracelessly done!

THE "F(R)ONS ET ORIGO" OF A STEREOSCOPE PORTRAIT.—Two Heads are better than one.

HORRORS OF ENTOMOLOGY.

WHEN SHAKSPEARE tells you, by the mouth of *Hamlet*, that there are more things in Heaven and Earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, he tells you a little more than what people generally consider. In Earth, he says, as well as in Heaven, there are more things than any of which your philosophy dreams. How accurate was the insight from which he spoke, is proved by steam, gas, railways, the electrotype, the electric telegraph, the photograph, and other wonders which have turned up since his day. The case of *Granville* v. *Pugh* is also a case in point. DR. GRANVILLE leaves his house free from bugs; MR. PUGH immediately enters it, and finds it swarming with them. Whence came the insects? A marvel closely similar has occurred simultaneously. Prodigies like misfortunes, never come single. Among the news of the week we read that:—

"At one of the recent meetings of the Entomological Society, MR. WESTWOOD exhibited a new species of Flea, of a monstrous size, which had just previously been found in a bed at Gateshead. This imperial bloodsucker is twenty times larger than the common flea."

The theory of the Transmigration of Souls might account for the development of this imperial flea: but this is a heresy. But to what degree may not this kind of development proceed, for aught we know? To what dimensions may not a flea-bite attain? What is to prevent the development of a flea as big as a common flea looks when magnified by the oxy-hydrogen microscope? Are we secure against the occurrence of fleas each large enough to eat up a whole man, and requiring the prowess of a ST. GEORGE or a MORE of More Hall to destroy it, or the aid of a 48-pounder to crack it effectually?

FLOWERS FROM *LE FOLLET*.

AMONG other particulars of "Fashions for December" our papilionaceous contemporary informs the ladies that—

"Square low bodies for dinner-dresses are more in request than the low body of the ball-dress."

Square low bodies. My Gracious! Oh! Fancy a low square body in any dress. How *very* plain! And a low body in a ball-dress would be a perfect fright—wouldn't it?

The softer sex is also presented with the following information:—

"It is said that some of our *élégantes* intend to introduce the fashion of wearing natural flowers in the hair this winter. We hope it will not prove mere rumour, as no work of art can compare with that of nature. Such a *coiffure* must, of course, be very *recherché*, but it will necessarily be very expensive."

Oh, My! Natural flowers in the hair in December!—won't they be nice? In the summer one wouldn't care about them—but at Christmas they will be—oh!—so *very, very* pretty. Very likely they will be a little dear, but law, what signifies?—and so much the better for the frozen-out gardeners and people out of employ.

N.B. The above comments are all fancy. *Mr. Punch* merely imagines that he hears them. It may be very true that he is a goose.

THE QUESTION BEFORE THE HOUSE.—[illegible] as the Monetary Debates may be deemed, they relate to a subject of immense Interest.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

THE TENT.

Podgers Quintus. "*Oh! here's a box o' Lucifers, let's make a fire inside.*"

Podgers Secundus. "*Oh, come up-stairs, Katey, and play 'Soldiers in the Crimea' with us, and* (sotto voce) *we've got such a stunnin' Tent.*"

Eldest Miss P. "*There, you may go and play with your brothers now, Katey, and don't get into Mischief.*"

THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN'S CLUB.

CERTAIN Blue-stockings met together to establish a club. Everything was ready—pounds of tea had been ordered in. FANNY FERN was to have taken the chair on the opening-night; when lo and behold! the Committee quarrelled, and the club, in one dark moment, was broken "to little bits." It seems they could not agree as to "WHETHER GENTLEMEN SHOULD BE ADMITTED INTO THE SMOKING-ROOM?" The Blue-Stockings have been at scissors drawn ever since.

SERENADE FOR THE SESSION.

HERE'S Parliament met in December!
What a nuisance to many a member!
Sad abbreviation
Of their short vacation!
For that began hard on September.

The QUEEN must have had a strong reason
For thus, at this present odd season,
The Houses convoking,
In haste hot and smoking,
But the matter is less than high treason.

For a breach of our mere Constitution,
In order to stop prosecution,
The breakers, confession
Have made of transgression,
And wish to receive absolution.

No doubt 'twill be readily granted;
They having no error recanted:
They will freely be shriven,
And fully forgiven,
When all the great spouters have ranted.

Necessity governed their action,
They had to remove a contraction,
Which commerce entangled.
And soon would have strangled;
They won't have to make satisfaction.

Constraint made them break the Bank Charter,
Which nearly had brought us to barter;
It must have been broken,
When all shall have spoken,
Will be owned in almost every quarter.

But oh! what a deal of debating,
Of mouthing, and preaching, and prating,
Of frothy oration,
And vague declamation,
The matter in hand are awaiting!

LORD DERBY will flow like an ocean,
On amendment as well as on motion,
DISRAELI speak columns,
And GLADSTONE talk volumes,
Devoid of a sensible notion.

For nights will the farce be repeated,
The question confusedly treated,
With cheers and with laughter,
The orators after,
Each joke and each common-place greeted.

And many a diligent crammer,
Statistics and figures will hammer;
And some, approbation,
Will earn by quotation,
From Eton's profound Latin Grammar.

So let us sing, "*Ut sunt Divorum,*
Mars, Bacchus, Apollo; virorum"—
And "*Effodiuntur*"
Those "*opes*" which (*sunt*) are
Our "*irritamenta malorum.*"

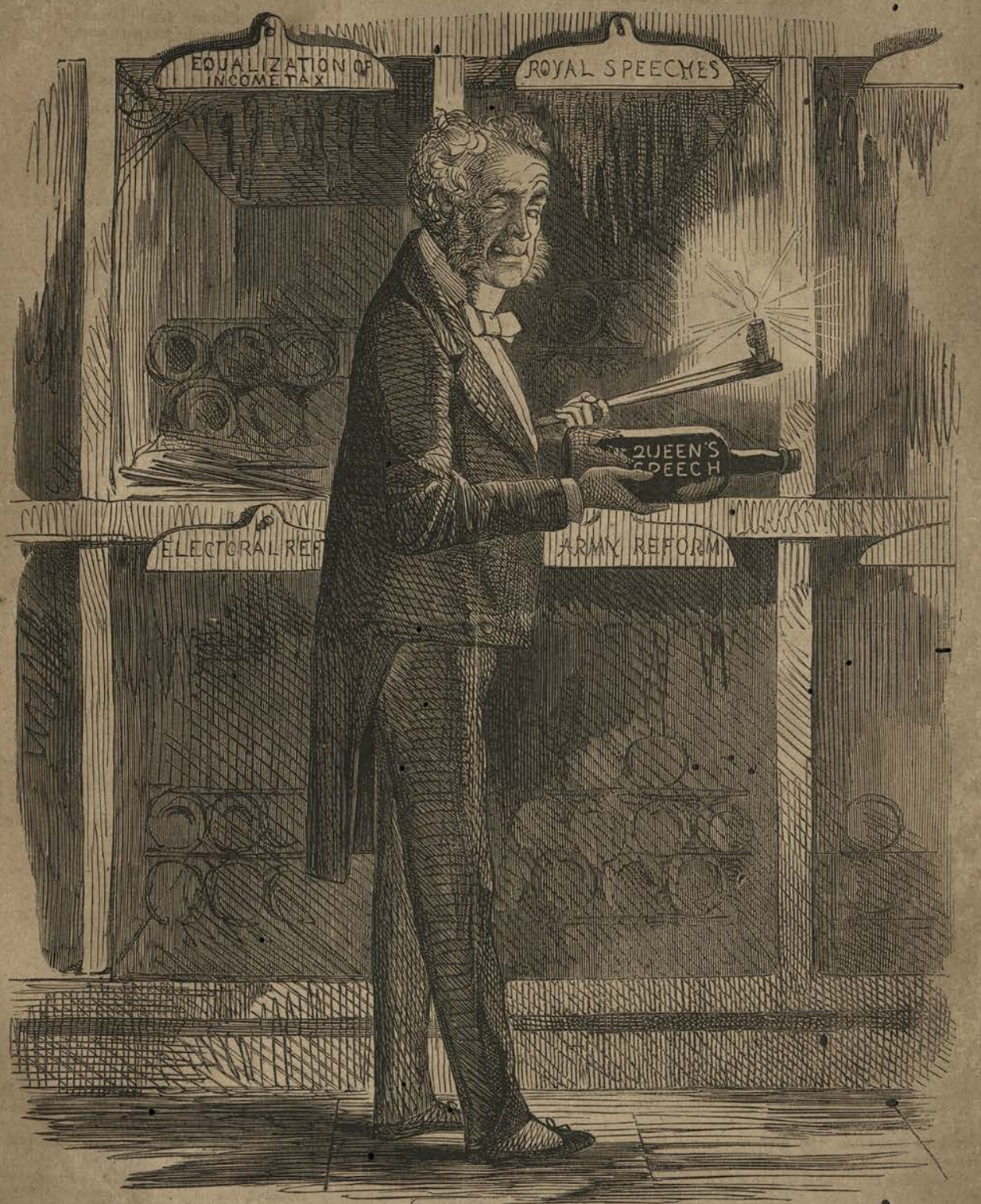
VERY SORRY TO HEAR IT.

IN the last theatrical news from New York we read an announcement evidently intended to be complimentary, but which does not speak well for the kind of entertainments patronised by the Americans.

"At 444 Broadway are NAGLE'S Juvenile Comedians. Here 28 children play light pieces *in a manner to put their elders to the blush.*"

We are extremely sorry, and think that the sooner the 444 is shut up and the 28 well whipped, the better.

INFALLIBLE SIGN OF THE NEAR APPROACH OF CHRISTMAS.—The annual prize has been awarded to PRINCE ALBERT'S Pig.



THE STATE BUTLER

Gets up Another Bottle of Fine Old Smoke.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

THURSDAY, *3rd December*, 1857. UNCLE SAM called the Britishers' Congress together. Yes, siree! We will explain presently.

To-day HER MAJESTY "opened Parliament," as the newspapers say, talking of Parliament as if it were an oyster, to be opened for its pearls of wisdom. The Royal Speech was singularly ungrammatical, which was of course not the fault of the QUEEN, who is bound by the Constitution to accept LORD PALMERSTON'S false concords and LORD PANMURE'S rum relatives (DOWB included), nor was the objectionable English to be charged to the Minister's Secretary, who drew up the Speech, which was spoiled by the interlineations of such Members of the Cabinet as the PREMIER would allow to see the document. For instance, the first paragraph halts thus:—

"Circumstances have recently arisen connected with the commercial interests of the country, which have induced me to call Parliament together before the usual time."

The QUEEN, when left to herself, always knows and expresses her own mind, and would not have left it in doubt whether it were the "circumstances" or the "interests" which induced her to summon Parliament. The Secretary had written:—

"I have been induced by circumstances, &c."

But LORD CRANWORTH made such a fuss about beginning with what he called a good long word, that he was allowed to make the above mull, thereby disloyally assimilating the QUEEN'S style to his own. However, the matter is not of much consequence.

The Speech referred to the following subjects:—

Suspension of the Bank Act.
Manufacturers' distress.
India, and our Heroes.
Indian affairs generally.
Peace in Europe.
Evacuation of Herat.
Estimates.
Parliamentary Reform.
Property and Criminal Law Reform.
Wisdom of HER MAJESTY'S audience.

The ceremony was made interesting by the introduction of a little sentiment into it. The Royal young lovers, PRINCE FREDERICK and our PRINCESS were present (by the way, *Mr. Punch* begs to thank FREDERICK for his handsome gift of £100 to the Indian fund) and the people along the line of procession and elsewhere were quite enthusiastic at the sight of the illustrious couple. In other respects, everything was much as usual.

The debates on the Address occupied the Lords until 11, and the Commons until 7·45. LORD PORTMAN and LORD CAREW were the echoes in the Upper House, and LORD DERBY, of course, cavilled at nearly every point in the Address, and gave it his cordial vote. The orator was really eloquent on the deeds of our soldiers in India, and amusingly sarcastic on the general misdoings of Ministers. He gave a good poke at LORD PALMERSTON for his declaration, at the Mayor's dinner, that we were ready to fight anybody in Europe; the fact being that, according to LORD PALMERSTON himself, there was nobody in Europe who had the least idea of fighting us. [By the way, it was unlucky that a police case, in which "JOHN PALMERSTON," charged with firing a pistol in the middle of the night, near the Monument, urged that it was quite an aimless demonstration, had not occurred, to help LORD DERBY to a capital hit.] THE EARL wanted to know what had become of China, and whether, as threatened last year, we had broken her up as MR. QUILP, shipbreaker, broke his ships, namely, so very small that nothing could be seen of her? He walked into the unfortunate CANNING and the Indian Government, and was not much more civil to the Government at home. He was for a discriminating but tremendous vengeance on the Indian miscreants, for whom killing was too good, and a long life of humiliations and labour in chains would be a fitter punishment. Finally, he laughed at LORD PALMERSTON, the Great Reformer, who was now roaring for reform "like a sucking-dove," and the Earl affected to want to see the Reform Bill as soon as possible. To him GRANVILLE, who had not much to say, except that the Bank Act was not to be altered, but that an Indemnity was to be taken, and the subject referred to a Committee. This intimation incensed LORD GREY, who thought that an Act which had to be suspended whenever its stringency was inconvenient was a nullity. LORD MERCATOR (OVERSTONE) was for letting everybody go to ruin or not, just as might happen, provided his system were adhered to. Heaps of people might smash, but the storm would clear the air. LORD EGLINTOUN took a less philosophical and more merciful view. LORD MONTEAGLE then rose, and of course we went away.

Be it recorded that LORD MACAULAY took the oaths and his seat. LORD PUNCH had thoughts of introducing his friend, but LORD CAMPBELL, who fancies himself a kind of historian (MISS STRICKLAND concurring), was desirous to do so, and LORD PUNCH goodnaturedly gave way. The other godfather was LORD BELPER (*né* STRUTT), who was good enough to remain awake long enough to see LORD MACAULAY through the oaths, for what will not friendship do?

In the Commons, MR. WYKEHAM MARTIN (in clothes he looked uncommon smart in) moved the Address, but MR. AKROYD, of Huddersfield, was rather an Irish kind of second, and took a shot at his principal. Of manufacturers' distress, MR. AKROYD by no means spoke in the easy hopeful way befitting an echo, but as one who had seen and sympathised. MR. DISRAELI then helped the House, very agreeably, through a considerable portion of the evening, and fired off some neat epigrams and nicknames. His success was in part attributable to his having had all the preceding evening to study the Speech, and get up *impromptus* against it. For he and LORD DERBY gave no dinners, but while the Ministers (like the English at Hastings), passed the eve of battle in songs and feasting, the Opposition (like the Normans), spent it in religious exercises. Copies of the Speech were duly and courteously sent by Ministers, as usual, to the hostile leaders, but there were no Tory dinner-parties to discuss the manifesto. So a better harangue was got out of DIZZY than if he had been asked by WALPOLE, HENLEY, and such like "to stick *that*, (meaning the other's last dinner-table stupidity) into his speech." MR. D. begged hard to have the Reform Bill at once, but SAM laughed, and told him that he would, P. hoped, spend his Christmas more pleasantly than in culinary experiments upon the Ministerial goose.

Friday. LORD SHAFTESBURY proposing a plan for preventing parochial parsons from prohibiting promiscuous preaching in their parishes [the writer is open to an engagement for composing any Christmas play-bill] was furiously assailed by SAMUEL of the Stalwart Legs, who actually charged him with "indecency." LORD GRANVILLE thought such language rather objectionable. LORD ELLENBOROUGH gave notice of an elephantine charge upon the Government in the matter of India, and if disagreeable things *can* be said on the subject, *Mr. Punch* has every confidence in ELLENBOROUGH'S saying them.

MR. MONCKTON MILNES demanded to know what was to be done with those *Cives Romani*, the English engineers in the foul keeping of KING BOMBA. LORD PALMERSTON did not seem to think that they had much to complain of now (a significant word) and said that we could not prevent their being tried by Neapolitan law. We only hope that he has given orders to our nearest Admiral that they shall not be found guilty.

We incline to think that a certain Cat then looked, if she did not leap, out of a certain Bag.

MR. PACKE, Conservative member for S. Leicestershire, said on the report of the Address, that the Speech from the Throne *promised no Reform Bill*. The words were—

"Your attention will be called to the laws which regulate the representation of the people in Parliament, with a view to consider what amendments may be safely and beneficially made therein."

This vague intimation MR. PACKE contrasted with the language of the Speech, when Bills ready for production were spoken of. "Measures will be submitted for your consideration." He expounded that the Ministerial statement meant anything or nothing—perhaps a Committee to consider whether any and what reforms were wanted. If there were a Bill, it ought to be produced at once; and if it were not produced at once, but late, the Conservatives were not to be blamed should they refuse to consider it, except with due leisure.

Here every one of *Mr. Punch's* masculine readers will be kind enough to raise his forefinger, lay it to the side of his nose, wink, and then resume his usual gentlemanly behaviour. There are exigencies when the rules of politeness may be suspended, like those of the Bank.

SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS, Chancellor of the Exchequer, then spoke for about two hours. In two minutes, anybody, with *Mr. Punch's* aid, shall be master of the harangue. PEEL'S Act of 1844 was not intended as a panacea, but only to stop paper and panics. This last crisis had nothing to do with the Bank of England, but was the result of American Derangement, which had operated to make necessary a Suspension of the Act, and a meeting of Parliament to indemnify the suspenders. The smashed banks had gone, not on account of their notes, but of other liabilities, out of their legitimate line. LORD PALMERSTON having given leave, the Bank clerks were set to carry Two Millions out of the cellar into the parlour of the Bank, and the money was put into the big wine-cooler, to be ready, but the public had called for nothing like the amount. SIR C. asked for an Indemnity, and a Select Committee to inquire into the whole question. MR. GLADSTONE saw no sense in an inquiry which would come to

nothing, and he would prefer legislation. He said that the currency question had driven more people mad than love. [Want of currency has, *Mr. Punch* believes, especially as a man must be mad who makes love without it]. MR. SPOONER attributed the crisis to the Bank Act itself, and not at all to Popery. MR. GLYN did not, and being a banker, thought the Bank itself should have the relaxing power. MR. HENLEY charged the Act with having created a false system, founded on re-discounts, and inflated credit. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was so pleased with everything and everybody [being all cock-a-whoop at having the Jews handed over to him this year] that MR. DISRAELI had to rebuke him for "vague declamation," which greatly shocked BENJAMIN. He came out with one of his Bangs. This crisis arose, not from the mismanagement of the currency of England, but that of the capital of Europe. As Europe contains several capitals, it would have been better had he been more precise. But he soon stooped, and objected to the Ministers retaining so mighty a power as that of suspending the Act, because they might use it to oblige a rich supporter. This brought up SIR G. LEWIS again, and he explained that his Government had never promised support to some firm he mentioned—(OVERALLS AND JOURNEY or some such name—we never heard of them) whatever brag their manager might have uttered. He then said, that to pass this Indemnity Bill was the chief object of the early Session, and MR. DISRAELI courteously promised all the opposition in his power. So began the Little Session of 1857.

"Please, Sir, it's Mr. Stork, as 'as called with 'is Little Bill!"

HIGH JINKS FOR THE HUMBLE CLASSES.

IT will be cheering to our humbler readers, who peruse us at the parochial institution, or the unpretending public-house, to read the following quotation from the organ of the superior classes:—

"But one or two annual festivals are not enough for the hard-worked peasantry. Every Christmas and Twelfth-Night—every Easter and Whitsuntide, every Mid-summer and Michaelmas—should be marked by meetings of rich and poor together."

This looks very much as if there was a good time coming for ploughmen and carters. Their contemplated meetings will probably begin at Christmas. The landed nobility and gentry of most, if not all counties, and the dignified clergy, will, on the Christmas-Day and Twelfth-Day now approaching, invite their poorer neighbours, the hard-worked peasantry, to meet their richer neighbours, the farmers, millers, and maltsters, and the large grocers, tailors, and other respectable tradesmen and manufacturers in the adjacent towns. On that great festival these several classes will feast together, in various halls, on the usual old English fare. On Twelfth-Day, divers County Balls will be given at which all ranks will be invited to attend, at the expense of the higher. The solicitors and surgeons, among the rest of the lower orders, will then have an opportunity of dancing with the daughters of persons who are infinitely exalted above them by having a great deal to live upon, and nothing to do, and by being the children of those who have lived in doing nothing for some generations. Curates as well as other poor people, will be invited to these entertainments; and if they do not dance at the Twelfth-Night County Balls, they can look on: and they may play at snap-dragon, and think of spiritualizing that amusement. To carry out these arrangements nothing more will be necessary than, in the rooms where they are to be given, to lay down cocoa-nut matting, so that the nails in the shoes of a large proportion of the guests may not tear up the carpets or scratch the floors.

SECURITY WANTED.

A City Poem.

O FREEDOM, for which I have sighed
So long, from the trammels of care!
Intestate a miser has died,
And I am his fortunate heir.
At last, independence is mine,
From fear I enjoy a release
Of ruin by others' design,
Misconduct, mistake, or caprice.

My eyes I can lift from the board
Before me abundantly spread,
No longer beholding the sword
Of DAMOCLES over my head.
My cheek on my pillow can lay
And around me my warm blanket draw,
Nor think when the workhouse, one day,
May grudge me a litter of straw.

My dwelling to furnish I dare,
With pictures my walls to adorn,
Nor ask myself how I shall fare,
Of all these possessions when shorn.
My home gay and cheerful appears,
With objects which gladden my sight,
No longer an irony leers
In all things that round me look bright.

Ay, now I can travel at ease,
At home if unwilling to stay,
Am able to go where I please,
Not being perplexed how to pay;
Have something to give or to lend,
Without a discouraging sense,
That I may from helping my friend,
My own parish put to expense.

And then I can hunt, fish, and shoot,
In peace, when for sport I'm inclined,
Or give to the higher pursuit
Of knowledge, my undisturbed mind;
Can strive to become good and wise,
And kinsfolk and neighbours to bless,
Not having, before my own eyes,
The spectre of want and distress.

That is, I could do all these things,
Misgiving remote from my breast,
My money—since riches have wings—
If I could but safely invest.
The title of land may be bad,
And tenants may fail of their rents.
Should taxes the people drive mad,
Then, what will ensure Three-per-Cents?

When boards of directors abound
With rogues, what concern can I trust?
I cannot tell rotten from sound,
I know not the thieves from the just;
Alas! I remain insecure,
A beggar's may still be my lot;
Confound it! I cannot make sure
Of keeping the money I've got.

THE PURCHASE SYSTEM.—After all, the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF is only a superior *Commission* Agent.

PROCTORS' PANTOMIME.

THE Christmas-tide is coming; and, as the *Observer* would redundantly express it, "'the note of preparation' is now sounding in our theatres, and their echoes are awakened by the 'busy hum' of labour that preludes the production of those pantomimic novelties, with which the 'festive season' is inaugurated annually within the walls of nearly every English Temple of THESPIS."

Now, we think a proctor on the stage in the part of *Clown* or *Pantaloon* would be as great a novelty as any audience on Boxing-night might reasonably expect: and that this appearance has been actually contemplated, a late passage in the *Daily News* induces us to guess. Under the fit heading of "A Scene in Court," the Prerogative reporter thus describes the rehearsal:—

"MR. CHARLES DYNELEY, the Senior Deputy-Registrar, had been admonished to be more guarded in his behaviour to MR. GROSSE in special, and to the profession generally. Last Court day MR. DYNELEY delivered in a Memorial to the Judge, in which he made a formidable series of counter-complaints against various members of the proctorial body. No copy had, however, been delivered to MR. CROSSE, who was now a-signed to answer the charge.

"SIR J. DODSON, who presided, said that whatever complaint MR. DYNELEY had to make must be made regularly, and he (SIR J.) would do the best he could to do justice between the parties. MR. DYNELEY'S conduct was really most unseemly.

'MR. DYNELEY. Unseemly! Surely I have a right to protect my character, after my 33 years of service?

"SIR J. DODSON. Undoubtedly. But other persons have also a right to protect their characters."

It would seem that MR. DYNELEY'S notion of Protection is not dissimilar to that which not long since was entertained by our worthy agriculturists. *Ruat cœlum*—so long as Number One is safe. Number One is the only unit in the million to whom it is essential that protection be extended. 999,999 other folks may lose their characters, but MR. DYNELEY'S must, of course, at any cost be guarded.

What follows is however still more farcical and footlightish:—

"The learned Judge ordered MR. DYNELEY to furnish copies of his charges to all the parties concerned.

"MR. DYNELEY. Then I shall have to make nine statements, and how I am to conduct the business of my office in addition, I really do not know. MR. ORME has been laughing at me all the morning, and I beg therefore to read a passage from my memorial respecting him.

"SIR J. DODSON refused to hear: nevertheless MR. DYNELEY persisted in reading the passage. In it he charged MR. ORME with having used the following words to him, in the presence of two clerks; 'I am about to retire from my profession, and my greatest satisfaction in doing so is, that I shall never have any further communication with you, you poor man, you unhappy wretch!' (*Laughter.*) MR. DYNELEY added—Don't think that I am at all a poor man; for I have my choice of receiving £1100 a-year for doing nothing, or of receiving £2000 a-year for the discharge of my office in the New Court. I consider that the whole of this affair is to deprive me of a position to which I have fairly earned a right. I feel myself peculiarly aggrieved by the proceedings of this day, and if I don't think proper to deliver the copies ordered by the Court, I shall take my own course.

"The painful discussion was then brought to a close."

The position to which this Senior Deputy Registrar has, in our opinion, "fairly earned a right," and of which we should regret assisting to deprive him, is a place upon "the boards," we will not say as *Clown*, but as *Comical Old Gentleman*. One hardly knows which quality to admire the most—his pathetic humour, or his persevering boreishness. Perhaps the greatest hit of his morning's performance was the way in which he turned from lamenting his distressed and over-worked condition, to attacking MR. ORME for smiling at his grief. The suddenness of the transition from pathos to malignity is really quite Robsonic; and the petulant refutal of the charge of being poor reminds us much of *Daddy Hardacres'* denial that he's rich. In his excitement MR. DYNELEY overlooked the little fact, that the poverty he had been taxed with was that of intellect, not pocket, and his letting out that he could choose between an income of £1100 a-year for doing literally nothing, and one of £2000 a-year for perhaps not doing much, we can but look at as a letting of the cat out of the blue bag, in which receptacle the animal, for proctorial reputation-sake, had best have been kept hidden.

A morning performance is in general, we think, a rather tame affair—but we regret that we missed witnessing the one we have described, for the "scene" must really have been quite as good as any play which one can now-a-nights see acted. As it is, we must congratulate the body of proctors upon the histrionic talent which their Member has displayed, and we think with very little practice his "position" as a pantomimist might be lastingly secured. By devoting a half-hour or so daily to the study, the learned gentleman would soon acquire a knowledge of traditional stage-business, and climb to an acquaintance with the higher branches of the art. From the laughter-moving way in which he badgered MR. ORME, we have very little doubt that he would speedily succeed in bullying *Pantaloon* in the most risible of fashions; and seeing how he stirred up every one about him, it is clear he has a special aptitude for handling the hot poker.

WORDS TO THE UNWISE; OR, THE DONKEY'S DICTIONARY.

ADVICE. Generally consists, even when the giver is sincere, in recommending somebody else to imitate himself. One man tells another what he would do if he were in that other's place, instead of telling him what would be best for him, differently constituted, to do in his own. Advice is very commonly mere dictation; the expression of a desire to control other people's inclinations and regulate their conduct. In reviewing our past career, we, in almost every instance, repent of having taken the advice we took, and rejoice for not having taken that which we rejected. Medical advice is of dubious value, and advice *gratis* is not worth what it is offered for. Little dependence can be placed on any advice but that of a respectable solicitor.

BANTER. Is the polite and playful expression of contempt. It is the conversation of gentlemen who despise one another. Nobody dares to banter the QUEEN, or a judge on the bench, or anybody that he fears. The objects of banter are usually those on whom it can, or gentlemen think that it can, be practised with impunity. Banter tires a philosopher as reasonable conversation bores a fool. To rid yourself of the plague of banter you must retort it, but in the retaliation of banter care should be taken to return insult for insult in an elegant and pleasant manner.

CHAFF. "Who ate puppy-pie under Marlow Bridge?" is an example of chaff, as oftentimes addressed to Thames bargemen. Chaff, between blackguards is what banter is between gentlemen. It is the reciprocal raillery of cads and rascals. "Where were you last night?" and "Who stole ducks?" may be taken as popular instances of chaff. "How about Botley assizes?" is a piece of chaff commonly addressed by Hampshire clowns in general to the particular clowns of Botley, in that county. The Hampshire assizes are held at Winchester; but tradition relates, that once upon a time, a man was hanged by the inhabitants of Botley, because he could not drink more than a certain quantity of beer. Allusion to this piece of Lynch law is a method of insulting, or chaffing a Botley rustic, which is to this day practised with high success—in violently enraging him. Ostlers, and the generality of the rogues that are concerned about horses, are especially prone to bandy chaff. The triumph of chaff lies in the excitement of wrath; but the sting of chaff and banter, for the most part, consists rather in insolence than in satire.

FAIR AND FOUL ILLUSIONS.

FOR once in the way, we are enabled to praise an advertising doctor, and we seize the opportunity of doing so with delighted avidity. PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL, describing himself as "Physician to their Majesties the EMPEROR and EMPRESS OF RUSSIA," announces that "his new and original Entertainment, performed without the aid of any Apparatus, entitled TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS, will commence at 8, and terminate at 10 o'clock." Here we have a Physician candidly avowing that his professional practice consists in the production of illusions. How much more honest and respectable is such a Physician than an M.D. who professes to cure diseases by means of homœopathic globules! Those illusions are merely harmless, but the illusions of DR. FRIKELL are not only harmless but amusing, and hence probably in some degree medicinal. Entertaining illusions are better cures for low spirits than quack medicines. These pretended specifics are illusions of the nature of the Jack-o'-lantern, and lead those who are deceived by them through long and dreary mazes into final grief. The patent medicine is the lantern; the advertiser of it is the Jack, or knave, that goes about with his imposture under the patronage of the Government, whose stamp is a warrant to the British Public that the rascal's good-for-nothing or pernicious compounds are genuine.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE GENERAL OMNIBUS COMPANY respectfully begs leave to inform the public that it is a malicious libel, published by an enemy, which invites morning passengers by the Company's Omnibuses from Chelsea to London, to take their dinners with them. It may not be unwise in such passengers to provide lunch in their pockets, but the Company pledges itself that any of its Omnibuses leaving Chelsea before ten o'clock, shall reach Temple Bar before dinner time.

Contemplative Dustman (loq.). "*Ha! if them Slops fitted him yesterday, what a Awful Night the Poor Feller must ha' Passed to Pull Him Down so!*"

NO CALLING NAMES.

"MR. PUNCH,

"THERE'S a music-seller in Bond Street as advertises a song of the name of '*Dirti ben mio non vorrei.*' Now I say, sur, this here's a comen of it too strong. In course it's quite clear who they means by *Dirti ben.* The honble Member for Bucks mayn't be over-partikler in his opposition manoovers; but he ain't so bad as that comes to. They all flings a little dirt at each other now and then, and they harn't got no call to make songs about he for doing of it, as thof he was any more dirtier than the rest on 'em. I begs to sign myself, accordin to what I be told to by a scollard,

"Your sarvunt to command,

"GRICOLER."

"P.S. I don't know French nor Jarman; but I can guess. '*Dirti ben non vorrei,*' I fancy, means to tell un *not to worry.* Means that for wit I spose. Yaa!"

A Counterblast for Puffing.

(To be Committed to Memory.)

MY son, each rogue eschew
Of the Advertising pack.
He's generally a Jew,
Invariably a Quack.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.—It must have belonged originally to an omnibus, for it is continually "taking up" and "putting down" people.

ANOTHER COMMERCIAL FAILURE.

FOLLOWING the example of his City acquaintance, our young friend MR. TICKBURY SQUANDER on Saturday last affixed the following notice outside the black door of his chambers in Gray's Inn.

TO MY CREDITORS.

"GENTLEMEN, *December* 5, 1857.

"It is with the utmost regret that I inform you, that I have been reduced to the necessity of suspending cash payments.

"Practically, I trust, this announcement will cause you little inconvenience, as the considerable interval which has elapsed since my last liberation of capital will have enabled your affairs to adjust themselves without reference to any extensive issue either of paper or of gold on my part.

"I have handed over my books to my relatives, MESSRS. MELTER and THREEBALL, at the corner of the first passage to the left, and I have every hope that in due time I shall be able to redeem all my pledges.

"Without entering unnecessarily into detail, I am bound to state, that the conduct which has been pursued by the Bank of England has entirely deprived it of my confidence, and that had sounder and more liberal principles actuated parties in possession of capital, it might not have been necessary for me to address you upon the present occasion. I cannot too strongly condemn the course taken by those who are ready to advance money when it is not urgently needed, and having thus created fictitious wants, decline accepting fictitious securities.

"In the course of a few days a Schedule will be laid before you, comprising the total amount of my liabilities, with a scheme for liquidating them, which will, I trust, not only meet your approbation, but that of a distinguished legal personage who will act as arbitrator between us.

"There is a small balance at present in my possession, which I shall feel it a duty to hand over for the benefit of my creditors. It is one of MESSRS. MORDAN'S, for weighing letters, and though rather rusty, and somewhat diminished in value by the loss of the weights, will show my desire to resume metallic operations.

"To preclude any premature efforts of a recuperative character on your part, I will add that, in justice to yourselves, I have retired into provincial seclusion, to make up our accounts, and to prevent the possibility of my assets being diminished by any measures of an aggressive nature, I have taken with me both my laundress's key and my own.

"That wiser and better times may return, accompanied by myself, is, Gentlemen, the sincerest wish of

"Your obliged and obedient Servant,

"*Gray's Inn.*" "TICKBURY SQUANDER."

POPULATION OF THE ANIMATED KINGDOM.

WE read that "in Austria the Census has begun for animals as well as for human beings!" This is an improvement, we fancy, upon the English plan of merely dotting down the heads or different members of a family. It is true, difficulties might occur, and if there is a WOMBWELL in the Austrian dominions, he will have to send in a tolerably long list. We can imagine the case of an old maid being awfully puzzled with her Census-paper. If one antiquated Fraulein, who lives near the Lust-Garten, in Vienna, sends in all the particulars of her domestic menagerie, it will present some such miscellaneous collection as the following:—"5 canaries, of which 3 are hens and the other 2 draw up their own water by means of little buckets: 1 dormouse that is always asleep; one hedgehog in the kitchen to eat up the filthy blackbeetles; 3 guinea-pigs, that feed out of your hand; 1 Italian greyhound, that is always shivering from the cold, though he has a beautiful *pardessus* on, made of the finest pink merino, and trimmed with blue rosettes and ribbons; 1 Malay parrot, that talks five different languages, and imitates all the cries of the town, besides giving all the words of military command quite as loudly as RADETSKY; 1 cockatoo; 1 spaniel (real Blenheim); 1 French poodle (very clever—beats a drum, rings the bell, rolls a wheelbarrow, and fires off a small cannon); 1 Angola cat; 1 Persian ditto: 12 tortoiseshell ditto; 1 tame squirrel, (follows you all over the house, like a Jesuit); 7 white mice; 28 kittens, of various ages, colours, and sizes, more or less!" The above list would be exclusive of the Cochin-chinas, bantams, and other pets of the poultry-yard.

You may be sure, there is an equal amount of brute wealth in England. If a similar Census-paper for animals were circulated here, we have a strong suspicion that the returns would prove that in tame squirrels, accomplished canaries, polyglot parrots, and encyclopædical dogs and poodles, we were the richest country in the world. Why in cats alone, we should lick the rest of the universe!

NEAT THING BY A DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAN.—A Lady was showing him some terrier puppies, and deploring what they had to undergo. "Their tails are fated," she remarked. "Yes, M'm, as we say in the classics, *Talia fatur*," was his sparkling reply.

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HORRIBLE CONSEQUENCE OF EATING TOO MANY MUSHROOMS FOR SUPPER.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, 7th December. Hereon occurred a good instance of the respect entertained by Ministers for the Houses of Parliament. In the Lords, the EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH brought up the conduct of LORD CANNING towards the English in India, and that unfortunate Lord was severely handled and weakly defended. As CANNING, and by inference, the Government that supported him, were catching it, LORD GRANVILLE dexterously tossed in the telegraphic message which arrived that evening, and the welcome news, that SIR COLIN CAMPBELL had reached Cawnpore, let the Ministers down easy. There was no harm in this device; but now please to notice. In the Commons LORD PALMERSTON was interrogated about the same despatch, and he, not at the moment wanting any sop for Cerberus, declared that he did not think the message had any value, or was more than an echo of what we already knew.

LORD MULGRAVE is made Bailiff of Hempholme, so the virtuous Scarboroughites may choose a new member. They cannot choose a more urbane one than the courtier who has just left them for a better berth.

LORD PALMERSTON brought a message from the QUEEN recommending the Commons to confer a pension of £1000 on SIR HENRY HAVELOCK for saving India. This was not thought enough, as we give VERNON SMITH £4000 for losing India; and later in the week, it was agreed that the pension should be given for two lives, that of the Indian hero and his son. MR. WHITE, member for Plymouth, made some very sensible observations contrasting the small honours given to HAVELOCK with the large ones which had been accorded to the Crimean blunderers, and LORD PAM, who perfectly understood MR. WHITE, pretended to think he meant to disparage the real achievements of the Russian Campaign, and fired away much mock indignation.

But MR. WHITE
Was very right,
And *Punch* declares it hard, again,
That HAVELOCK wears
The badge that flares
On LUCAN and on CARDIGAN.

The Bill approving what LORD PALMERSTON did at the Bank was read a second time, and in the course of the week passed both Houses.

Tuesday. LORD SHAFTESBURY explained his plan for enabling the clergy to preach in Exeter Hall, or where they like, without reference to the clergyman of the parish. To speak theatrically, the Earl thinks that if the regular company cannot "draw," the star system should be introduced. Touching which matter, *Mr. Punch* has one thing to say. It is announced that there are to be night services in the grand old nave of Westminster Abbey. This is well. But the Abbey must be warmed and lighted, and *Mr. Punch* hereby gives notice that he expects the Chapter personally to see the lights and fires out every night, as he is not going to have the Abbey burned down, merely because the Westminster parsons cannot get people into their own churches. Note, that some of the Bishops do not approve of LORD SHAFTESBURY's plan; but all those whom he has made (he is called the Bishop-Maker in the House) are, of course, on his side.

This was the day of the Great Fog, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE could not get to the House in time to speak on the HAVELOCK grant, but came down at last, and appended his approbation, in terms which the Duke possibly did not mean should convey the idea they appear to express; namely, that he undervalues the importance of the Indian Campaign.

In the Commons, Circumlocution came out strong. Calcutta has memorialised Government to take away the ridiculous CANNING. The House wants to see the memorial, but VERNON SMYTHE will not produce it, because it was not forwarded, according to etiquette, through that very Governor-General, and has sent it back to India, to come round the regular way. But surely there must be a copy, which will quite answer the House's purpose.

Wednesday. Nothing particular beyond a rather pedantic protest by MR. GLADSTONE against the House's interfering to increase the reward to HAVELOCK. It would, he thought, lessen the value of such things, if the Crown were dictated to. This is nonsense. If our gracious QUEEN were an autocrat of the days of chivalry, and hung ropes of pearl on a gallant knight's neck while inserting rolls of bank-notes into his gauntlet, interference with a Lady's will and pleasure would be impertinent. But as these Royal Messages are now discussed by some elderly gentlemen in Downing Street, and written out by a clerk, before the QUEEN hears of them, the case is altered, and there is no impropriety whatever, when HER MAJESTY says, "I should like to tip that good boy," for the Parliament to answer, "Do, your MAJESTY, and we 'll imitate your Grace." MR. GLADSTONE has been translating HOMER until he has translated himself back to the times of MEMNON, and his daughter AGGY MEMNON.

Thursday. LORD MELVILLE, a grave authority on such a matter, intimated his belief that the Government were deeply culpable in the matter of the Indian revolt, having received long before its breaking out, warnings which should have induced them to take precautionary measures. LORD GRANVILLE pretended not to know anything about it. LORD PUNCH was not in the House, or would have asked, whether LORD DALHOUSIE did not, a year and a half ago, call the attention of the Indian authorities to the absolute necessity for increasing our military force in something like proportion to our increased territories, and whether he was not pooh-pooh'd.

In the Commons the memorial of the oppressed Belgravians against the Organs was presented by SIR JOHN SHELLEY, and it excited the earnest sympathy and indignation of the House. It is to be hoped that the Nuisance will now be dealt with by making organ-grinding a felony. Meantime, and until legislation takes place, why not teach bull-terriers to fly at the leggings of the savages? A couple of docile dogs would clear a whole neighbourhood. We present the hint to MR. BISHOP, of Bond Street, and also to MR. BILL GEORGE, of Tyburnia.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL then brought up a new subject, of much interest. It seems that there are 40,000 Jews in England, but, owing to certain formalities in the oath of a member of Parliament, not one of these Hebrews is able, if elected, to take his seat in the House of Commons. This really seems very hard, not so much upon them, as upon England generally, who is prevented from choosing any representative she may please, or rather who may please her. LORD JOHN proposes, in next Session, to alter the oath, in the case of the Jew, and to enable him to serve his country.

Friday. There were Currency debates in both Houses. *Mr. Punch* would not outrage his readers' feelings by doing more than record such doings. The details are entirely unsuitable for publication.

In the Lords the EARL OF CLARENDON "believed" but could not say for certain," that the French Government meant to abandon its free negro-labour scheme, which LORD DERBY, (the MR. STANLEY of Negro Emancipation days) denounced as a recurrence to the slave-trade.

In the Commons, Mr. TOM DUNCOMBE announced a plan of his own for letting the Jews in—returning the kindness which, in his time, some of them have probably shown him. He means to proceed by resolution. But there are such things as Law-courts, and between them and the House would come a collision in regard to certain penalties, and though the two great bodies would be unhurt, the unfortunate Hebrew who would be crushed between them would be in no degree comfortable.

The Corporation of London is to be reformed, if that body is good enough to approve the Government Bill. Another attempt is to be made upon the Medical Profession, and a plan will be introduced for making something like a Minister of Justice.

The officer who captured the hoary scoundrel called the KING OF DELHI, was obliged to promise the old ruffian not to put him to death,

or he would not have come out of his hole. A British officer's word must be respected. Imprisonment in an iron cage for the rest of the miscreant's life, as a spectacle and warning to his ex-subjects, might perhaps be as beneficial as the gibbet to which a wretch who ordered the slaughter of Englishwomen and their children, ought to have been consigned.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's motion for referring the Bank Act, and the causes of the recent crisis, to a committee, was resisted by MR. DISRAELI, who thought he knew everything connected with the subject, but the House resolved by 295 to 117 that they would have another Blue Book.

Saturday. An inquiry was arranged in which the nation will take much more interest; namely, whether the Government did not send the soldiers to India by the worst road instead of the best. Many might have been sent across Egypt, and the Cockney horror of VERNON SMYTHE at the idea of "plunging men into Egypt to be demoralized," was perfectly ludicrous. He seemed utterly unaware that there is a railway from the Sea to Cairo, and that the East India cadets do the rest of the journey to Suez, (a pleasant ride, with lots of refreshment places) in omnibuses as good as those of the General Omnibus Company, and a great deal faster. In such an atmosphere as this day's, *Mr. Punch* sighs for the pure skies of Cairo, and his own cloud in the *narghilé*. VERNON SMYTHE's face is blackened before him for talking such ineffable bosh. Ho! there, the shoes of glory for his absurd feet. Give him two dozen, and may it do him good.—*Backalloom.*

OUR CITY ARTICLE.

MONEY is money—the first proposition to be established, to an intelligent comprehension of the present monetary crisis.

This proposition we shall prove, as is often done in equally momentous instances, by taking it for granted, or by asserting it, which comes to the same thing.

Well, it being demonstrated that money is money, we come to the second proposition, which involves an analytical disintegration of the foregoing; and accordingly we resolve it from our immemorial experiences into the instrument of purchase in whatever shape, sign, or substance we may possess it for the time being. This power is of two kinds, namely, material and moral, or as the latter might be expressed, moral *plus* material. With the material we have nothing to do at present, so handing it over to the bullionists, as a settled question, we shall treat entirely of the moral, which is so exceedingly unsettled. A Bank-note is moral money: namely, the promise to pay *plus* the means of paying—moral money of a definite value. A regular attendance at church in a prominent seat with crimson linings, and a large gilt bible and prayer-book, is moral money of indefinite value. A good stock of assurance, or—as it is philosophically expressed—brass, is capital enough to begin the world with, and is one of the most ordinary metallic bases on which men commence the superstructure of the credit system. A superfine coat with a general neatness of attire, is a subsidiary power of purchase; namely, part and parcel of the small change of that golden integer, the *man sterling*. A respectable frequency in subscription lists for benevolent institutions, will stand good for a year's dealings with butchers, bakers, grocers, tailors, haberdashers, shoe-makers, blacksmiths, and the whole circle of local industry. A handle to one's name, a fine house, a handsome equipage, are all so many powers of purchase. A solemn look will always find an old lady to endorse it. A portly figure, grey whiskers, and a port-wine nose, with a slight dash of Burgundy on the cheek, command universal credit. A smooth tongue, a taste for prayer-meetings, the first gloss of a white neckcloth—only the first, the first speck is bankruptcy—commercial enterprise, a character for success, a smooth tongue, worth and counterfeit-worth, are all so many purchase-powers, so much moral money *plus* material—so many constituent parts, so much small change of that golden integer—the man sterling *plus* the £ *s. d.* sterling for which he promises to stand good. Of course this is all so long as the convertibility of the promise to pay is not called in question; with the stoppage of payments, the whole becomes moral *minus* material, or *plus* immaterial, which comes to the same thing, and is to be balanced against bad half-crowns and counterfeit coin generally.

A five-pound note is five moral sovereigns. A counterfeit five-pound note is five immoral sovereigns—scientifically speaking, and taking into consideration the *judex ad quem* and the compound interest which they bear in the Milbank Penitentiary, the Hulks, and the Penal Colonies, which merely form the *coupons* paid by the nation on the more unequivocal investments of rascaldom traced back to the purchase power which originally created them. The operations of the counterfeit branch of this power are somewhat exceptional; and although they create and uphold purchase powers of another stamp, namely, Judges' wigs and Barristers' gowns, all the sharp practice of attorneyism, and the whole arms, legs, and instruments of the law, from the Lord Chief Justice's ermine to the hangman's rope; their effect is, upon the whole, the same contraction of the moral purchase money of the country, as the restrictive action of the Bank Charter Act of 1844 exercises on the Bank-note circulation when the gold gets low.

But what are all the Bank-notes in the world against the solemn faces, fine dresses, and addresses, regular church-goings, with crimson-lined pews, handsome equipages, fine houses, name-handles, benevolent subscriptions, soft voices, grey whiskers, portly presences, port-wine noses, business energies, and all the purchase power of the man sterling, *plus* the means sterling; the moral money *plus* the material money, which is one vast "promise to pay" stamped on the face of the whole body social? So to speak syllogistically, if money be money, and purchase power be money, and everything that conduces to credit, or assists rascality, be purchase power; then everything is money—good, bad, or indifferent—all the constituent small change of the man sterling, *plus* the £ *s. d.* sterling, with their respective counterfeits.

Even let a man's property be entirely personal, that is to say, let his only hereditary estate be "that estate of sin and misery" on which, as we are all heirs to it in common, no one can be expected to advance money: and his personal property, that only real property in the world, —namely, what his hat covers—he has a purchase power proportionate to face, figure and address in the domain of moneyed spinsters and jointured widows so long as he is personally marketable. When sold—that is, when he becomes the property of a wife—he has simply invested his personal capital in the estate of matrimony, with its contingents. He has realised, as we say on 'Change,—no doubt on a due estimate of the capitalisation of dinner-parties, pleasant trips to Richmond, white-bait at Greenwich, *petit-soupers*, balls, and other things of the kind, to which he has been accustomed in his marketable epoch; and draws, if need be, on the credit of the honourable estate and the moral value of the pledges which are its natural produce.

Money, money, money, everything is money. And if everything be money, good money, bad money, or indifferent money, real coin, sweated coin, clipped coin, or counterfeit coin, even down to crapulous head-aches on which the wine merchant, the physician, the apothecary, and the drysalter all draw their respective percentages of profit: why all this patching at our monetary system? If the only question be the convertibility, namely, the moral *plus* the material—why such a legislative fuss about that fragment of the great universal promise to pay—the Bank-note? Why make it dance and beck and bow and come and go and rise and fall as the mere shadow of its golden constituent? Why make a mere monetary coquette of it—

"Nolit ubi velis, ubi nolis capiat ultro—"

(alas, how painfully applicable and inapplicable the two clauses) till it cause its most ardent woers, alike the honest and dishonest, to die off in pecuniary phthisis, monetary consumption, and all kinds of disorders of the chest. As well pass a law regulating coats, hats, carriages, horses, houses, name-handles, benevolent subscriptions, solemn faces, port wine noses, Burgundy cheeks, and all the resources of credit or of rascality, and all forms of the moral money, *plus* or *minus* the material as the case may be. Prohibit people from going to church if their bankers' balances do not justify so respectable a line of conduct; ordain that solemn faces shall become miserable faces the moment the golden reserve shows a tendency to exhaustion; that fat comfortable men shall fast and get low in the flesh when their metallic basis does not justify a creditable display of adipose tissue; that portly presences shall deport themselves no longer uprightly when the golden stay is withdrawn; that port wine noses shall bleach themselves blue with tears; and benevolent men contract their benevolent subscriptions to a certain statutory limit, and walk about with their pockets sewed up, to show that they have no more use for them. All these purchasing powers are so much money, so many promises to pay, so many notes on the great *Crédit Mobilier* of public honesty; and all the thirty-eight millions of bank-paper in the three kingdoms are but a fragment in comparison. The great question, therefore, is less the convertibility of the paper money than the convertibility of the paper men; to distinguish the real from the counterfeit, the honest from the dishonest, the enterprising man from the gambler; to find a better standard than gold for moral money, and a better basis than gold for the convertibility of the man sterling.

METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENT.

HERE is a plan about to be adopted by the Police somewhat similar to the one that has been so long in operation by the Post-Office. The plate, that at certain distances protrudes from the lamp-posts, directing the public where they may find the nearest letter-box, has suggested the brilliant idea that some such indications might be beneficially brought into general use, telling us where we are likely to fall in with the nearest Policeman. This will be a great boon to nervous persons, who may be struggling with a pickpocket for the possession of a pocket-handkerchief, and a considerable relief to elderly ladies, who yield to the importunities of sturdy beggars from force of fear or excess of intimidation. In cases where it is practicable, the name of the street, and the exact number of the very [area where the Policeman is supping, or lunching, will be given at full-length on the direction-plate. The lamp-posts so enriched will be painted blue, out of respect to the Moral and Physical Forces. There will be as many of these blue-posts about London as there are Policemen on duty at one time. The most dangerous localities will have very few, as it is well-known that the Police are not fond of penetrating into such quarters. Accordingly there will never be more than two blue-posts in the Haymarket at night, whereas fifty would scarcely suffice to remove, or abate, the abominable and immoral nuisance.

COAL-DUST AND GUNPOWDER.

SURELY it must be a *canard*. Yet we are gravely told that a French officer has invented a plan for preventing powder-magazines from exploding. He mixes coal-dust with the gunpowder, and then it will not ignite. When you want the powder, all that you have to do is to sift it! Really, if the tale be true, this must be just the sort of powder and of process that would please our authorities. LORD CANNING would have given the inventor a pension. Powder that can't, by any possibility, be ready at need. Circumlocution Powder, warranted not to be heard until it has passed through several departments. The coal, of course, must be from Newcastle, the Duke whereof was so ready in Crimean times. This scheme was proposed to a personage so remarkably tolerant of dawdling as the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. The story wants sifting as much as the dust.

Riddle for the City.

OH! why, my friend, is a Joint Stock
Concern like, yet unlike a clock?
Because it may be wound up; when,
Alas! it doesn't go again.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE MERCENARY.

BEFORE you marry a Lady for her money, consider what an encumbrance you will find your wife, in the event of having lost or spent all she was worth.

PUSEYISM AND PRIVATE FAMILIES.

WE have much pleasure in stating that the REV. J. M. NEALE, the unfortunate clergyman, who was so grievously maltreated by the populace the other day in the churchyard row at Lewes, has denied that he attempted, on that occasion, to read any supplement to the burial service. This is not all. The REV. JOHN SCOBELL, the father of the deceased, in a published account of the affair, substantiates his denial. But then the REV. JOHN SCOBELL ascribes to the REV. MR. NEALE conduct much more likely than the recitation of superfluous prayers to have occasioned the Lewes riot. He states that, after the vault in which the body was deposited had been locked, MR. NEALE, quickly and excitedly laying his hand on his arm, exclaimed, "MR. SCOBELL, I must see you; where can I speak to you? I will enter the vault."

Now, if this was really the language and conduct of MR. NEALE, he behaved more histrionically even than we supposed. In insisting on entering the vault, he acted the part of an ecclesiastical *Romeo*.

MR. SCOBELL adds:—

"Unfortunately, as is stated by reliable witnesses, MR. NEALE condescended to enter into altercation and retort with the people around him—to act and speak with violence of manner and gesture, to prolong his stay in the churchyard, to call upon the policeman to break open the door of the vault, to declare that he would stay all night for the purpose—that he would rather die than not enter it."

In February last, MR. SCOBELL had written a letter to MR. NEALE, calling upon him to refute the following, among other accusations:—

"1. That you have been carrying on by letter, under cover to the mistress of my infants' school, a clandestine correspondence with my eldest daughter while in my house.

"2. That you hold clandestine and secret meetings with her, of some hours' duration, in the private apartments of my infants' school-house, situate in my parish of All Saints, Lewes.

"3. That you there usurp, dishonourably and unlawfully, the office of parish priest of All Saints, Lewes; wearing a surplice; exercising Liturgical offices; receiving confession and pronouncing absolution."

To these statements, MR. SCOBELL says that MR. NEALE declined to reply. Perhaps they are erroneous: and perhaps the BISHOP of CHICHESTER had no sufficient reason for withdrawing his countenance from the Sisterhood of ST. MARGARET'S, East Grinstead, because "it has for some time past submitted itself to the unlimited influence of MR. NEALE, a clergyman," adds the Bishop, "in whose views and practises it is well known I have no confidence."

The above facts in addition to others, for which we must refer the reader to the *Surrey Gazette* and the *Daily News*, will perhaps explain why, by an indignant multitude, whose proceedings were entirely irregular, the gown of the reverend confessor—and father confessor—came to be stripped off his back.

MR. NEALE may be as innocent as the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY or *Mr. Punch* himself of the charges brought against him by MR. SCOBELL. From the statement of the latter gentleman, however, it is quite clear that somebody decoyed his daughter into the Puseyite nunnery at East Grinstead—to which we believe she has left all her property, MR. NEALE and MISS GREAME the abbess of the convent, being, according to her father's statement, the executor and executrix to her will. Might not that document, by the way, be disputed? MR. SCOBELL had better consult SIR FREDERICK THESIGER on that point. The immediate agents in the enticement of MISS SCOBELL from her family appear to have been two hysterical young ladies, one of whom tells her, in a letter, "I really think our Blessed intends better things for you, dear;" and another presented herself to MR. SCOBELL in a remarkable black dress, and wearing a cross, "which by a long string of beads hung at her feet." The former of these idiots belonged to a nunnery at Oxford, said to be superintended by DR. PUSEY; to whom perhaps she alluded as "Our Blessed."

Enough, probably, has now been said to convince fathers of families of the necessity of employing private watchmen to keep an eye on any of the Puseyite gang who may be lurking about the premises, or trying to sneak down the area. Big brothers will also do well to provide themselves with good sticks, wherewith to expedite the exit of any such intruders who may be found about the house. Rational young ladies, doubtless, will have the water-jug always in readiness, to empty its contents on the head of any Tractarian *Don Giovanni* who may come serenading them with a canonical *Deh, vieni*, under their windows.

A Delicate Ear.

WHAT a very curious conformation of ear must be possessed by MR. GOULBURN, the worthy Commissioner of Bankruptcy. Somebody before him, the other morning, used the word *restaurant*, upon which the Commissioner observed, "I don't like that word, it sounds like one we heard in the last case, namely, *hypothecate*." We have been repeating both words ever since, in the hope of discovering the likeness, but have not yet succeeded. It was surely MR. GOULBURN who pronounced Tobacco to be a legitimate rhyme to Long Acre.

No More Landlords.

HURRAH! Henceforth, quarter-day will have no terrors. A respectable stationer advertises, "Fifty Receipts for Rent for Five Shillings." That 's upwards of twelve years of security from involuntary contributions to one's Landlords. Hooray! Who'll lend us Five Shillings?

TERRIFIC ACCIDENT.

BURSTING OF OLD MRS. TWADDLE'S AQUA-VIVARIUM. THE OLD LADY MAY BE OBSERVED ENDEAVOURING TO PICK UP HER FAVOURITE EEL WITH THE TONGS, A WORK REQUIRING SOME ADDRESS.

PUNCH'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS.

NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. LORD CARDIGAN. LORD LUCAN.

H.R.H. Eh? what? CARDIGAN and LUCAN together! *Par nobile fratrum in lege.* What does this mean? However, let 'em in. Good morning, LORD CARDIGAN. Good morning, LORD LUCAN.

Lord L. (*aside*). Wonder why he spoke to him first?

Lord C. (*aside*). Wonder why he shook hands with him first?

H.R.H. Glad to see you, very. What fine weather for the time of year!

Lord L. LORD CARDIGAN, as the senior, will explain to you, Sir, that we have done ourselves the honour of calling upon you to offer you our thanks, as Crimean heroes, for the tone which you were pleased to adopt in speaking of that Indian fellow, HAVELOCK, in the House the other night.

Lord C. Confound him, he has left me nothing to say.

H.R.H. Ah! eh? I forget. Deuced foggy day, wasn't it? Afraid I shouldn't have got to the House at all.

Lord C. It was very kind and condescending of you, Sir, to take the trouble to go at all. Quite enough, and to my mind a trifle more than enough fuss has been made about these Indian chaps. I don't say that when a soldier does his work well, and is obedient and subservient to his betters, reasonable notice should not be taken of him, but it's a bad plan to encourage him too much.

H.R.H. H'm—yes—well, but it *was* a foggy day, though. I don't remember such a fog. Does either of you?

Lord L. We had a good deal of fog in the Crimea, Sir.

H.R.H. Ha! ha! yes, and it got into some people's heads, at least so wicked fellows said, eh?

Lord L. Your ROYAL HIGHNESS's allusion to those scenes was most touching, Sir. As you justly remarked, when speaking of this COLONEL HAVELUCK, or whatever his name is—

Lord C. (*explodes into his pocket-handkerchief*). Pooof! (*laughs out*). I beg your pardon, Sir, but that's irresistible. HAVELUCK. Devvilish good. Ha! ha! ha! And he *has* luck, too, don't you see, Sir? That's the joke. Ha! ha! ha!

H.R.H. I see. Very good. Better, in point of fact, than what they used to call LORD LUCAN, in the war.

Lord C. Ah! LORD UNLUCKY'UN. That was good, too. Ha! ha! ha!

Lord L. It is one thing to joke upon a plebeian's name, and another to take liberties with a title conferred by a member of your ROYAL HIGHNESS's family, the great and good KING GEORGE THE THIRD, whom I should scarcely have deemed that any one would presume to insult in the presence of your ROYAL HIGHNESS.

H.R.H. Ah, well, well, a joke's a joke, and there's an end.

Lord C. I'm sure, I never mean anything—

H.R.H. Everybody's always sure of it—pray not another word.

Lord L. (*aside*). Cooked *his* goose. I was endeavouring to recal, Sir, the terms in which you spoke of these Indian affairs. You admirably said, "Doubtless many greater campaigns could be found in history." I was particularly glad to hear this, because the newspapers have been making such a row about MR. HAVELOCK'S doings.

Lord C. They say that he fought eight or nine battles, some of 'em pitched battles, in about three weeks, with awful odds against him, and always licked, and that he has saved the Indian Empire to HER MAJESTY. And India *is* a big place, I believe, and the stakes in the

VERY GRACEFUL!!!

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. "ALTHO' THERE HAVE BEEN MANY CAMPAIGNS MORE, &c., &c., AND WITHOUT WISHING IN ANY WAY TO DISPARAGE, &c., &c., OR TO LESSEN, &c., &c., THE DISTANCE IS SO GREAT, &c."—*(Vide H.R.H. The Duke of Cambridge's Speech).*

game are about a hundred times heavier than any that were ever played for in Europe. Well, allow that it 's all true, what your ROYAL HIGHNESS said showed how thoroughly you really understand the art of war.

Lord L. Of course. The greatness of a campaign is not to be measured by the importance of the objects, or the brilliancy of the strokes, but by the rank and position of the combatants; and two kings fighting for Eel-pie Island would make a greater campaign than two snobs fighting for France or Spain.

Lord C. You spoke royally, Sir, and as a prince should do.

H.R.H. (*aside*). By Jove, I don't much care about this. To have pleased one of 'em so much wouldn't be any great shakes; but when both are delighted, I must have put my foot in it.

Lord L. Really, Sir, when one considers what was done in the Crimea——

Lord C. The sacrifices that commanding officers made——

Lord L. Losing all one's comforts—for I had no yacht, on board which I could command my cavalry like a gentleman——

Lord C. (*in a fury*). I wish you'd command your temper like a gentleman.

Lord L. Show me the way.

Lord C. I generally show you the way in most things.

H.R.H. My Lords! But in the argument you are right. Great sacrifices were made in the Crimea, and I hope the country will remember them.

Lord L. And we sustained great losses.

H.R.H. Yes. I have heard of more than one very illustrious officer actually losing his head.

Lord L. It is almost past jesting, Sir, when we find the Army threatened as it now is. If civilians and the House of Commons are to take upon themselves to be judges of military men, and to apply a political standard to their exploits, the service will simply go to the deuce.

Lord C. If the snobs are to take out of the hands of the Fountain of Honour (by which I mean your ROYAL HIGHNESS's most illustrious relative) the right to reward officers, or are to increase rewards because it is fancied that a great object has been gained, there 's an end of everything.

H.R.H. Don't let 's make it a personal thing. I dare say our Family and the country understand one another very well. We'll leave that out of the discussion. Am I right in supposing that what I said on that foggy evening (and wasn't it foggy, I say?) is taken as a sort of patronising thing, and meaning that the officers in India had done all very well, but were not to be over-estimated? Eh, my Lords?

Lord C. We look at it in that light with great pleasure, Sir.

Lord L. And your ROYAL HIGHNESS expressed the feeling of the best kind of men in the service. I mean, of course, our sort; officers whose rank and wealth have had legitimate influence in their promotion.

Lord C. I don't much fraternise with the snobs, myself, but I'm told, and I'm sorry to hear it, that there 's a good deal of low sentimental feeling in the Army about these Indian officers, and that there would be no row if the Company's troops were put on the same footing as the Queen's. Anything more offensive and atrocious I never heard of.

Lord L. But your ROYAL HIGHNESS may be sure that the more the Indian fellows are snubbed the more what I may call the Swells will be pleased, and it is to be hoped that you will go on as you have begun.

H.R.H. My Lords, I have an appointment, and you know my love of punctuality. There has been a misunderstanding, which I attribute to that abominable fog, but I'll clear it up the first opportunity. I tell you what. I wish we'd had HAVELOCK in the Crimea. [*Exit.*

Lord L. Ah, and I had had to command him. Deuced little praises he'd have got from the House of Commons, if I'd had to cut out his work for him.

Lord C. Just so. I've no patience with snobs. Well, we've done the civil thing by the Duke, I suppose.

Lord L. Though you're no great judge of civility, eh? Yes.

Lord C. You be—(*But as his Lordship banged the door, in going out, it is impossible to say what was his parting advice to his Brother-in-law*).

A Lost Dog—Neither Here nor There?

THERE was an advertisement in the *Times* a few days ago for "a dog that answers to the name of *Mustard*." Not difficult to find such a dog! *Mustard* is the most natural companion to *meat*. Cut a sandwich for him, and you will see that *Mustard*, if he is a well-bred dog, will come running in as naturally as possible.

THE NEXT EXAMPLE FOR SEPOYS.

THE KING OF DELHI has not been hanged. If that is not enough to put an end to the Indian Mutiny, NANA SAHIB, as soon as LORD CANNING can catch him, will, of course, be pensioned.

A HERO'S SISTER.

LIEUTENANT SALKELD, the young soldier who gloriously blew open the gate of Delhi, is no more. *Mr. Punch* has but one word to say. It has reached him that the heroic SALKELD's sister is admirably doing *her* duty as Governess in a London family. Surely, LORD PALMERSTON, surely, House of Commons, should the lady remain at that honourable duty, England having read the Delhi despatch, it will be from choice, not from need.

HEBREW WITHOUT POINTS.

REMARKS such as these, coming from a provincial contemporary, should really make us hesitate to give his name, though possibly he may not have the grace to be ashamed of it or them.

"The Jew nuisance is up once more, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL is content to have that well mumbled bone pitched to him by LORD PALMERSTON, in compensation for taking Reform out of the Bedford *repertoire*. We shall have the old cant and twaddle all over again. We are to hear civil and religious liberty demanded for a set of bigots, who notoriously have among them, in proportion to their numbers, more rascals than any population in Christendom. When do you hear of a piece of knavery requiring cunning (not courage, for the Jews are a cowardly lot; do you ever see a Jew soldier?) and one or more of the 'Hebrew persuasion,' as they are foolishly called, is not at the bottom, to instigate, plot, and profit by it? Are not most of the marine store-keepers, who poison and transport generations of children, Jews or Jewesses. Is there not a wholesome instinct that makes us recoil from the race? And in answer to these facts, we are always told that ROTHSCHILD is a good-natured man, and MONTEFIORE a generous one, and that the Jews have many schools and no beggars. Fine reasons, certainly, for letting Old Clo' into the House of Commons. We hope that the Lords will be staunch, and if JOHNNY RUSSELL, in gratitude for certain services by his hook-nosed clients, chooses again to advocate so dirty a cause, their Lordships will serve the Jew Sepoys (who hate the Christians as much as their fellow-Asiatics do, and are as delighted to plunder them) in the same unhesitating way as before. A howl may be raised, but the people of England will be pleased."

The singular conglomeration of charges, reasoning, hints, and sneers, in the above remarkable paragraph, seems to entitle it to a place in our columns as a natural curiosity. To attempt to argue with a gentleman who has got his thoughts into such a tangle would be simply waste of time and paper. It may not, however, be amiss to remind him, that the Jew claim does not rest upon the various questions whether the Jews are virtuous, or brave, or friendly to Christians, or whether Christians (excluding the particular Christian above-quoted) like them; but upon the single and simple question, of whether they are Englishmen. If they are Englishmen, each Jew has an Englishman's birthright, and so long as you keep him out of that, you do him a wrong. We wish we could get the sentimental element taken out of the discussion on both sides. The matter is one of pure law, and BARON ROTHSCHILD's good-nature has, we admit, no more to do with it than MRS. IKEY SOLOMONS' marine-store. If BARON ROTHSCHILD is not an Englishman, that is to say a Briton, and were ten times the excellent and worthy man he is, he has no right to a seat in a British House of Commons; and if MRS. IKEY SOLOMONS' husband is a Briton, and that obese lady had trained into thieves the youth of ten parishes instead of two, MR. IKEY has a right to take his seat, if elected, beside MR. DISRAELI or MR. GLADSTONE. The Hebrewphobist whom we have quoted is probably incapable of perceiving this, but it is right that *Mr. Punch* should point it out; because, and herein he agrees with his brother journalist, there is a probability of a good deal of "cant and twaddle" being talked upon the subject. As to comparing the Jews to the Sepoys, having previously denounced the former as cowards, we must leave the two imputations to be reconciled by the reader. We do not believe, that if the handful of British Hebrews were at liberty to do anything they pleased, they would draw anything sharper than a bill at short date, or charge more furiously than at the rate of sixty per cent., and those who abuse the Jew for "cunning" will please to recollect how many centuries of ill-treatment have beaten him down to the position in which cunning is the only weapon of defence. There was no cunning, save a soldier's, about JUDAS MACCABÆUS, when he did things worthy of HENRY HAVELOCK; but the treatment to which the Jew has been subjected for ages tends to convert the MACCABÆUS into the Scarabæus. But, as aforesaid, the Hebrew should rest his claim upon nothing but the rock of right, and in answer to all taunt, say with the Venetian capitalist:—

"I stand here for LAW."

FROM THE MINING DISTRICTS.

(*Young Curate finds a Miner sitting on a Gate smoking.*)

Curate (*desirous to ingratiate himself with one of his flock*). A fine morning, my friend.
One of his flock gives the slightest nod, and a grunt, and spits.
Curate (*supposing that he had not been heard.*) A fine morning, my good friend.
One of his flock. Did I say it warn't. Do you want to hargue, you beggar?

MERCATOR.

MERCATOR growls, like any Bruin,
At PALMERSTON'S Suspending lines,
That saved ten thousand homes from ruin,
But baffled Capital's designs.

"Things should have had their way," he cries,
"All weakly traders gone to smash;
The air a storm but purifies,
And splendid interest 's got for Cash."

When, from his counter near St. Paul's,
They raised him to a Peer's degree,
What waste to give the man Four balls!
His much more fitting type were Three.

REWARD OF MERIT.

WE are happy to announce that a subscription has been set on foot for the purpose of conferring a testimonial on MR. GLADSTONE, in acknowledgment of his noble protest against any interference of the House of Commons tending to the increase of SIR HENRY HAVELOCK'S pension. The homage which the Right Honourable Member for Oxford, by that magnanimous declaration, rendered to aristocratic principle, has been properly appreciated in the most exclusive circles. At the suggestion of certain influential members of the Carlton Club, arrangements have been made for presenting the Right Honourable Gentleman with a gold-headed stick, a gold-laced hat with a splendid cockade in it, and a pair of breeches manufactured of the richest thunder-and-lightning plush.

A STRANGE REMOVE (*for Dinner*).—LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE will have his Turkey in England this Christmas.

THREATENED ABOLITION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

How did we ever come to have an hereditary peerage? How is it that we are blessed with an aristocracy and enjoy the advantage of a House of Lords? These questions are suggested by a statement made by COLONEL NORTH, speaking in the other House, on the pension granted to SIR HENRY HAVELOCK. COLONEL NORTH is reported to have said:—

"CAPTAIN HAVELOCK had participated in all those battles which had gained for his father such world-wide renown; he had highly distinguished himself as an officer, and had received for his gallant conduct the Victoria Cross. He thought, therefore, that this was a case calling most loudly upon them to follow the general practice, which was to grant such pensions for two generations. (*Hear, hear.*) He hoped the circumstances of CAPTAIN HAVELOCK would be considered by the Government, and that the same pension so deservedly awarded to his distinguished father would be made to descend to him."

If acts like those of HAVELOCK Senior, accompanied by similar acts on the part of HAVELOCK Junior, are not enough to ennoble and enrich all future HAVELOCKS, how came anybody in the House of Lords, except LORD OVERSTONE the capitalist, to be enriched and ennobled? It may be a very sound principle to reward deserving men in their own persons merely; but if this principle is to be adopted by the Government, of course they intend to let the Peerage, and the House of Peers, die a natural death.

Suppose the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE had taken Delhi; suppose the exploits of HAVELOCK and OUTRAM had been performed by the EARL OF LUCAN and the EARL OF CARDIGAN; would not his ROYAL HIGHNESS have instantly received a truncheon like that which has been wielded in the mouths of so many cannons by another ROYAL HIGHNESS? Would not two noble Earls have been exalted into two more noble Dukes, and would they not have been decorated with any and every star, garter, ribbon, cross, medal, or other distinctive bauble which they had not earned, or at least had not received, already?

A thousand a-year is a good income in these times, but if the services of such a man as HAVELOCK are worth only one thousand a-year, whose services, MR. BULL, do you consider to be worth five,—to say nothing of ten or twenty? What has any ex-Chancellor, except LORD BROUGHAM, done for you that can be for a moment named in comparison with the exploits of GENERAL HAVELOCK? Of what use to you is any one of your Bishops in comparison with that hero? Either you underpay him shamefully, or you excessively overpay them. It is true that the dignity of a Peerage may necessitate the difference, and HAVELOCK'S pension may suffice a commoner, but if HAVELOCK is to remain a commoner, of course no more Peers will be created, and the Upper House will be allowed to expire.

FUN AND FREEDOM OF OPINION.

THE *Hampshire Independent* contains an account of a comic religious meeting, which took place the other day at the Victoria Rooms, Southampton, when the members of the Independent Congregational Church celebrated their Fourth Anniversary. Our Southampton contemporary thus concludes his report of the proceedings:—

"MR. MARTIN, in a humorous speech, proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies who had supplied so excellent a tea, and also to the indefatigable individuals who kept the tea-pots supplied with boiling-water, and the vote having been carried by acclamation, MR. NASH made a few remarks.

"The Meeting was then closed with the doxology and the benediction."

The doxology and benediction, which succeeded MR. MARTIN'S humorous speech about the ladies, may perhaps have been felt to present some contrast to the facetious address of that gentleman. A transition so abrupt, and so peculiar, by the natural laws of emotion, was likely to produce an effect the reverse of solemn, and, there is reason to fear, occasioned too many mouths to be suddenly stopped with pocket-handkerchiefs. This unhappy result might have been obviated by the introduction of a few dry words on business between the fun relative to the ladies, and the devotion. However, we will not be too critical in a case like this, and we notice, with pleasure, the introduction of hilarity into the transactions of the jolly Independents of Southampton, who enjoy their fun, as well as their faith, at their own expense, and not at that of other people.

Bankruptcy and Boobyism.

WE read in the *Musical World* that at Hamburgh a couple of Italian opera-singers have made such a sensation, that in one evening the audience called them before the curtain Thirty times. Is it wonderful that Hamburgh should at this moment be in commercial ruin, when its affairs are in the hands of such Fools?

SHAMEFUL SEPOY ROBBERY OF GENERAL HAVELOCK.

THE *Morning Star*, in its summary, tells us that GENERAL HAVELOCK gained eight or nine victories in two months and "captured 10 guns." Now, this is a cool robbery committed upon the illustrious General of no less than sixty guns! Isn't it mean, is it not cowardly, to attempt to rob a man of his hard-won glory? Is it not like a Sepoy journal? Of course, we shall be told it is an accident, but we do not think the excuse can be accepted, inasmuch as the summary is generally the best-done thing in the paper. We vote that our bilious contemporary be called upon publicly to restore to the insulted General the sixty guns he has been so shamefully plundered of, and further, that he be sentenced, as a fit penalty for his attempt at spoliation, to write ten cheerful articles in ten consecutive numbers. To one of his melancholy disposition, who sees everything at home and abroad in the deepest India black, we cannot imagine a more terrible punishment. The only fear is, that the novelty might have the effect of selling this penny organ of the Sepoys.

SAD OMISSION AT THE CATTLE-SHOW.

WE regret to state, that the editor of the *Saturday Review* sent several Pens to the exhibition in Baker Street, but that they unfortunately arrived too late. They were the Pens of his various contributors. Every one of them was of the cross-breed, but finer specimens of the class could not well have been selected. Judges of such articles declare, with the greatest confidence, that they must have carried off the prizes. All the Pens were to have been exhibited in the Pig-Department. MR. GOLIGHTLY TEAZLE had a highly-bred Pen that was admirably adapted "to go the whole hog"—at least that was the compliment honourably conferred upon it by the classic Editor, who had specially undertaken the rearing of it for purposes of public exhibition, at least once a-week. For porcine beauty it has probably never been surpassed in the lit(t)erary world. So evident were its merits, that we are informed, it must have taken the curl completely out of the tail of even PRINCE ALBERT'S Pig.

SUBLIME CONTEMPT.—*Proud Man* (*whose genealogical tree has been* 2000 *years, at least, growing*). *He* show you his Portrait-Gallery—the mushroom! Why, I doubt if the Snob has got an Ancestor that dates further back than a Photograph!

THEATRICAL TELEGRAMS.

MR. PUNCH observes, with regret, that the directors of some of our theatres are trying to take the bread out of the mouths of the penny newspaper people, and their allies, the roaring ruffians who bawl news in the quiet streets. It is growing a habit, when real or supposed tidings have come in, for a manager or actor to step before the curtain, and announce to the audience the contents of the Telegram. This seems to us unfair, and calculated to injure the interests of the Catchpenny Press.

At least, we conceive, that, if a theatrical artist *will* meddle with public affairs, he ought to do so artistically. He has no right simply to plunder the newspaper. He ought to dress up his announcements in some little accordance with his vocation. If he be a singer, let him give his news operatically; if a tragedian, poetically; if a comedian, comically; if an equestrian, hoarsely.

For instance, suppose a Telegram has come in, and MR. HARRISON, at the Lyceum, considers it desirable to communicate the news to the house. Let him come forward to the footlights, and, with a glance at MR. MELLON for a chord, sing what the poet of the *Rose of Castille* would have written, as follows:—

"I am not now a Muleteer,
I've news to tell that you should hear,
It's come by Telegram:
A glorious battle has been fought,
The rascally Sepoys have caught
A licking; yes, and so they ought,
From brave Sir COLIN CAM.

(*Bells.*) CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM,
From brave SIR COLIN CAM.
His *Bell* would not come into rhyme,
And so down there you hear it chime,
(*Bells.*) CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM, CAM."

Or, in the second case, we will imagine that MR. CRESWICK thought it necessary to communicate the same sort of thing at the Surrey (not that he has ever done so, *yet*): he should step out before the tragic green baize is removed, and address the house:—

"War's a dread thing, but, sanctified by right,
It is a noble thing. Noblest of all
When it smites down the crest of cruel men.
CAMPBELL has closed with NANA. On the turf
Lie in their blood full fifteen thousand blacks,
And, 'mid them, on a gibbet, fouls the air
Their ruffian chief. Shout we for COLIN CAMPBELL!"

Thirdly, let us suppose that MADAME CELESTE had desired to apprise the Adelphi audience of the same fact, and had deputed our friend—the world's friend—MR. PAUL BEDFORD, and his illustrious ally, MR. WRIGHT, to make the speech. MR. B.'s wink would be worth a Jew's-eye, as he surveyed the pit, and was monarch of all he surveyed:—

Now, my bricksy-wicksy-wicksies, what do you say, eh? Haven't the CAMPBELLS been coming, eh, and coming it pretty strong? We rayther flatter our shirtbuttons that they have just been and done that same.

Mr. Wright, P.S. (*invisible*). I say, JACK, what are you cackling about? Mustn't talk to your benefactors like that, you know.

Mr. Bedford. Come along here, Guv'nor. Talk of cackling, here's a billy ducks. (*Produces paper.*)

Mr Wright (*enters*). Where's BILLY? Why, you stoopid old creature, what d'ye call that a billy for? Nice sort of a rhinoceros you must be.

Mr. Bedford. Come, come, Gov'nor, don't be hard on a fellah. We haven't all got your hysterical information, you know. Read that photographic messuage, Guv'nor.

Mr. Wright (*with intense contempt*). Photographic messuage! (*Takes the paper.*) It's my belief, JACK, that you're a megalotherium. That's about the size of it.

Mr. Bedford. What's that, Gov'nor?

Mr. Wright. A great beast, JACK. But never mind. You can't help it, and you wouldn't if you couldn't. Let's see, you old elephantiasis. (*Reads the Telegram, amid shouts of applause.*)

THE NEEDFUL METAL.

SOME of our readers may think that MR. COMMISSIONER GOULBURN was a little hard upon a party who appeared before him the other day in the Court of Bankruptcy; and respecting whom he made the following observation:—

"He then raised money upon those goods, and in the opinion of the Court only satisfied the holder of the bill of lading by committing a fresh crime; namely, y obtaining a quantity of tin, before he failed, from a MR. JONES."

But, how could he, poor fellow, satisfy the holder of the bill otherwise than by obtaining a quantity of tin from somebody or other? If he had not procured the tin from MR. JONES, he would have been obliged to get it from MR. SMITH or MR. BROWN, or MR. ROBINSON. From the fact that he failed after having obtained that tin, his mistake appears to have consisted in not obtaining enough.

THE SULTAN'S DELPHIC ANSWER TO MONS. DE LESSEPS' PETITION ABOUT THE ISTHMUS OF SUEZ.—"CUT."

FLUNKEIANA RUSTICA.

Mistress. "NOW, I DO HOPE, SAMUEL, YOU WILL MAKE YOURSELF TIDY, GET YOUR CLOTH LAID IN TIME—AND TAKE GREAT PAINS WITH YOUR WAITING AT TABLE!"

Samuel (who has come recently out of a Strawyard). "YEZ, M'! BUT PLEAZ, M', BE OI TO WEAR MY BREECHES?"

MR. PUNCH'S HUMANITY.

ONE HOCKLEY WOOD, an attorney, seems to have been utterly flabberghasted at a major and a minor proposition set before him, last week by LORD MAYOR CARDEN. HOCKLEY had been acting for some people who were making an unjust charge of felony; and the case having proved rotten, the MAYOR observed that it was "monstrous that any solicitor should undertake such a case." This speech presented a new idea to MR. WOOD, who in his utter bewilderment remarked that, "any solicitor must undertake any case that is brought to him, so long as he is on the rolls." The MAYOR begged not only to contradict WOOD, but to add that no respectable solicitor would have undertaken such a case as that? And he discharged the prisoner, the audience "cheering loudly." We think SIR ROBERT was a little hard on WOOD. Perhaps it was really the first time he had ever heard that any work that is paid for is regarded by society as too dirty for an attorney. His legal education was incomplete. We do not think that ignorance should be treated so harshly. Now that MR. WOOD has had a hint, he will apply a new test to cases in which he may be retained, and "bless the useful light" held to him by the MAYOR. We have compassion for everything, even an attorney, and would gladly help HOCKLEY WOOD out of what a facetious archæologist would call Hockley Hole.

Paper and Bronze.

THE great Prussian Sculptor, CHRISTIAN RAUCH, has departed, full of honours. His splendid monument to FREDERIC THE GREAT will endure as long as earth worships conquerors—perhaps longer. To the same man THOMAS CARLYLE has just completed another memorial. We wonder which is the heavier.

AN ACT OF CONTINENTAL GRACE.

IT may be well occasionally to desist awhile from our habitual practice of ridiculing our own British absurdities, in order to animadvert, with playful derision, on those of our Continental neighbours. The subjoined telegram from Madrid is a piece of intelligence which will excite the laughter of every rational Englishman:—

"The Prince has been baptized.
"An amnesty has been granted for political offences, and to persons condemned to light punishments."

That any excuse for pardoning political offenders may be a good one in Spain, is possible enough; but what reason is afforded by the baptism of a royal baby for remitting the punishments of common offenders? What a set of fools we should have thought HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, if, on the occasion of our last Royal christening, the HOME SECRETARY had ordered all the convicts under sentence for petty larceny to be let out of gaol! Rogues are punished for the protection of the public; and all remission of the punishment of such offenders is an abatement of that protection.

To signalize a baptism by the amnesty of pickpockets, is to increase the general liability to the loss of pocket-handkerchiefs, and to make that solemnity an occasion for indulging the worse portion of the people to the detriment of the better.

There is a very particular reason why the inconsistent and irrational doings of foreigners should be carefully held up to the ridicule of the British Public. A set of boobies, who affect what they call cosmopolitan ideas, are continually trying to persuade their hearers and readers to regard the silly manners and foolish customs, and preposterous acts, of other nations in a liberal point of view: that is to ignore their imbecility, fatuity, folly, immorality and injustice. Such people would have us consider almost any of the practices of all natives whomsoever, in a "spirit of toleration" as their cant phrase is, and would desire us to acquiesce in all, and imitate many, of the various zanyisms, idiotisms, and tomfooleries of the rest of the world. Let us, on the contrary, preserve our insular peculiarities, while they ape all manner of childish Continentalisms, or, going farther still, paint their faces sky-blue and red, and dance howling, after the fashion of GREAT RIBBED-NOSE YAHOO, and RUSTY TOMAHAWK.

A MITRE IN BETHNAL GREEN.

DIVERS Bishops, in lawn, and in the richer livery of the Scarlet Lady, have, at fitting times, received in these pages such castigation as erring hierarchs deserve. But what are we to say of the new BISHOP OF LONDON, DR. TAIT? Truly he is a scandal. This man has been down among the dirty and squalid people of Bethnal Green, for the purpose, as he says, of making himself acquainted with their condition. More, he specially invited them to come to a church, whence he did his best to exclude on that occasion (by what right, we should like to know,) respectable folks. And he, the Bishop, a Lord in the House of Lords, preached to these unclean creatures, and with his own lips (not even filtering the doctrine through a clean chaplain) pressed upon them his views for their welfare. He told them not to indulge in dreamy notions about a heaven up in cloud-land, but assured them that there would be a tangible new earth, on which should be neither sin, poverty, nor sorrow, and he gave them certain advice as to qualifying themselves for it. And hundreds of these creatures expressed their thankfulness. This sort of thing will not do. We can't have seedy-minded Bishops. We are happy to know that, painful as the task may be, DR. WILBERFORCE has undertaken to remonstrate with the eccentric DR. TAIT, and remind his Lordship of what he owes to his order. Luckily neither on a Bishop's mitre nor a Baron's coronet are there leaves, or we should have trembled for their fate among the silkworms.

Relief for Rich and Poor.

THE suspension of the stringent provision of the Bank Charter Act has relieved the dealers in money. Could not the stringent provisions of the Poor Law be slightly relaxed, also, in favour of the destitute, thrown out of employment by the crisis? Surely Government and the legislature will not play fast and loose: loose with the discount-houses, and fast with the workhouses!

ORTHOGRAPHY FOR TAILORS.—Sydenham Trousers, 17*s.* 6*d.*! Go where you will, you encounter a placard or a poster relative to Sydenham Trousers. Sydenham!—why Sydenham? Don't the people know how to spell? Shouldn't it be Sit-in-'em?

Printed by William Bradbury, of No. 13, Upper Woburn Place, and Frederick Mullett Evans, of No. 19, Queen's Road West, Regent's Park, both in the Parish of St. Pancras, in the County of Middlesex, Printers, at their Office in Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and Published by them at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London.—SATURDAY, December 19, 1857.

After visiting the Cattle Show, Farmer Giles gets a "little bit o' dinner," drinks a bottle of "red poort," and has a fearful dream in consequence.

'A COMET IN A LAW COURT.

WITH all our depth of penetration, there are occasionally mysteries too deep for us to fathom; and such a one we find in the following statement by the *Daily News* reporter, *in re* a recent applicant to the Insolvent Debtors' Court:—

"This insolvent, a butcher, who applied under the Protection Act, attributed his appearance to the high price of meat, and the loss he had sustained in June, when the Comet was expected, by a large quantity being spoilt."

Whatever the "appearance" of this butcher may have been, we are puzzled to conjecture how, in any way, he could assign it to the causes which he mentions. The high price of meat might undoubtedly affect the looks of many people, by forcing them to total abstinence from that nutritious condiment, and compliance with the dietary rules of Vegetarianism. The ruddiest of beef-eaters might show a change in his appearance, were he driven by high prices to farinaceous viands, and lived a month or two on cabbages washed down with toast and water. But we should have thought a butcher was one of the last people to be forced to give up eating meat, just as we should fancy that in case of any scarcity of coals, the last persons to use wood would be the people of Newcastle.

But much as this may puzzle us, the second cause alleged is greatly more perplexing. How a butcher's meat can have been spoilt by the expectation of a Comet, it really quite surpasses our imagination to conceive. We have heard wondrous tales of the appendages of Comets, which we have generally regarded as tails for the Marines; but here we have a Comet appearing in a Law Court with a tale of its destructiveness in *bonâ fide* evidence, and no doubt supported by a host of affidavits; it is worthy, too, of notice, as showing in the strongest light the baleful influence of Comets, that the damage was occasioned not by actual approach, but by mere expectation of the vagrant body. As coming events cast their shadows before, so Comets, it would seem, are capable of damaging when merely in expectancy.

Although we sympathise immensely with this unlucky butcher (who may thank his stars, however, that he was not Comet-struck himself, as well as his large quantity of meat), we can hardly be surprised at the upshot of his case, which resulted, we are told, in an adjournment *sine die;* or, in other words, until the plea which he set up should be capable of proof. In applying on such grounds for the protection of the Court, the insolvent might as well have sued for its protection from the Comet; and when next that visitor is currently expected, we should recommend his seeking magisterial advice, as to how best to preserve his meat from being spoilt by it. If it be thought that he would only show his weakness by taking such a course, we consider that such imbecility would be about on a par with the strength of his late argument, in showing cometary cause why he was entitled to protection by the Act. We know when men are pushed for reasons, they often have recourse to forcible expressions, but really this assigning one's misfortunes to a non-arriving Comet, we can but view as an attempt to come-it much too strong.

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

DISMANTLED now, the forest trees,
Are in the dreary case,
Since they have doffed their liveries,
Of footmen out of place.
All bare, except the evergreens,
Their leaves which do not shed,
The gloomy paths of sylvan scenes,
My highlows, cease to tread.

Along the pavements now to pad,
It is the better way,
Where, whilst the groves are dark and sad,
The shops are bright and gay.
There let us muse upon the goods,
Which bid us understand,
As fully as the leafless woods,
That Christmas is at hand.

The butchers' to the pensive mind,
Impart a sweet relief;
There Meditation food may find
In lovely bits of beef.
And if perchance, a thought of gloom
May on the heart intrude,
We smile to think who can consume
All that amount of food.

The linendrapers' also teem
With objects rich and rare,
Which lovely beings truly dream
That they shall shortly wear,
Burnous, and Bertha, and Visite
Of azure, white and pink,
You hear them cry, "Oh dear! how sweet!
How charming! Only think!"

Nor do the sons of Crispin not
The wayfarer amuse,
See in their windows, what a lot
Of smart white satin shoes!
Approaching parties these portend
To every thinking mind;
And thus, wherever we may wend,
Diversion still we find.

We see the grocers' windows piled
With raisins, currants, spice.
"My eye!" exclaims the gazing child,
"How plummy! Oh! how nice!"
And then a maddening thought there comes,
And rushes o'er the brain:
We wish, when we behold those plums,
That we were boys again!

Tests of the Passions.

(By our Tame Misogynist).

To find out whom a child loves, make it a present, and notice to whom it is most eager to show that present, exultingly. To find out whom a woman hates—do exactly the same things.

The Hero of Millwall.

MR. BRUNEL is undaunted by the scoffs launched at his launch. He may be observed, in the evenings, gazing hopefully on the *Leviathan*, and ejaculating, like another GALILEO, *E pur se muove.*

CORN EXCHANGE.

MR. EISENBERG is building a tower for the express purpose of calling it the "*Tour de Nail.*"

UNFASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

ILL and MRS. FENCER will cease to receive as usual, in consequence of having been committed to Newgate.

MR. MOTLEY is entertaining a select circle at his place in the Ring.

MR. FAKER has arrived at the *Spotted Dog*.

MR. BILL SNORKEY has invited to his suburban establishment a large party of the democracy to partake of the sport of Ratting.

The HOME SECRETARY has done MR. RUFFY the honour of conferring on him a Ticket-of-leave.

MASTER FRISK has got three months.

MR. HOOKIT, the Bank Director, has quitted England for change of air, that of this country having been pronounced too warm for him.

The destination of the honourable gentleman is at present unknown.

THE SWEET USES OF PROSPERITY.*

MAN, when prosperous, is kept regularly acquainted with all the pressing wants of his friends.

He is reminded of every little favour and obligation that has ever been conferred upon him during his life-time, even including his school-days.

He is beset by mothers with marriageable daughters.

He becomes the target of all begging-letter writers.

He is applied to by every charity, every hospital, every institute, every reformatory, besides every bubble company, for subscriptions, and must run the risk of being considered "mean," or called "a screw," if he declines subscribing to every one of them.

He becomes the slave of a large retinue of servants, and is obliged to put up with their caprices, their pretensions, their impertinences, and the various other forms and phases of ingratitude that Flunkeyism, in its pampered state, is mostly addicted to.

He is expected, every now and then, to take the chair at a public dinner.

He yokes himself to a magnificent carriage with the most beautiful horses, and becomes terribly alarmed at the smallest accident occurring to them.

He is doomed to hear nothing but flattery, and should the truth by any accident be told him, it sounds so harshly in his ears that he is almost inclined to resent it as an insult.

He has fulsome dedications, and is obliged to buy innumerable copies of stupid books, as he knows well enough that the dedication is written for no other object.

He has his town-house and his country-house, his carriage-horses and his riding-horses, besides hunting-horses and horses for his friends and his grooms, and favourite dogs, every one of which is a source of endless anxiety to him. With his possessions increase his cares.

He is dunned to death to be the Director, or Guardian, or Trustee, or Chairman, of nearly all the equivocal Societies and Companies, philanthropical or otherwise, that have "SWINDLING" written in large characters upon the brass front of their doors or prospectuses.

He has relations without end constantly springing up, and they clamour at his gates, and demand relief as boldly as paupers knocking at an union-workhouse.

He has every false *Apollo*, every Wardour-Street *Venus*, every Brummagem *Laocoön*, submitted to his critical notice, either for purchase, patronage, or puff; and is pestered by quacks of all descriptions for testimonials, testifying that he has had extracted without the smallest pain from his little toe a corn as big as a walnut, or that he has been in the habit of taking the ESSENCE OF GAMMON for the last nineteen years, and has derived the greatest benefit from it.

He preserves game, and is in a perpetual state of alarm lest the poachers should not leave him a single pheasant.

He must not question a tradesman's account, but submit gracefully to every imposition, inasmuch as he has plenty of money, and can well afford to pay for it.

He is expected, from his exalted position, to set an example to others; so woe to him if he is not regular in his attendance at church, and still greater woe to him if he should happen, during an asphyxiating sermon, to fall asleep; woe to him if he attempts to sneak off a jury, or tries to get himself excused from attending at an inquest; woe to him if he refuses to serve as churchwarden; woe to him if he is diffident about examining charity children, or delicate about the distribution of tracts or soup-tickets; and everlasting woe to him, if he fail in running about with all the benevolent old women of the neighbourhood in catechising, relieving, and visiting the queerest people in the queerest places.

Notwithstanding all these cares and anxieties, in spite of all the persecutions and drawbacks to which Prosperity is, from its nature and worldly condition, condemned, I fancy that there are few amongst us who would not wish to be Prosperous to-morrow? For myself, I candidly confess I should not mind having the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER'S wealth; though I should decline it, if the condition were attached to it, that I must be the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER! No, believe me, that of all the sweet uses of Prosperity, the sweetest is in knowing how to use it!—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

* *Vide* "*The Sweet Uses of Adversity*," Vol. xxxii., p. 107.

HOMAGE TO THE HORSERADISH.

HORSERADISH, hast thou never stung,
At Christmas-tide, a poet's tongue?
No more shalt thou remain unsung.

A host of bards, with all their means,
Have glorified those evergreens
Which now adorn our festive scenes.

But holly, prickly though it be,
Hath nothing of such pungency
That it can be compared with thee.

Apart from mistletoe, right lief,
I'd snatch a kiss; but, oh, what grief
To miss horseradish with roast-beef!

LORD PUNCH TO LORD COVENTRY.

MY DEAR YOUNG LORD,

In the sporting papers of this week I read as follows:—

"LORD COVENTRY is entering, with much enthusiasm, upon the turf. His Lordship is forming an admirable stud."

NOW, my dear young Lord (I may call you so, because I learn from my esteemed friend, MR. DOD, that you were born in 1838), listen to me.

In the sporting papers of about this time four years, or perhaps less, I shall assuredly read as follows:—

"LORD COVENTRY retires from the turf, and his stud is on sale. He is so disgusted with the rascality which he has witnessed, and of which he has been a victim, that he will have no more to do with racing men. It is deplorable to see how all gentlemen are deterred from the noble sport by the scoundrelism of those who make it a trade."

And, my dear young Lord, your bankers' account will be the worse by some £30,000 by the interval between the two dates. And that sum will have gone to benefit a set of fellows whom it would be a most excellent thing to send to penal servitude for the rest of their natural lives.

Come, GEORGE WILLIAM, there have been some clever men in your family. It claimed a LORD KEEPER, in 1625, don't let it claim a LORD LOSER in 1858. Leave the turf to its rogues, send the £30,000 to the Indian Fund, and write me a letter of thanks for the hint.

Ever, my dear young Lord,
Your affectionate Guardian,
Shortest Day, 1857. PUNCH.

CORRUPT PRACTICES.—FOR a medical man to be continually called out of church in the middle of the service!—For a young gentleman to practise the cornet-à-pistons in the middle of the night!—For a barrister to accept the fees for more briefs than he can possibly attend to!—For an infernal bore to begin proposing healths, and making speeches, directly after dinner!—For a conceited barber's-apprentice of a singer to come forward, and repeat his dreary song, at the very faintest cry for an "*Encore!*"—For the stupid public to persist in the corrupt practice of having any "*Encores*" at all, more especially in sacred compositions!—and for a beautiful young lady (more shame for her! when she has a capacity both for singing and playing) to neglect her music, and give up practising altogether, as soon as she is married!

DESIGN FOR A CARTOON IN THE BANK-PARLOUR.—PAM teaching the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street to fly kites.

HOW MR. COOKE TAKES DELHI.

WE used to think that there were nearly enough of the SOMERSETS in the public service. Wherever there was a good berth vacated, if one of that family did not get it, his failure was certainly not owing to any want of asking. But there is a gentleman of the name whose merits have been overlooked by all Governments, and that is MR. C. A. SOMERSET, who supplies ideas and dialogue for the spectacles at Astley's. We only wish that he had been sent to India instead of that unhappy LORD CANNING. He would have made short work with the Sepoy scoundrels. You would not have caught *him* insulting the loyal English population of Calcutta, or its press, by placing them under the same disabling laws as the black traitors. You would not have found him preventing the Christian population from arming and organising. You would not have had him interposing between treason and its punishment. In a word, SOMERSET would have been as right as CANNING has been wrong, and that is saying a great deal.

This eulogy is not passed in ignorance of facts, as CANNING is defended by his ministerial friends. We have seen MR. SOMERSET'S notion of dealing with the Sepoys. We saw it from a box at Astley's; and we declare it to be highly satisfactory. A new spectacle has been got up, in which the history of the rebellion is set out, from the mutiny at Barrackpore to the storming of Delhi. It is a most animated affair, the interest never flags, and the author has had the good taste (lacked elsewhere, and where it might have been reasonably looked for), to omit any attempt at reproducing the horrors of the Indian crisis. We see the black rascals plotting and rebelling, and rendering themselves just detestable enough to make the audience shout with joy when the swift vengeance of countless supernumeraries breaks upon the miscreants, and they are banged, beaten, bayoneted, blown from guns, or otherwise disposed of, as suits the scene. Small time are they allowed even for their greatest triumph, when some ladies are made captive. Hardly have the latter time to deal out defiance and a pistol-shot or so, when in dash the Highlanders, and every ruffian is pinned with the steel. Another attack upon the women is punished even more summarily—the soldiers, borrowing the bonnets, lie in ambush, and as the Sepoys rush upon a defenceless prey, out leaps the blasting volley. And as for Delhi, the revenge of England comes down upon it in a storm of fire that makes you smell powder for an hour afterwards.

The spectacle is quite a national one, and sends away the audience most confirmed anti-sentimentalists. LORD CANNING'S head is said to be very cool—as cool as his conduct—but we have a notion that a jury from Astley's would order it off with very considerable promptitude. British enthusiasm is thoroughly stirred up, and we are far from sure that if the Sepoy actors held out too long, a reinforcement from the pit would not storm the orchestra and whack the traitors. And when it is desired to concentrate the feeling of the house, MR. JAMES HOLLOWAY, as a Serjeant-Major, promoted to be a Cornet, (the exclusive system will not do *coram populo*) fights such a dreadful sword combat with four enemies, that the applause of the spectators becomes hurricanish. The Generals, HAVELOCK, HEARSEY (with no one to snub him for promptly doing a wise thing), WILSON, and others, ride with heroic recklessness, and young MR. COOKE, as a military photographer, is alternately fascinating and valiant, as circumstances dictate. In fine, those who want to see lots of soldiers of all sorts, good fierce fighting, and the invariable triumph of HER MAJESTY'S arms, had better go over Westminster Bridge, which is still tolerably safe.

VENISON HAM.

"MR. PUNCH,

"LOOKEE here, Sir. Here's a rum story out o' the *Forres Gazette*:—

"VENISON.—We have had an abundant supply of deer in the new markets for the last month. MR. TURNBULL, game dealer, has had a weekly display of a dozen of these noble-looking animals, the hinder parts of which have been readily purchased for hams, at 6*d*. a pound; while the other portions of the carcase were quickly disposed of at 5*d*. We understand they were sent from the forests at Glenfiddich."

"They must be preshus bad off for pigs, I should think, up there in Scotland, to be bliged to meak their hams out o' deer. How much fat, I wonder, is there on them Scotch deer hams? I don't suppose there's no acorns nor beech-nuts in the Scotch vorrests, zo I dwooan't know what med be the case thereaway; but this I'll be bound vor—if there's any deer left in the New Forest, and people hereabouts was to begin turnun of their hindquarters into hams, I warnd there'd zoon be a precious row tween they and the pigs as be turned out to 'ood in the fall. The hogs 'ood veel twas a ninterverance wi their vested rights, and what a gruntun and a squeakun we should hear among um!

"Fancy a stag in a sty—magine a deer-tub and stag-wash. When you'd put un up to vat, what ood you gie un?—barley male, or what? Wonder what sart o' beeacon he'd make? Gammon, a goodish bit, no doubt. And how about stag-poork? If so be there was sitch a thing, a chap med be puzzled to tell the difference 'tween a poork-pie and a venison-pasty.

"This here MR. TURNBULL, as sells the deer to make hams wi, had better be called MR. TURNSTAG, seeun as how he sims to turn stags into pigs. I never heerd nothun like ut avore, 'cept once our parson talkun 'bout an old 'ooman, one ZURSY, I thinks a call'd her, turnun of Christians into swine. That there beeacon must ha bin summut like this here—beeacon bewitch'd. But there, I mustn't trespass no vurder upon your colms; else I spose *you'll* begin to grunt. Zo no moor at prezut vrom your reglar reeder "WILLIAM CHOOKS."

"*Snoutbury, Hants, Dec.* 1857."

BUCOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

ACCORDING to a recent commercial report relative to the Corn Trade:—

"Store and fat stock are still inactive."

How confidently this announcement may be depended upon, must be manifest to everybody who visited the Fat Cattle Show and inspected the Pigs.

RANDOM REFLECTIONS.

YOUR cabman is the most aspiring of mortals. Whatever rank he may be on, he is always looking for a hire.

Hope cannot satisfy, it merely appetises. The man who "lives in hope" is generally hungry.

Happy the man who can meet his tailor without flinching, and can even be "at home" when the tax-collector visits him.

Bashfulness is merely a matter of position. Ladies who object to be kissed under the mistletoe show no such reluctance to be kissed under the rose.

Epigram by an Uneducated Donkey.

CLEVER MR. BRUNNLE,
His father made the Tunnel;
But touching this here ship
The son has made a—Slip.

A NEW INTERJECTION.

PEOPLE who are intensely disgusted often express their feelings by exclaiming, "Pah!" If the cause of their disgust is the conduct of a Bank Director, perhaps in future they will cry "WAUGH!"

IRONY FOR CHRISTMAS.—The Relieving Officer derives his name from his duty, because he is chiefly employed in turning the destitute away from the workhouse-door.

AS SLEEP IS OUT OF THE QUESTION, OWING TO THOSE CONFOUNDED WAITS, MR. BANGS, LIKE A SENSIBLE PERSON, ACCOMMODATES HIMSELF TO CIRCUMSTANCES, AND PRACTISES HIS DANCING!

CHRISTMAS SHOOTING CHORUS.

AIR.—*Unmistakeable.*

WHAT pastime can equal the sport of a schoolboy?
When Christmas Vacation at large lets him run!
Through lane and up hedgerow to chase thrush and blackbird,
Or follow the field-fare with bird-bolt and gun.
With bow and with arrow
To aim at the sparrow,
The chaffinch, and greenfinch, and bunting, till dark;
Or stones to go shying
At robins, or trying,
Now sitting, now flying,
To knock o'er the lark.
Oh, what a lark, what a lark, what a lark, what a lark!
What a lark!
What a jolly, jolly, jolly lark!
Ah, what a lark!
Oh, what a lark!
Hip, hip, hooray for a lark!

A DECEPTIVE SPIRIT.

CHEMISTRY is a wonderful science. Witness the following telegram:—

"An Imperial decree in the *Moniteur* announces that foreign brandies have to pay on importation into France a duty of 25 francs per hectolitre of pure alcohol."

Import brandy into France? Carry coals to Newcastle! You will perhaps exclaim. But we have long suspected that all the best French brandy was made in London. The *Moniteur* proves that we were right. We shall ask for Cognac no more; when next we require a little glass, medicinally, we shall call it "Smithfield."

Metallic Operations.

MARK the *Leviathan* lying up there all dry;
Pity the shareholders' panics:
"Metal on Metal" we knew was false heraldry,
Now it's declared false mechanics.

LEAVES FROM A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

OR, THOUGHTS THAT HANG ON PLAYTHINGS.

PLEASURE is but a ball that a child runs after so long as it keeps rolling, but which he kicks away from him the moment it stops.

The character that has holes pierced in it isn't worth a pin, and you can say the same of a child's drum.

Drums also, partake of the quality given by NAPOLEON to English soldiers, for "they never know when they're beaten."

The child takes a pleasure in blowing its trumpet. What is music to itself is discord to others; and yet it will persevere for hours. The man becomes often as great a nuisance when he allows his vanity to be incessantly pushing him before others to blow his own trumpet!

A gong that is sounded too loudly only startles people. So, in sounding your praises, you cannot do it with too light a hand. If you sound them too thumpingly persons will only run away from you, or else put their fingers in their ears, to prevent their being bored with such empty noise.

The performer on a tin fiddle reminds one of the prosperous fool who is always boasting of having accumulated a large fortune.

We generally make the most of any little danger. We shriek one moment and laugh at our fears the next, like young ladies pulling bonbon crackers. Most apprehensions have a ridiculous or a pleasant termination. The end is generally a motto or a sweetmeat.

A good book is like travelling. The memory is sure to make some agreeable passage.

The doll that speaks too frequently ends badly. The possession of its gift is the cause of its destruction. To find out the secret of its inspiration it is picked to pieces. It is the fate of genius all over.

Scandal flies much like a kite, according to the length of the *tale* it has to carry.

At Christmas-time, in the society of children, every one is *presentable;* but more especially he who comes laden with presents.

Whipping may make a humming-top go spinningly enough; but it is thrown away on boys. XERXES, after his ships were wrecked, flogged the sea; but we never heard of the sea having taken a moral turn from that moment. In the same way many boys are wrecked at school, and the schoolmaster in his rage flogs the boy for it.

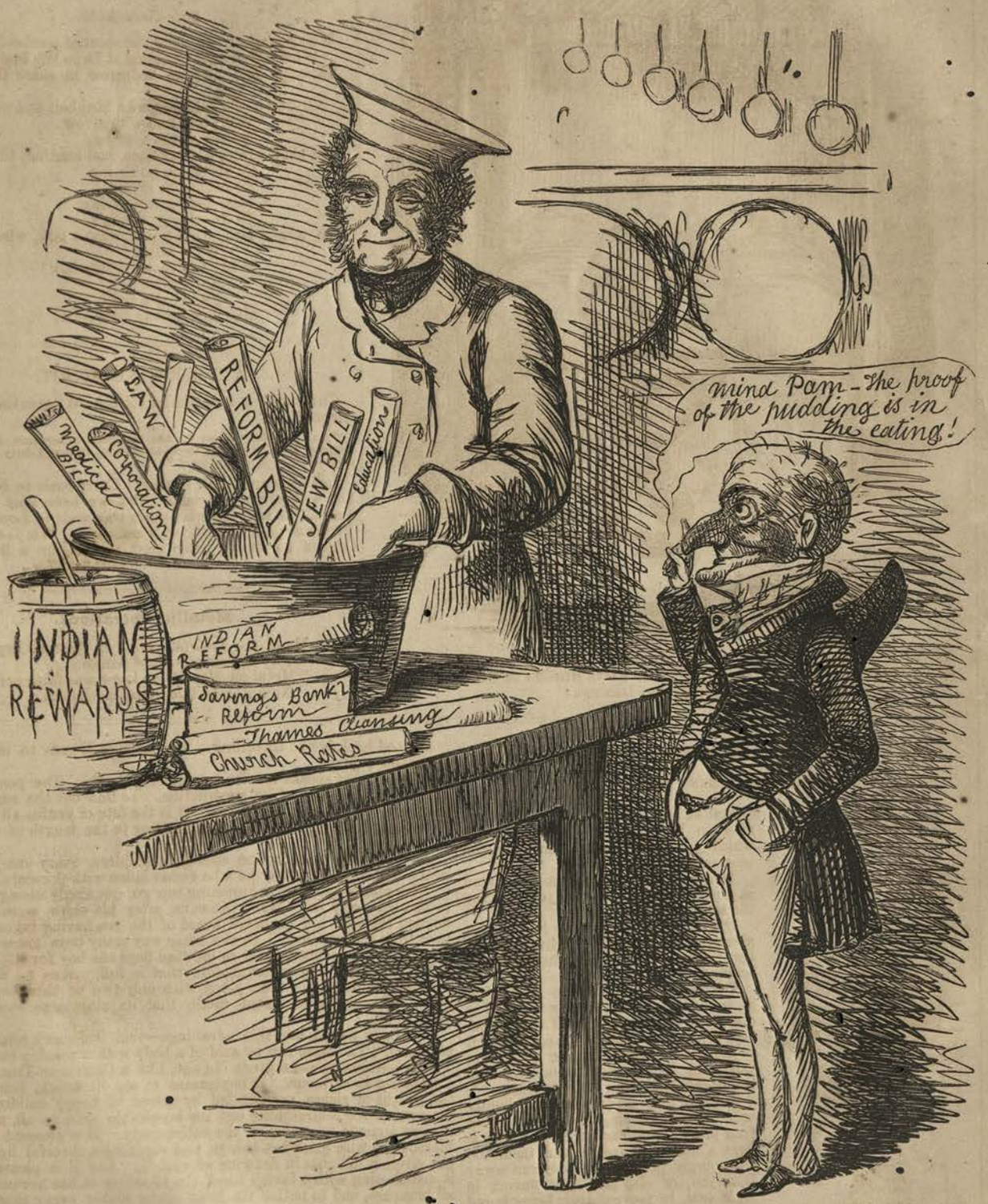
The full mind, like a money-box that is full, makes no noise; but the empty mind, like a money-box with only two or three coins in it, keeps up such an incessant rattle that its emptiness soon betrays itself to all.

A wooden sword has this advantage—that it doesn't wear out the scabbard. The same can be said of a body with a wooden soul in it!

It is pleasant to see a green old age, like a Christmas-Tree, comfortably boxed in at home. It is pleasant to see its trunk, bent beneath the weight of riches, surrounded by a host of happy children. It is pleasant to see it stretching out its hospitable arms to all, as though it were anxious to embrace the entire party. It is pleasant to see it blossoming with generous things, and shedding a cheerful light on the gay circle it delights in drawing around it. And it is pleasant to see it distributing with a lavish hand the treasures it has accumulated on all branches, and to notice its head rising higher every time it parts with a fresh gift!

Stocks for Scoundrels.

WE understand that recent commercial disclosures have determined the Government to propose to Parliament, early in the Session, a Bill for the protection of the public against fraudulent Joint Stock Company Directors, by securing all such delinquents in the parish stocks.



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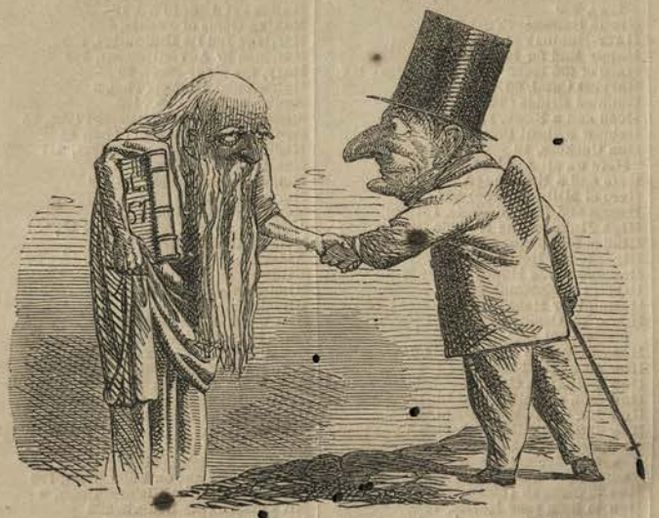

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